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To Honorable E. W. Hill  
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I have the honor to acknowledge  
the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

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*To Hannah & Will*  
*With Love*

A History of Hannah McNeil and

William Ezra Goodman

by

Gloria Goodman Andrus

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1995





**Edward Livingston Goodman and Frances Amelia Church**  
**Parents of William Ezra Goodman**





**John Corlett McNeil and Mary Ann Smith**  
**Parents of Hannah McNeil**



## In Appreciation

No one could have done this book alone. It is only because we all worked together that this book has finally been completed. I certainly want to thank each of you who has willingly supplied cherished family pictures and biographical information on *almost* every descendant of William and Hannah Goodman. A few are missing from this book—a fact which I deeply regret (and I know our grandparents do, also). (Incidentally, in the six generations of our Goodman family, we now total 635 descendants—854 counting spouses. That's a large ward, folks. No telling how many we'd be if all Family Group Records had been submitted.) All of you have been wonderful in sharing your memories and experiences. But we'd have gotten nowhere without the memories of Uncle Donald, Aunt Fern, and Aunt Beulah. I had my first oral interview with Uncle Donald in 1990. I asked if I could ask him a couple of questions. He tried to put me off by telling me he couldn't remember anything. I persisted, and he talked for two hours. He and our aunts have responded to my many phone calls over the past five years most graciously and willingly. In fact, they have expressed the feeling that Grandpa and Grandma Goodman want this book to be written and published. Many wonderful facts and some delightful family folk lore have been shared.

Bruce Donaldson is archeologist for the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest. After helping me with some research and referring me to several books published by the Forest Service, he said he would be interested in a copy of a book which told something of the old Goodman Sawmill. Is he ever going to be impressed! Dale Goodman's verbal and artistic sketches of the mill take us right back to the meadow. Bruce also suggested that I contact Joseph P. Hereford, Jr., of Albuquerque, who has spent many years researching the Apache Railway. Mr. Hereford is to be thanked for his map showing the route of this railroad, and the one identifying the logging area reserved for the Goodman Sawmill.

One great source of information, illustrations, and driving tours was Venla Penrod McCleve. Her family history boxes are indeed treasure troves. Gwen Goodman Foster has spent many years doing family history research on the Goodman and Church lines, and shared that research with us. In fact, Gwen anticipates publishing a book in a couple of years of complete documentation on our ancestral lines. Let's help her when we can.

Several McNeil cousins furnished copies of information on our McNeil and Smith ancestors. These are LaVene Thompson Fenn, Jess Thompson, Roy and Vicki Thompson, and Steve McNeil. Steve teaches physics at Ricks College, and is a descendant of John McNeil's first son, John Edward, by his first wife, Margaret.

There is no adequate way to express my love and appreciation for Alyn, my husband of four decades. He and our cat, Remington Steel, are still patient with me (they also quietly suffered through the Rothlisberger Book years). Because he teaches American History and Church History at Ricks College, and had earlier taught English, he's an invaluable resource.



Alyn read the manuscript, made excellent suggestions, and paid the bills. What more could an amateur writer desire.

I appreciate the emphasis which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints puts on this important work. My testimony is that angels do attend us when we write in our journals or work on family history.

*Gloria Goodman Andrus*

### Disclaimer

You will notice many typesetting goofs in this book . These are mine entirely. Don't blame Ricks College Press. However, you're not paying me for putting this book together, so don't be too critical. Anyone who criticizes my efforts must write the next book.

No book is entirely perfect  
For errors will creep in;  
Sometimes wrong information is sent  
By someone's nearest kin.

And even printers make mistakes  
For which they tear their hair.  
Sometimes two people disagree  
On Who, or When, or Where.

It might have been the person  
Who wrote the history;  
It might have been the typist,  
Or blame can fall on me.

So, if you're dead before you're born,  
Or married when you're three,  
Or I've omitted anyone  
Who sent themselves to me.

Or your last name is not your own,  
Your picture not too good,  
I ask you—please forgive me,  
I did the best I could.

Anon.



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## Preface

*This shall be written for the generation to come.*

(Psalms 102:18)

Several years ago, as a lark, I paid \$12 to have my handwriting analyzed. Among other personality traits and characteristics mentioned which hit the nail on the head, so to speak, the analyst stated I had a strong sense of family and family unity. That pleased me because I do feel that way. I'm proud to be a Goodman; I can't imagine being a part of any other family. I'm especially thankful for an historian husband who has supported me—emotionally and financially—in this endeavor.

When Mari (Dale's daughter) attended Northern Arizona University, she took a course in womens studies. Her instructor, hopefully tongue in cheek, suggested that Mari change her name from *Goodman* to *Goodperson*. I was incensed, to say the least. That, in my opinion, would negate the importance which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints places on family history and family unity.

And so, the following story caught my attention in relation to this issue (quoted in *Brigham Young Magazine*, February 1995, p. 29):

There was a small town afflicted by a mysterious ailment, a kind of a contagious Alzheimer's disease where people lose their memory. They forget. They forget the names of the people around them. They forget the names of everyday objects. One young man, unaffected by the disease, tries to forestall its effects. He goes around labeling everything. "This is a table. This is a window. This is a cow. It has to be milked every day." When he has labeled everything in town, he goes to the town center and puts up two signs. The first sign says, "The name of our village is Macondo." And the second sign says, "There is a God."

What is the author trying to say in this strange parable? I think he's trying to tell us that as you get older, you will forget a lot of things you once knew. It's already started, hasn't it? You've forgotten your high school trigonometry and American history. Over the course of time, you'll forget the name of the guy who took you to your senior prom. You'll forget the phone number of the first house you lived in. The author is saying, Don't worry about it. That's all fine, as long as you don't forget two things. Never forget the community of which you are a part, because God is found in communities. God is found in the way people relate to each other, and then, never forget that God exists.

I think, for our purposes in this book, we can substitute the word "family" in the place of "community." Never forget the family of which you are a part, because God is found in



families. God is found in the way members of a family relate to each other; and then, never forget that God exists.

So, figuratively, go to the center of your life and post two signs: "I am a Goodman, and the Goodman name and Goodman family are important to me." And, "There is a merciful God in Heaven who loves each of us."

I cherish my memories of growing up at the Goodman swmill and in Vernon with the cousins. Even when Dad's family was "following construction," we were usually with Uncle Alvin's family, or Uncle Bill's family, or Uncle Walter's family. It was often difficult to tell which kids belonged to which couple. And we occasionally visited Pineyon and Woodruff to associate with Aunt Fern's kids, Aunt Beulah's kids, and Uncle John's kids. What joyous times we had together!

And that's what reunions accomplish today—the joy of seeing beloved friends and relatives we haven't seen for a year or two. Or meeting a relative for the first time. Let's keep our reunions alive.

And I hope this is not the end of written histories in our family. Please write a more detailed personal history for your own descendants.

I read a quote from one of the General Authorities several years ago which went something like this: *Being dead is not the problem for our ancestors; being forgotten is the problem.* I do not want our ancestors—long-past and recent—to be forgotten. And I don't want to be forgotten by my posterity.

Dad, you have not been forgotten. We love you dearly. Are you happy now?



## Introduction

This is the story of how William Ezra Goodman, born in 1871 in Golden Township, Oceana County, Michigan, and Hannah McNeil, born in 1878 in Bountiful, Davis County, Utah, met and married in Navajo County, Arizona in 1897. It's also the story of their descendants—their children and grandchildren; in other words, *US*.

We have so many reasons to be thankful for the prolific children (and their spouses) of Will and Hannah Goodman. Most of these children married and had the majority of their children during the years of the Great Depression. Work was not always easy to find, and the pay was not great when work was available. But as a child, I never felt deprived. I was always loved, warm, and well-fed—not only by my parents, but by my grandparents and wonderful aunts and uncles.

We are heirs of the past, but we are also debtors of the past. And we are too apt to forget how great is our obligation to the hardy men and women who came before us.

Our ancestors brought little of wealth with them when they came into the Arizona Territory, but they brought what, to the settler in an unbroken wilderness, is of greater value—industrious and frugal habits, stout and enduring muscles, and contented and brave hearts. We need to emulate these marvelous people.



# The Passing of the Pot

(Dedicated to Aunt Fern and Aunt Beulah)

As far back as Ammon,  
As memories may go,  
One household vessel greets me  
That wasn't made for show.

Beneath the bed 'twas anchored,  
Where only few could see,  
But served the entire family  
With equal privacy.

Some called the critter "Fanny,"  
And some the "Thundermug,"  
A few called it the "Johnny,"  
But I called it the "Jug."

The special one for company  
Was decorated swell,  
But just the same it rendered  
The old familiar smell.

One was enormous  
And would accommodate  
A watermelon party  
Composed of six or eight

To bring it in at evening  
Was bad enough, no doubt,  
But heaven help the party  
Who had to take it out.

At times when things were pressing  
And business extra good,  
Each took his turn at waiting  
Or did the best he could.

And sometimes in the darkness  
Without benefit of flame,  
We fumbled in the darkness  
And slightly missed our aim.

Now today this modernism  
Relieves me a lot,  
And only in my visions  
Do I see the family pot.

—Sarah Murdoch



## Do You Remember?

(For all those born before 1940)

We were before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, frisbees, and The Pill. We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams, and ballpoint pens; before panty hose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes, and before man walked on the moon. We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be? In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of." Bunnies were small rabbits, and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with our cousins. We thought fast food was what you ate during Lent, and outer space was the back of the Roxy Theater. We were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers, and computer marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy, and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, timesharing meant togetherness, not computers or condominiums; a chip meant a piece of wood, hardware meant hardware, and software wasn't even a word. In 1940, "Made in Japan" meant junk, and the term "making out" referred to how well you did on an exam. Pizza, McDonalds, and instant coffees were unheard of. We hit the scene when there were 5 and 10¢ stores, where you bought things for five and ten cents. And you could buy ice cream cones for a nickel, and could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi, or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$800, but who could afford one? A pity, too, because gas was only 11¢ a gallon. In our day, GRASS was mowed, COKE was a cold drink, and POT was something you cooked in. ROCK MUSIC was a Grandma's lullaby, and AIDS were helpers in the principal's office. We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before sex changes. We made do with what we had. And we were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby. No wonder we are so confused, and there is such a generation gap today.

BUT WE SURVIVED, AND WHAT BETTER REASON TO CELEBRATE?



# Chapter 1

## Our Goodman Ancestors

### *MERRIE OLD ENGLAND*



Map of England showing the Shire (county) of Leicester



Richard Goodman, the first Goodman ancestor to come to America, was born, probably in 1609, in Leicestershire, England.<sup>1</sup> His family belonged to the landed gentry and were lords of the manor of Blaston. They were descended from the Goodmans of Cheshire, first mentioned in 1450, when Hugh Goodman, of Chester, married Emma, daughter and heiress of Richard Warton.

Richard probably grew up in the "smiling" Leicestershire countryside, with fields, woodlands, and spire-crowned hills. Boys his age at that time would have worn a buttoned doublet with a falling band similar to an Eton collar, puffed breeches, long hose and rosetted shoes. They would have played the time-honored games of boyhood—prisoner's base, hoodman blind, hide and seek, swimming, wrestling, sliding on the ice, and practicing with the bow and arrow.

He would learn to read at home from a hornbook and at the age of seven or eight be sent to a grammar school where he would study a primer, the Psalms in meter, the Testament and a book on precepts of civility, and when he grew older, a little arithmetic and much Latin. School began at six o'clock in the morning.

The Goodmans lived in the region where the Puritanism reform in the Church of England rose to its height. Puritanism was the absorbing topic of the day in which Richard's formative years were spent, and the impressions he received would have been deepened and strengthened by the influence of Thomas Hooker. It soon became obvious that separation from the Church of England was inevitable, and that they must soon leave England. Mr. Hooker formed a company of men of the "best types," many of whom left homes of affluence and positions of rank to join in the migration to New England.

### NEW ENGLAND COLONIES

The colony reached Massachusetts Bay early in the summer of 1632, and came to Newtowne, which is now the city of Cambridge (near Boston). A settlement was made on lands now occupied by the buildings of Harvard College. Home lots were assigned and houses built. The court ordered that "all houses to be covered with slate or board & stand just 6 feet from the street."

Richard Goodman became the holder of six rods of land, rather vaguely described as "eastwardly from small-lot Hill, assigned in large lots." As he was unmarried, he did not build a house; a single man in the New England colonies was not allowed to live alone, but was required to live with some family to which the court assigned him.

---

<sup>1</sup>Much of the information on Richard Goodman is taken from *The Goodmans of Bolton, New York*, by Edith Willoughby Goodman West, published at Glenn Falls, N.Y., 1930. FHL call no. 929.273, G621.



Soon it became obvious that some people in Massachusetts did not approve of the Massachusetts Bay Colony's aristocratic and theocratic policies, especially the idea that only church members should vote or hold office. Thomas Hooker, of course, was one who opposed these policies, feeling that "in matters concerning the common good, a general council, chosen by all, shall rule." The Reverend John Cotton, of Boston, opposed Mr. Hooker. It was soon claimed that there was not enough land for all, and a proposal was made that a portion of the colony should move on to the unsettled lands of Connecticut.

In June, 1636, the Newtowne congregation of the First Church of Christ, numbering a hundred or more, made the trek south and west to the Connecticut Valley. They walked, driving 160 cattle; the trip took two weeks. Upon reaching the Connecticut River, rude rafts ferried them across, and here on the west bank of the river, in the wilderness, the group founded the settlement which was to become the capital of the state of Connecticut, and named it Hartford.

The Goodman family descended from four of the men who made this migration—Richard Goodman, John Marsh, John White, and John Webster.<sup>2</sup> All of them deserved the identification as "pious, wise and self-respecting men."



<sup>2</sup>John Webster gained further honor as a distinguished magistrate, and later, Governor of the colony.







Another prominent member of the group was Richard Church, another of our ancestors. Please refer to the enclosed Map of Hartford in 1640 (above) for the close proximity of the properties of Richard Goodman and Richard Church.

Early maps of Hartford show only property, but do not show a house for Richard Goodman. As he was still not married, he was living with a court-appointed family. He did not marry until he was 50 years old. His first recorded public service came in 1639, when he, at age 30, was one of a small number of Hartford men who fought in the Pequot War. Other items in the records of the colony mention him as a selectman, a juror, a surveyor of common lands and fences, a fence viewer (a very important position), and a constable.

Hinman, an historian, commented, "He was a valuable citizen." Richard must have proved his worth, for he was later made a deacon in the church, an office of "much responsibility and dignity."

On December 8, 1659, at age 50, Richard Goodman married Mary Terry of Windsor, Connecticut (the daughter of Steven and Elizabeth Terry). She was 24. They ultimately had eight children, the last one born when Richard was 66 (just one year before his death). Our ancestor is Thomas, the seventh child.

Upon the death of Thomas Hooker, similar difficulties arose in the church at Hartford as those in Newtowne, Massachusetts. Once again, the objectors asked permission to leave, this time from Hartford, and form a settlement 50 miles to the north on the Connecticut River in Massachusetts. John Webster was one of the leaders of this venture, which was to create the frontier settlement of Hadley (near the present city of Amherst).

Early in 1660, Richard and Mary removed to Hadley, where each proprietor received an 8-acre homelot on the main street, and plow- and mowing-land according to the amount he had put into the venture. Richard's contribution is recorded as 140 pounds, one of the larger contributions. The homelot remained in the Goodman family until 1770.

There were only 48 householders in Hadley, so all had take part in local government. Richard was a selectman in 1662, surveyor of highways in 1665, and constable in 1668. He was also selected to run one of the first taverns in the settlement. Apparently, selling liquor in a New England community was a most serious and important business, and the tavern-keepers were chosen from among the most responsible and respected men. Again, note the location of properties owned by Richard Goodman and Richard Church on the map of Hadley below.

Children came to Richard and Mary with marching regularity. Between 1661 and 1675, eight children were born to them. The fifth child, Thomas, died at age two, so the seventh child was also named Thomas (our ancestor).



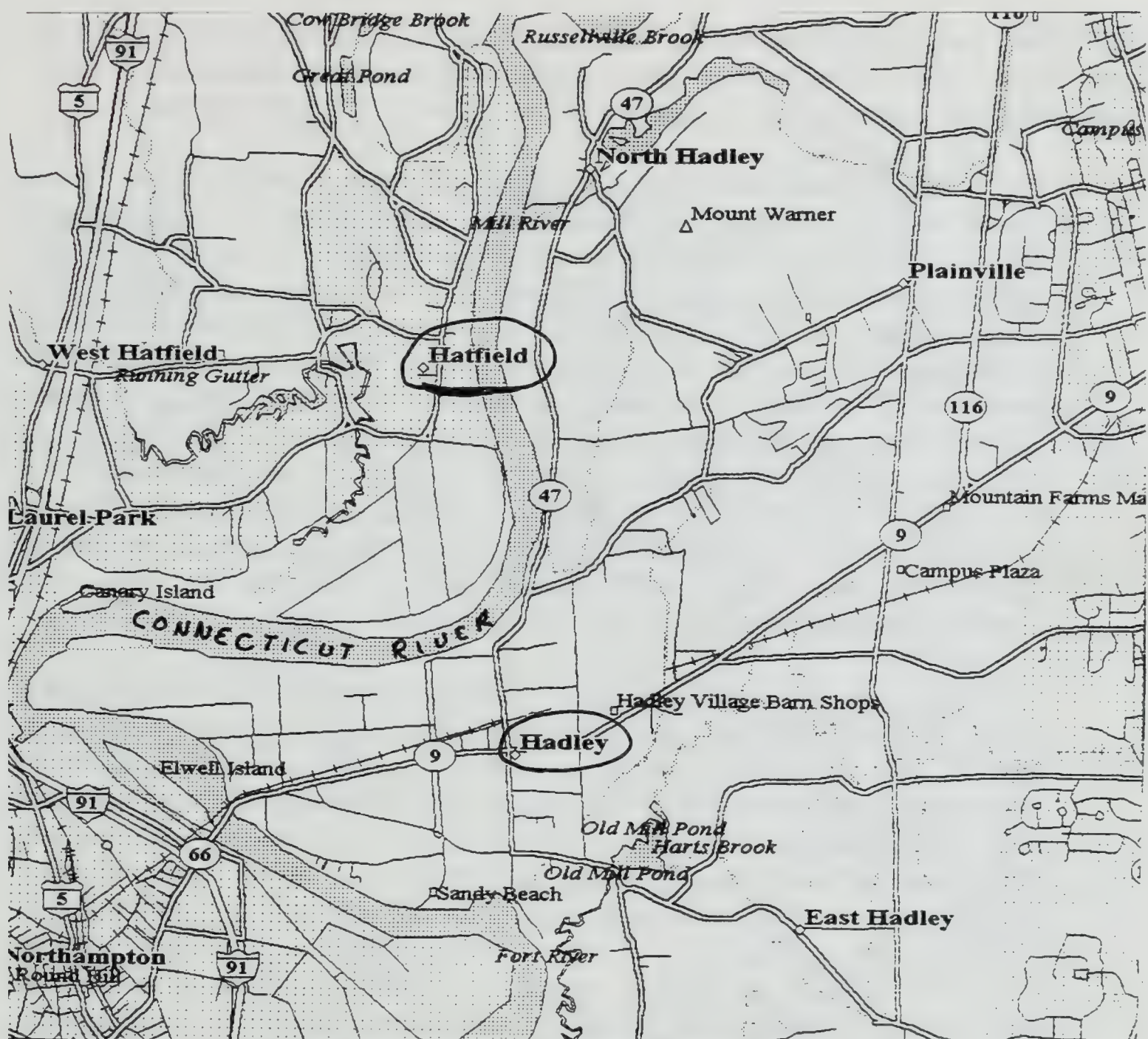
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Richard died without a will, but the inventory of the assets of his estate totalled 921 Pounds, 11 Shillings, and no pence. This inventory indicated that Richard had an ample estate and a well-supplied house for that period.

Mary Terry  
Goodman lived on

in Hadley for a number of years, later moving to Deerfield, further north along the Connecticut River. Two of the older boys moved back to Hartford, but Thomas, our ancestor, lived on in the area, moving to Hatfield, just across the river from Hadley. Mary died in 1692 at age 57.





Current map of Hadley, Massachusetts

And Thomas begat Thomas, and Thomas begat Enos (who fought in the Revolutionary War), and Enos begat Enos Jr.

Enos, Jr. moved to Bennettsville, Chenango County, New York in approximately 1810, and begat Edward Livingston Goodman, the father of William Ezra Goodman, our own father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and so on.

#### NEW YORK STATE

During the Revolutionary War, New York State was still under the domain of the British and Indians. After the end of the war, soldiers who had fought in that area widely



proclaimed the amazing fertility and the beauty and desirability of the lands of the Susquehanna valley. It was not very long, therefore, after the end of the war that western New York lands were acquired, either by purchase or conquest, from the Indians.

At one of these treaty conferences between Governor Clinton (of New York) and the Indians for the purchase of land in this locality, an interesting occurrence is related by Smith in his *History of Chenango and Madison Counties*. An Oneida sachem is represented as portraying his foresight of the inevitable result of these large cessions of land in the following manner: at the conclusion of the formalities by which the purchase was made, the sachem in question seated himself on a log close beside Governor Clinton, who with becoming courtesy, moved to make room. Somewhat to his embarrassment the sachem again seated himself in uncomfortable proximity to the Governor, whereupon, the latter again moved, but only to be followed as before by the sachem. This was repeated until at last the Governor found himself off the log altogether. When he inquired the meaning of this singular conduct, the Oneida significantly replied: "Just so white man crowd poor Indian, keep crowding, keep crowding; by-and-by crowd him clear off! Where poor Indian then?"<sup>3</sup>

The early settlers of the area may very properly be divided into two groups of people. There were first and most important, the Vermont Sufferers (more about this group in *Our Church Ancestors* chapter), who all came here from the same locality in Vermont; for the most part farmers, bringing with them the customs, prejudices and above all, the established friendships ripened by the storm and stress of the disordered days in their previous home. They were all of them owners of the land upon which they settled, having been assured of their title by no less a power than the State itself. Besides these Vermont Sufferers, was another class of people who had been induced to try their fortune in this frontier country for various motives. They were many of them families of soldiers who, returning from the war, and filled with the adventurous spirit bred of military life, preferred the perils and labors of the pioneer to the comforts of the more settled farmers of New England and eastern New York.<sup>4</sup>

*The Yankee Exodus* contains an account of the migration from New England:

Many Yankee veterans of the Revolution received grants of land in Oneida County and other parts of New York. These were in lieu of what today would be called a cash bonus. Though many of the old soldiers never saw their lands, but sold

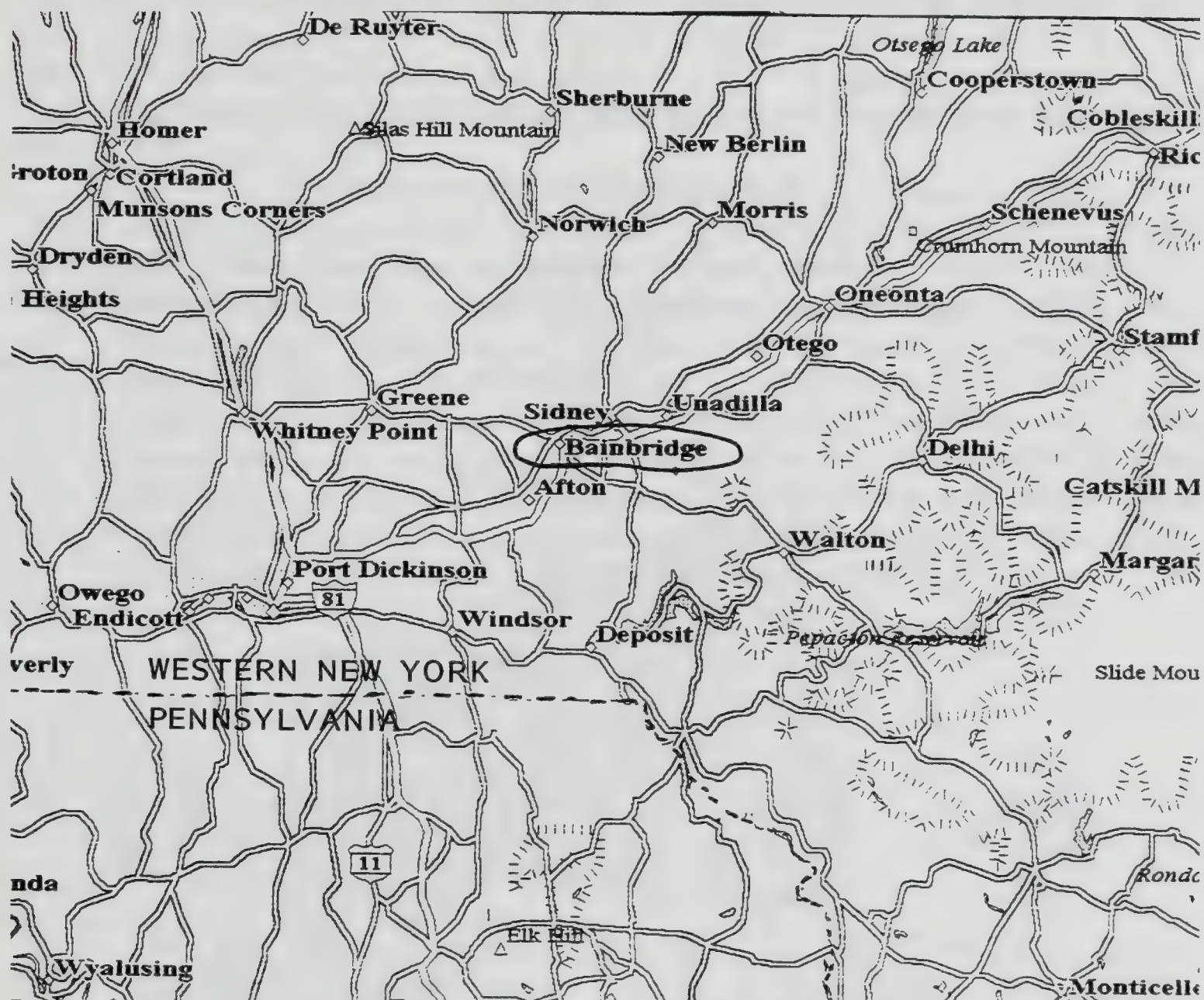
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<sup>3</sup>Edward Danforth, M.D., *Stones from the Walls of Jericho: The Official Bicentennial History of Bainbridge, New York*, 1987, pp. 33-34.

<sup>4</sup>*Stones.*, pp. 35-38.



them for whatever they could get, a considerable number migrated. . . . The York Fever was long in the air.<sup>5</sup>



Current map of Bainbridge, New York area

All these pioneers came either in boats down the Susquehanna River from Cooperstown, or walked along the Indian trails bordering the river banks, along which they drove their cows or oxen, if they had any.

Many of these early pioneers were our ancestors—Bennetts, Landers, Pratts, Churches, Goodmans, Cooleys.

The spring of 1786 saw the arrival of the first white settlers in the immediate area. Included were the four Bennett brothers of Bennettsville—Caleb, the oldest, was only 24.

<sup>5</sup>Stewart Hall Holbrook, *The Yankee Exodus*, The Macmillan Company: New York, 1950, p. 16.



The other brothers were Silas, Reuben, and Phineas. Phineas was the first supervisor at the first town meeting of Jericho (the name was changed to Bainbridge in 1814) held April 19, 1791. Caleb built a gristmill on Bennetts Creek—the first in the area.

A year later, spring of 1787, two members of the Landers family, Ebenezer and Joseph, came down the river to investigate their property awarded them by the State.

*Stones* contains an excellent description of the cabins of that day:

Cabin walls were rough and bare and the small windows allowed but little light; the furniture uncomfortable, crude and scanty—yet the great fireplace glowed



*Many log cabins started appearing in Bainbridge in the late 1700's.*

and crackled and made one forgetful of the drafty, cold room at one's back. The large chimneys were built with an ample open hearth and high above the flames was suspended a green pole from which hung the pots and kettles over the burning sticks. The earliest cabin homes were very crude in construction. The largest logs were cut and double-notched at the ends and were laid in a position to receive two similar logs to form the lowest tier of the front and rear. On these smaller notched logs were laid the others; and the intervening cracks plastered up with mud once or twice a year, and made reasonably tight. Bark was first used for roofing which was frequently kept from blowing away by placing heavy stones upon it,

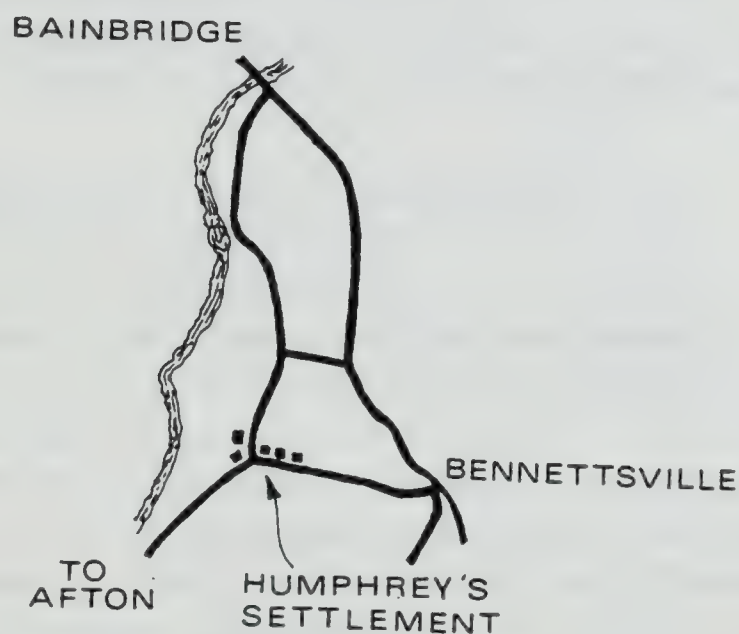


for there was not a nail in the whole construction and the only iron was that in the settler's guns, in their axes, and undoubtedly in their souls and backbones. Nails were later made by the local blacksmiths from any old iron obtainable. Doors and windows were closed with leather hinges. The cabin floors were made of split logs or well-hardened clay.<sup>6</sup>

As mentioned above, Caleb and Reuben Bennett built the first grist mill at Bennettsville in 1798. The

millstones and iron were transported from Esopus with great labor and at the expense of three weeks' journey by means of oxen and sled. Nails used in the building of the Bennettsville mill were brought from the nearest blacksmith shop at Cooperstown. Their first dam, a stone structure, was torn out by high water the following spring, after which they built one of logs which was used in the memory of this writer sixty years ago, and remnants of which are yet apparent. The mill proved a great convenience for hitherto the people had been compelled to carry their grist a distance of twelve miles to the mill on the Ouleout over roads little better than Indian trails, or transport it up the river by boat; an undertaking very laborious owing to the presence of innumerable rifts over which the boats and cargoes had to be hauled.<sup>7</sup>

*In 1811 a tavern was built at the Humphrey Settlement by Abner Humphrey. (Humphrey Settlement was located where Corbin and East River Road meet.) The tavern became a place where many trials and lawsuits of the whole town were enacted.*



Perhaps even the trial of Joseph Smith, Jr. took place here.

James Pratt opened a store in Humphrey's settlement. He used to take a considerable portion of his pay in lumber and then once a year he would raft it down to Baltimore. In the spring of 1812, he started in company with his brother-in-law, James Humphrey, with a large raft of this lumber down the river and, having passed

<sup>6</sup>*Stones*, pp. 59-60.

<sup>7</sup>*Stones*, p. 61.



the most bothersome of the rapids, Humphrey returned to get in the spring crops, leaving Pratt to conduct the raft to the Chesapeake. Arriving near Baltimore, Pratt was surprised to be attacked by a British Man-of-war, one of the fleet then in the Chesapeake Bay. He was captured, made a prisoner for several weeks, was unable to salvage his lumber, and had to walk some 400 miles back to Jericho without any profit from the undertaking and thankful for his life.<sup>8</sup>

The Erie Canal would be built between 1817 and 1825 to help the farmers in that area get their grain and lumber to the New York markets in the cheapest way possible.

Bennetts Creek must have been a sizeable creek in those days. Water power was an essential factor in the earliest industrial activities of Bainbridge. Danforth wrote

Most of the early mills supplied facilities for sawing logs and lumber and later for producing shingles. . . . The Ezra Church carding mill on the Bennettsville Creek was the local center for processing wool and flax fabrics used in the early clothing. This industry, too, depended upon water power for its operation.<sup>9</sup>

The first newspaper published in Bainbridge, *The Bainbridge Eagle*, made its appearance in 1845. One of the advertisements in that first issue was placed there by an attorney offering for sale:

"The Carding and Cloth Dressing Works recently built by Ezra P. Church, Esq. on the Susquehanna River consisting of a large two-story building, for carding and cloth dressing — a small outbuilding for a dyehouse — all built new within two years — located about half way between the villages of Bainbridge and South Bainbridge, and fifty-three acres of land. A. K. Maynard"<sup>10</sup>

The fact that Enos, Jr. married Prudence *Bennett* of Hadley, Massachusetts, and they moved to *Bennettsville*, Chenango County, New York, makes us wonder about the relationship between Prudence and the four Bennett brothers responsible for the settlement of this small hamlet. Unfortunately, we are unable to locate the name of Prudence's parents at this time. Their oldest child, Abel, was born in Bennettsville in 1814.

In 1994, the population of Bainbridge was approximately 3500, still a rural area by today's standards. In 1800, the population of Bainbridge was recorded 932; and in 1814 the

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<sup>8</sup>*Stones*, p. 69.

<sup>9</sup>*Stones*, p. 248.

<sup>10</sup>*Stones*, p. 197.



population of the entire area, including Bainbridge and its hamlets and the adjoining community of Afton, was estimated to be 1500.

Another family from New England to emigrate to Western New York in 1816 was that of Joseph Smith, Sr. We have to wonder how much knowledge our ancestors (the Goodmans, Churches, Bennetts, Pratts, Landers, Cooleys) had of the beginnings of Mormonism, as restored by the young Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr. As we review the lives of the Goodmans of our day, they seem usually to be protective of "under-dogs." If that trait and value was handed down through our genes, our ancestors, while not joining the Mormon Church in its infancy, were most likely *not* among the persecutors of the early Mormons.

*The History of the Church—Volume 1* contains references to Bainbridge in the life of Joseph Smith, Jr. .

During the time that I was thus employed, I was put to board with a Mr. Isaac Hale, of that place; it was there I first saw my wife (his daughter), Emma Hale. On the 18th of January, 1827, we were married, while I was yet employed in the service of Mr. Staal. Owing to my continuing to assert that I had seen a vision, persecution still followed me, and my wife's father's family was very much opposed to our being married. I was, therefore, under the necessity of taking her elsewhere; so we went and were married at the house of Squire Tarbill, in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, New York.<sup>11</sup>

And later in 1830,

We had appointed a meeting for this evening, for the purpose of attending to the confirmation of those who had been the same morning baptized. The time appointed had arrived and our friends had nearly all collected together, when to my surprise, I was visited by a constable, and arrested by him on a warrant, on the charge of being a disorderly person, of setting the country in an uproar by preaching the Book of Mormon, etc. . . . He drove on to the town of South Bainbridge, Chenango county, where he lodged me for the time being in an upper room of a tavern; . . .<sup>12</sup>

Two churches were built in Bennettsville—the Methodist Episcopal, and the Baptist Church. We would probably find church records of our ancestors in the Methodist Episcopal.

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<sup>11</sup>Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints*, Salt Lake City, Utah: The Deseret Book Company, 1978, p. 17.

<sup>12</sup>Smith, pp. 88-89.



Edward Livingston Goodman, the sixth child born to Enos and Prudence, was born on April 9, 1829 in Bennettsville. It will be easy for Church members to associate this date with April 15, 1829—the date of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood on the near-by banks of the Susquehanna River.

Frances Amelia Church was the second child of Ezra Pratt Church and Laurilla Cooley. She was born on July 23, 1838 in Afton, another small settlement along the banks of the Susquehanna, several miles south of Bainbridge. The Church family moved to Bainbridge during the early 1840's.

Our Uncle Bill Goodman relates the following information about his grandfather, Edward Livingston Goodman:

The first I knew about him, my grandfather, Edward Livingston Goodman, he went by ship to Panama with Uncle Charlie. There were three or four of them. (Since Grandpa William Ezra called him "uncle," he may have been an in-law. Grandma Hannah received a picture of him that said "Uncle Charlie—the champion gold hunter of Maxwell Creek." He could have married Grandpa's aunt.)

They went to the Isthmus of Panama, where they hired natives to carry their equipment across to the Pacific Ocean. They boarded a ship and sailed to San Francisco. From San Francisco, they went to the gold fields around 1848 or 1849, staking a claim or claims on Maxwell Creek, which is near Coulterville, California. They said they got all the gold they wanted. After my grandfather, Edward Livingston, came back from the gold fields, he established an iron foundry and manufactured machinery. Then something happened, an explosion or something, which left him partially blinded. He could see to get around, but couldn't read.

Edward had a nephew that he thought a lot of and had him running the business. His nephew would bring him papers to sign which he couldn't read. Soon he discovered he had signed nearly everything over to his nephew.



Actually, the name on the back of this picture is "Luther Goodman, Champion Gold-Hunter of Maxwell Creek, California."

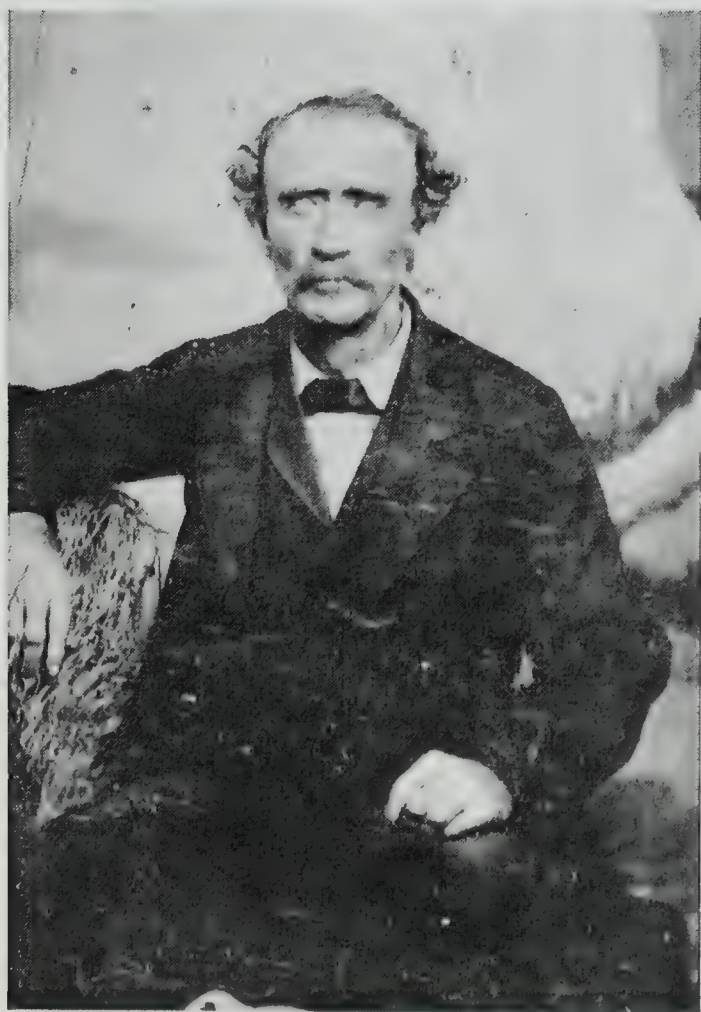


The 1850 census lists Edward as being 21 years of age, single, and a farmer. Presumably he was farming with his father, Enos, and his brother, Abel. The foundry may have been established after this census was taken.

On November 25, 1855, Edward Livingston Goodman and Frances Amelia Church were married in Bennettsville.

As we look at the beginnings of the Richard Goodman family and the Richard Church family in America, it is fitting that two descendants of these good men who helped settle Hartford, Connecticut and Hadley, Massachusetts, and who lived near each other for years in these settlements, should find and marry each other over 200 years later in Western New York.

For several years, the newlyweds lived with Edward's older brother, Abel. Abel was listed in the 1860 census as a farmer and head of the household, age 46, and worth about \$10,000 in real and personal property. The household contained three families: Abel and his wife, Anna, with five children; Enos and Prudence, ages 78 and 71; and Edward and Frances with one child, Walter (age 4; he was born January 13, 1857). It is uncertain why Ellen, born February 23, 1859, was not listed on the 1860 census.



Edward and Frances Goodman, with Walter



Some time later Edward and Frances were able to purchase a parcel of land of their own in Bainbridge. This property was sold on March 26, 1866 to Rufus Bennett for \$4,000, and Edward and Frances headed west to Michigan.

With the Appurtenances, and all the Estate, Title and Interest therein of the said part of the first part. And the said  
*Edward and Frances A.*  
 do hereby Covenant and Agree to and with the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns,  
 that the premises thus conveyed in the quiet and peaceable possession of the said party of the second part his heirs and assigns,  
 they will forever Warrant and Defend against any person whomsoever lawfully claiming the same, or any part thereof.  
 In Witness Whereof, The parties of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.  
 Sealed and Delivered in Presence of  
*Ezra P. Church* U. S. REVENUE, *Edward Goodman* [L. S.]  
 \$ 4,000  
 STATE OF NEW YORK, }  
 CHENANGO COUNTY, } ss. *Frances A. Goodman* [L. S.]  
 On this *Twenty first* day of *March*  
 in the year one thousand eight hundred and *Sixty Six* before me, the undersigned, personally appeared  
*Edward Goodman and Frances A. his wife*  
 to me known to be the same persons described in, and who executed the within instrument and severally  
 acknowledged that they executed the same.  
 And the said *Frances A.* on a private examination by me, apart from  
 her said husband, acknowledged that she executed the same freely, and without any fear or compulsion of her said husband.  
*Ezra P. Church Justice of the Peace*  
*Recorded November 13<sup>th</sup> 1866 at 4 o'clock P. M.*  
*Alfred J. ... Clerk.*

Signature portion of deed from Edward and Frances Goodman to Rufus Bennett. Note that Ezra P. Church (Frances' father) is the Justice of the Peace.

## MICHIGAN

Oceana County is located on the eastern banks of Lake Michigan. The region now known as Oceana had existed for ages as a portion of the red man's domain, a favorite stomping-ground for various tribes.

Should you ask me, whence these stories?  
 Whence these legends and traditions,  
 With the odors of the forest  
 With the dew and damp of meadows,  
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,





With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes."



Round about the Indian village  
 Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,  
 And beyond them stood the forest,  
 Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
 Ever sighing, ever singing.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 In the pleasant Summer morning,  
 Hiawatha stood and waited.<sup>13</sup>

Not only the Ojibways and the Dacotahs frequented the great lakes of the northland, but the Shawnees and other Native American tribes:

Thus the brothers had wandered for many moons. They had wandered north to the marshes and the white dunes that bordered the great lake called Mis-e-ken, and there they had walked along the sands with the roar of the surf and the stinging, sand-laden wind blowing away their words as they talked. There Tecumseh had seen tiny cliff swallows darting out of little nesting holes in the steep sand banks, nests right in the path of the strong winds of the lake.<sup>14</sup>

The region did not attract white men until about 1840, when

... one or two white men took a look at the land along the beach, with a view of locating lands, and they chose the position on the clay-banks, on which their farms are now situated, for four reasons: First, it was on the beach, where all travel was; second, there existed an Indian trail from the head of White Lake into what is now J. D. S. Hanson's farm; then the land was a heavy clay loam and remarkably fertile, and there were old Indian clearings altogether of 200 or 300 acres in extent, in patches from half an acre to two or three acres. Accordingly, in 1849, settlement began, so that at the close of that year there were six families and several single men on the Claybanks, which formed the nucleus of the settlement of Oceana County.<sup>15</sup>

One history of Oceana County states that the getting out of shingle bolts was an inducement for men to come into this country. Shingle bolts refer to the length into which

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<sup>13</sup>*The Song of Hiawatha*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

<sup>14</sup>James Alexander Thom, *Panther in the Sky*, New York: Ballantine Books, 1989, p. 245.

<sup>15</sup>*History of Oceana County*, Chicago: H. R. Page & Co., 1882, p. 79.





logs were cut which would produce shingles of a prescribed length. Also required was a long straight grain. After these shingle bolts were cut and gathered, community members would unite for a shingle bee—a contest to see who could shape the most shingles out of these bolts.

The county was divided into 16 townships, one in the second tier which was named Golden, north of Claybanks Township mentioned above. (Please refer to the map.) Two-thirds of the township of Golden was covered with an excellent quality of pine, and the first sawmill was located on the lake shore.



The list of settlers in Golden in 1867 does not include Edward and Frances Goodman. However, there is an entry in *Oceana Pioneers and Businessmen of Today, 1890* listing Ed Goodman as Golden Township Clerk in 1868.<sup>16</sup>

The 1870 Census of Oceana County, Golden Township, enumerated on the 5th day of September, 1870, lists Edward Goodman, age 41, Frances 31, Walter 13, and Ellen 10. Edward declared he was a farmer, with real estate valued at \$3,000 and a personal estate at \$600.

On June 24, 1871, when Walter was 14 and Ellen 11, a new baby arrived in the family and was named William Ezra. Frances now had three children named after her family members —Ezra, her father, Walter, a brother, and Ellen, a sister. This new baby weighed only 2½ pounds. To keep him warm, he was wrapped and placed in a shoe box and kept on the open oven door. Eleven days later, tragedy visited this young family when Frances died.



Edward and Frances' house in Michigan

After his mother's death, young William was cared for by Ellen (Ella) and by neighbors as best they could. William told his children in later years that at one time during his early years, he was placed with a German family. There he learned to speak rudimentary German, and for a long time he thought he was German. He also told of how one family he lived with would send him upstairs to bed and then scare him to make him go to sleep.

One day when he was in Ella's care, a knock came on the door, and Will ran to answer it. A black man was standing at the door. Never having seen a Black person before, he ran back to Ella, saying, "Oh, Ell, come look at the man with a rubber face." He remembered that the man just stood there and grinned at him.

Even though no records can be found of an immediate marriage, family legend tells us that Ed married a woman who was very cruel to the children, especially baby William. Ed got rid of wife number two none too soon

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<sup>16</sup>The same information is found in the Tri-County history (*History of Manistee, Mason & Oceana Counties —1882*).



## ILLINOIS

It appears that Edward followed his son, Walter, southwest to Ava, Jackson County, Illinois, or that Walter followed his dad. At any rate, Walter married Rebecca Taggart of Ava, and Edward married Julia, presumably from the local area. William's beloved sister, Ellen, married Mark Pennell, and stayed behind in the vicinity of Hart, Michigan.





No records have been located for the date of marriage between Edward and Julia—wife number three. The 1880 Census of Ava, Jackson County, Illinois, lists Edward, 47, an engineer, Julia, 27, and William 9. Despite serious attempts, we have been unable to identify Julia's maiden name. Where Ed's second wife was harsh and cruel, Julia is remembered by those who knew her as a kind, loving person.

Other Goodmans in Jackson County, according to marriages recorded in that county between 1870 and 1875, were Abel Goodman and Enos Goodman. Enos married Mary J. Vincent on October 3, 1870; Abel married Mary A. Hanna on February 16, 1875.<sup>17</sup> These relatives undoubtedly influenced Edward and Walter to join them in Jackson County.

Ava, Jackson County, Illinois, is located in the southern tip of the state about 300 miles south of the Great Lakes, and near the Mississippi River. It began as a single tavern and saloon called "The Head Quarters" on the road between Murphysboro and Chester on a high ridge between the headwaters of Kinkaid and Rattlesnake Creeks. Ava was organized into a township in 1876 (five years after Will was born). An early history of the area notes: "The chief occupation of the people is agriculture, and some finely cultivated farms are found here. . . . The entire surface was heavily timbered in an early day, and the primeval forests in some places yet remain. The people of Ava Township are thrifty, enterprising, and moral."<sup>18</sup> With the coming of the Cairo and St. Louis narrow gauge railroad, the area quickly developed. The railroad may explain why Edward is listed on the 1880 Census as an "engineer."

Young Will spent most of his growing-up years in Ava, most likely attending school with other young children. However, he was left-handed, and being left-handed in those days was a disadvantage—teachers felt children should not write with their left hands. Will told of the many times a teacher spanked his hand with a ruler to make him write with his right hand. In spite of all the spankings, he still wrote left-handed, and was a beautiful writer. Will told his children he went to school only through the third grade.

Will's older brother, Walter, was an accomplished carpenter. As he helped Walter during his young years, he, too, gained those skills and became a first class carpenter and cabinet maker. This trade would be invaluable to him in his later life.

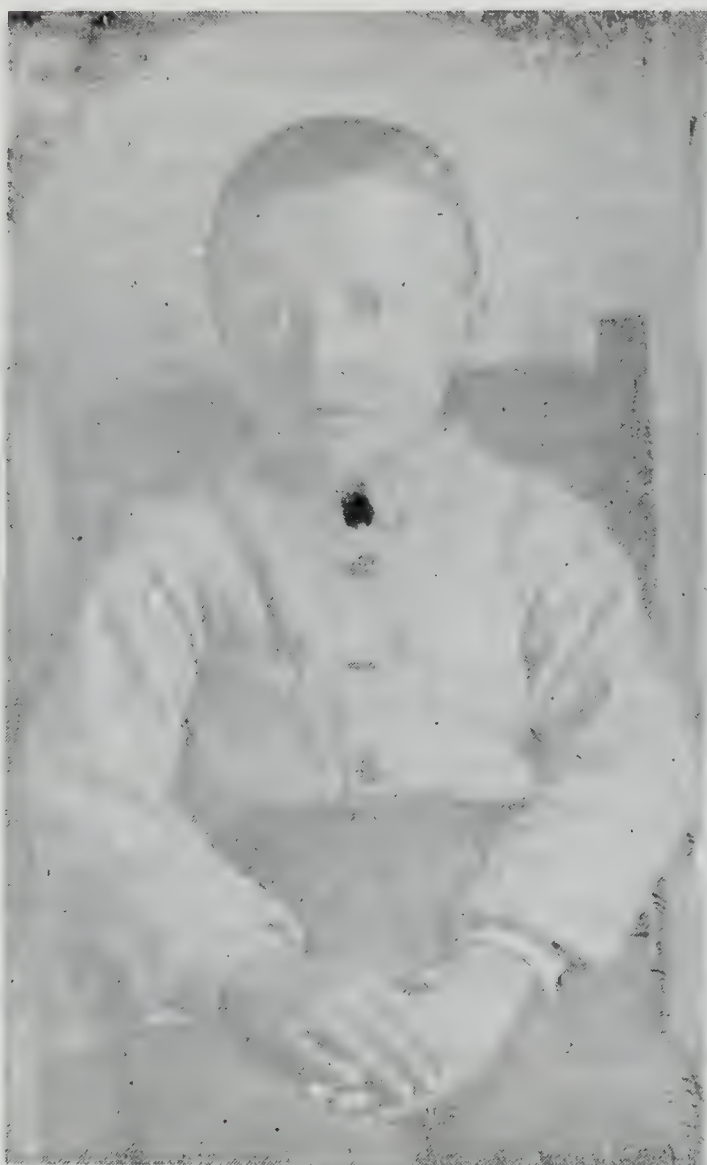
When he was about 15, Will went southeast to Kentucky (or Tennessee) where he worked in a tobacco factory, stripping leaves and making cigars. While he was working in this factory, some of the older guys turned him upside down and stuck him head-first in a large barrel of tobacco leaves. He thought surely he would suffocate before he got out; that was the last of his tobacco work. Years later, he brought some tobacco leaves home on one

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<sup>17</sup>FHL Film # 1,036,114, Item 7.

<sup>18</sup>*History of Jackson County, Illinois*, Philadelphia: Brink, McDonough & Co. 1878, p. 113.





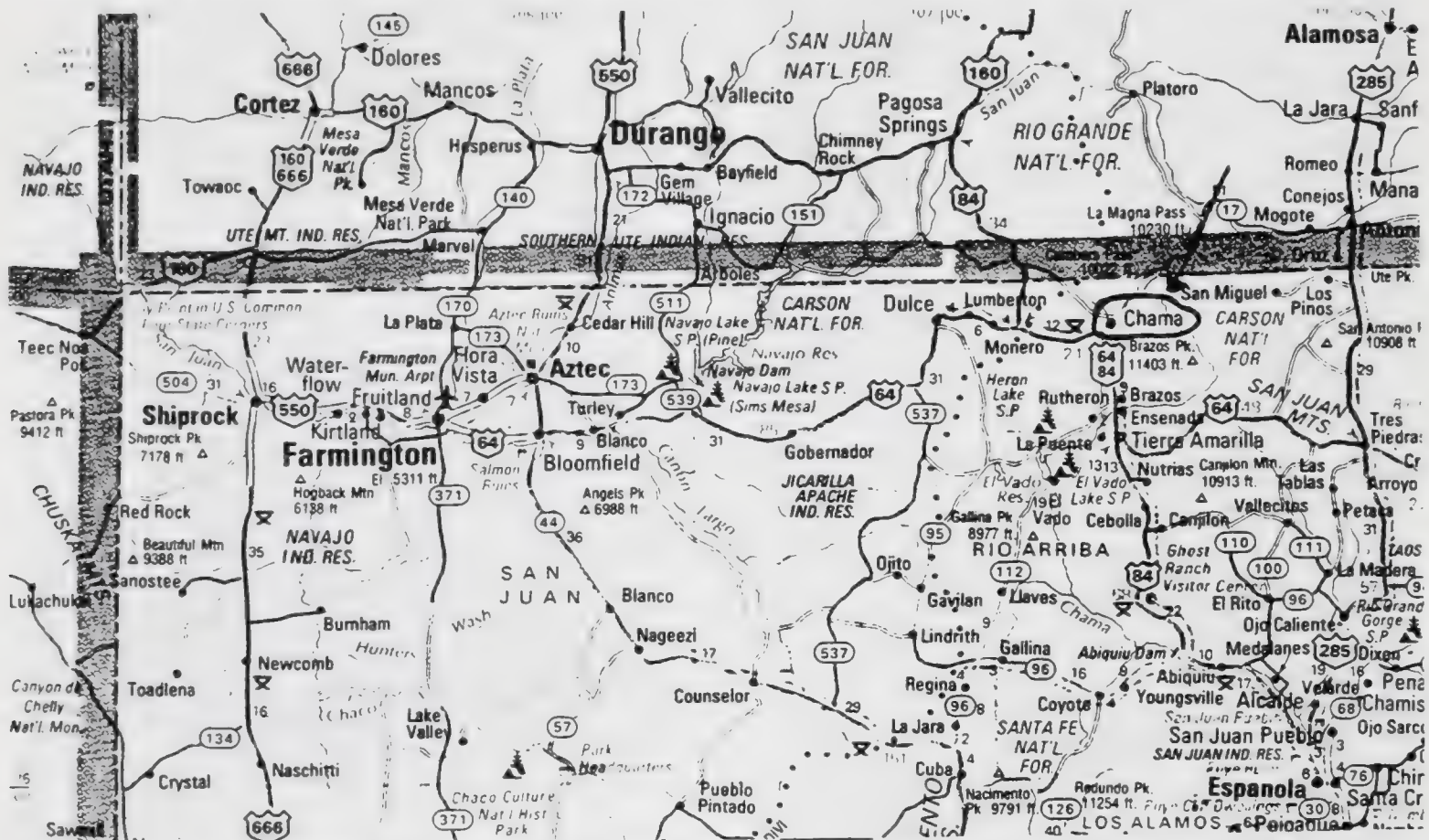
William Ezra Goodman as a child and when he was around 17 years old

occasion and showed his children the fine art of cigar-making—how the leaves needed to be wetted to stick together, and how the leaves needed to be rolled just so in order to allow the air to be sucked through evenly.

Accounts differ on how and with whom Will traveled to Arizona. One account says that Ed and Julia came to Linden in about 1890, and that Will and a friend came west together. Another account has Will traveling to Denver with his folks and splitting off from them there. As Will came through Kansas (whether with his father or a friend), he encountered an animal he hadn't seen before. Having a nice rifle, he shot the skunk, picked it up by the tail, and carried it five miles to find out what it was.



Denver, in the early 1890's, was a railroad town. Someone advised Will that he should buy land there, because it was liable to be very valuable later on. However, having no money for investments, he and his friend dropped straight south to Chama, New Mexico<sup>19</sup>



Present Day Map of Northwestern New Mexico; note Chama

It was in Chama that Will learned the sawmilling business. He also undoubtedly learned a valuable lesson about clear-cutting forests from his Chama experience.

"Logging has played an important role in the history of Chama almost from the beginning. The railroad began service to Chama in February of 1881. Lumber companies arrived immediately thereafter and began clear-cutting forests, shipping lumber out on the railroad. Seven years later the pine timber in the immediate vicinity was completely exhausted."<sup>20</sup> The author continued, "Today (1927) you can see the rotting remains of mammoth pines strewn over hundreds of thousands of acres. Before the advent of the loggers, hundreds of square miles of land now entirely devoid of cover were studded so heavily with big timber that a saddle horse could be ridden among the trees only with great

<sup>19</sup>Chama is located in Rio Arriba County, about 7 miles south of the Colorado state line. Its elevation is just shy of 8,000 feet, and it receives more moisture than any other area in New Mexico.

<sup>20</sup>Margaret Palmer, *The Logging History of the Chama Valley*, Chama Valley Tattler, Fall 1986.



difficulty." The Forest Service was eventually given jurisdiction over the logging industry, but it was too late for them to save most of the local forests.

In Chama, Will also learned about bear hunting. There were lots of bear around Chama, so he got a horse from someone and got him a 38-55 rifle, and off he went to find a bear. He soon ran onto a big bear eating service berries about a quarter mile from the road. Will said the old bear raised up on his hind feet and looked at him. He thought to himself, "Gee whiz, there's a lot of fallen timber between here and the road, and if I'd happen to miss him or wound him, he'd sure get me before I got to that road." So, he just rode off and left the bear eating service berries.

It isn't known how long Will stayed and worked in Chama, but while there, he bought a team of oxen and began logging with them. He was about 20 years old at this time. When he eventually joined his father and stepmother in Linden, Apache/Navajo County, Arizona, in 1895, he brought his ox team with him, and worked at the Water Canyon sawmill (later called the Standard sawmill) south of Linden and Pinedale.

The Santa Fe Railroad had reached the Little Colorado River in 1881, and Holbrook was established the same year, so it is probable that Ed and Julia rode the train to Holbrook. No one seems to know why they ended up in Linden. Just another of those mysteries which will have to wait until we meet them on the other side of the veil.

## ARIZONA

The Arizona Territory was established in 1863. By the 1890s, Arizona was becoming downright civilized, and signs of growth and development were everywhere. Geronimo's surrender in 1886 had ended the Apache threat to settlement. However, in those rural areas, life was still primitive and the amenities few. The backyard privy and the town water wagon were staples of life. Women slaved from dawn to bedtime on household chores and child rearing; and most men did manual labor that left little free time for anything beyond a church or lodge meeting.<sup>21</sup>

The Mogollon Rim is the southern edge of the Colorado plateau, dropping sharply down to the Salt River to create extremely rough country where its edge has been cut by many streams. This area, a zone fifty to one hundred miles wide and trending from southeast to northwest, was for some centuries the stronghold of the Tonto subtribe of Western Apache Indians.

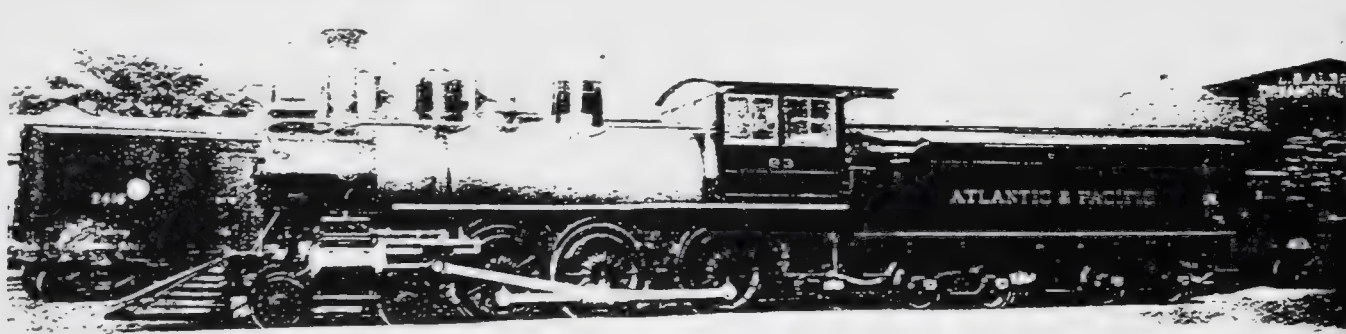
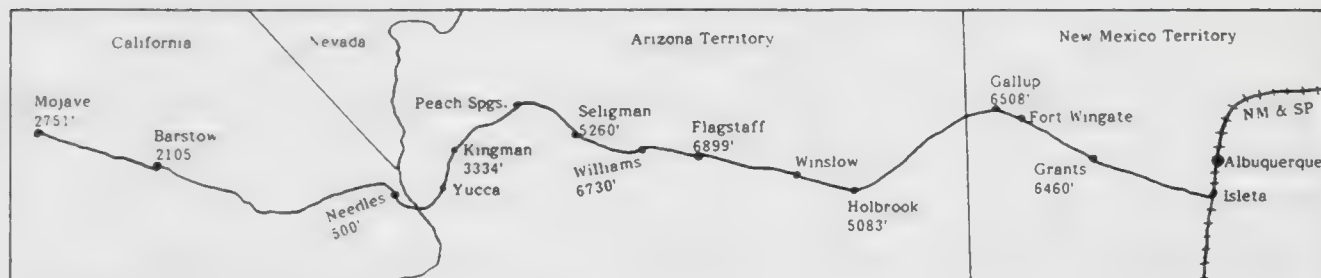
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<sup>21</sup>*Arizona Highways Album: The Road to Statehood*, Ed. Dean Smith, 1987, Arizona Department of Transportation, State of Arizona, p. 52.



Notes from Santa Fe newspaper *The Weekly New Mexican*:

June 28, 1880	A Baldwin and a Hinkley construction engine have arrived.
Aug. 2, 1880	Track laying has commenced west of the Rio Grande River.
Oct. 18, 1880	The track of the A & P Railroad has been laid 47 miles west of Albuquerque.



ALCO Historic Photos

Atlantic &amp; Pacific Railroad Co. number 83 was completed by Pittsburgh on June 21, 1888, as construction number 1000.

Bibliography: Poor's 1889, p. 734

## The Santa Fe Railroad reached Holbrook in 1881

Much of the Arizona part of the Basin and Range Province is the northern portion of the Sonoran Desert. Because most of the early travelers who passed through Arizona and wrote of their experiences used the southern route, the popular idea of Arizona was, and still is, that it is one vast desert. This idea overlooks entirely the region of tall timber and running water in the mountainous part of the state—especially the area known as the White Mountains of Arizona.<sup>22</sup>

The economy for the White Mountains area was based primarily on cattle ranching in those infant, territorial years, and our ancestors were no different than their neighbors.

Exactly when Ed and Julia Goodman arrived in Arizona is uncertain. They homesteaded a piece of property in the Juniper area (later to be called Linden) about 1890, and were part of the "outsiders" group.

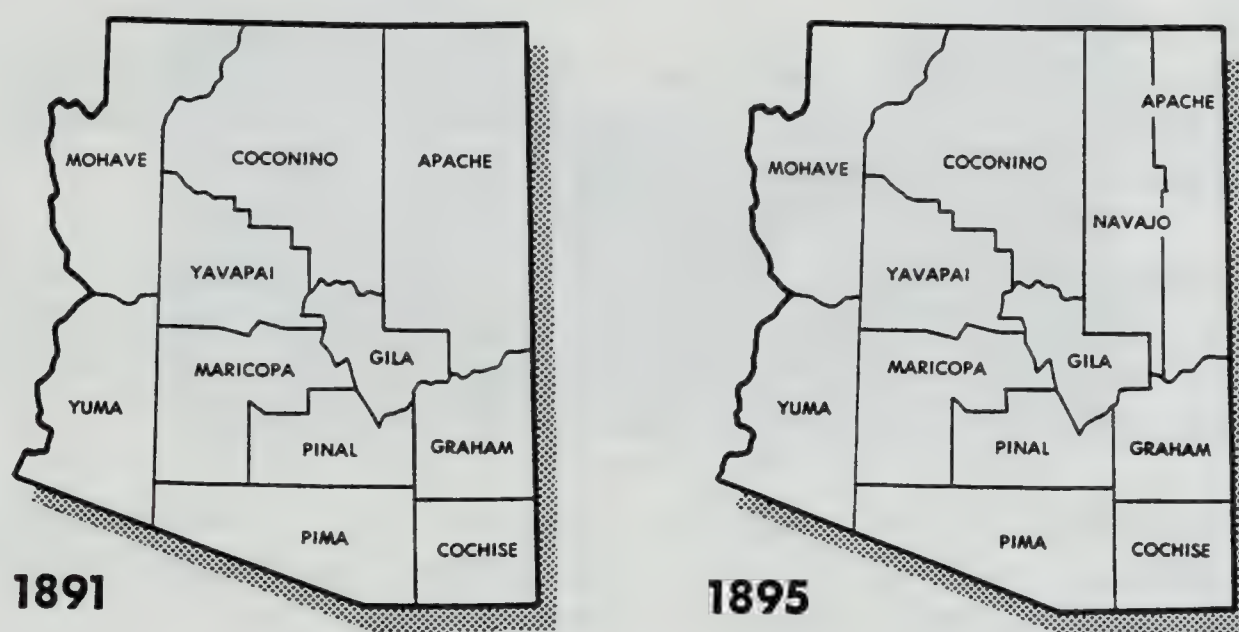
Juniper was then a small settlement of but a few families. Most of the pioneers were members of the Church, but there were a few families of "outsiders." The Goodmans, Lees, Hopens, and the Tom Sauls family, together with my father, brother and myself constituted, as I recall it, the principle group of "outsiders." ...

<sup>22</sup>*Historical Atlas of Arizona*, by Henry P. Walker and Don Bufkin, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1986, p. 5.



Some of these men were Mormons, some were not, but I was never able to see where any line of demarcation existed. If anyone within our settlement was in trouble or ill, help came from every direction. No one asked what church you did or did not belong to, we were isolated from all other communities by several miles of rough country and rougher roads. Each shared responsibility for the well being of all in the community.<sup>23</sup>

Edward L. Goodman, at age 58, appeared in the Great Register of Apache County, on August 11, 1892, with his residence being shown as Linden. That record indicates that he owned 200 chickens. His house and implements and household goods were valued at \$10, the value of his improvements was \$25, and personal property with a value of \$12, for a total valuation of \$37. In 1893, he added a cow, and in 1894, 2 yearlings, 3 hogs, and poultry. The value of his personal property in 1984 was \$27.50.



Territorial County Boundaries

In 1895, Apache County was divided down the middle, and the western part became Navajo County, with its seat at Holbrook. This division ended a long struggle between Holbrook and St. Johns over the seat of Apache County. Now each could be a county seat,<sup>24</sup> with each county having slightly over 8,000 residents in 1900. Not that Holbrook was much to brag about as a county seat; the 1910 census listed its population at the grand sum of 609.

<sup>23</sup>*History of John Reidhead, Jr. and Posterity*, by Maurine R. (Perkins) Wight.

<sup>24</sup>*Historical Atlas of Arizona*, p. 32.



The first postmaster appointed at Linden was David E. Adams on August 8, 1891, so presumably this was when the post office was first established in that area. Julia Goodman was appointed to that position on August 22, 1895.<sup>25</sup>

The Great Register for Navajo County began in 1895; with the creation of the county. Edward and his son, William, registered on April 13, 1895. Edward said his age was 62, and Will said he was 23. Edward's subtraction was not accurate; he was actually nearer 65.<sup>26</sup> If the registration form had called for an occupation, both men would probably have listed "stockman."

Julia served as postmistress until her final illness caused her to retire. The following notation is found in the Pinedale Ward records<sup>27</sup> under the heading of "Mrs. Edward L. Goodman."

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman came to Linden about 1890. She died about 1902 and Mr. Goodman went back to his daughter's home in the east. She was the step-mother of William E. Goodman. She was a helpful neighbor and a true friend.

The information about her death date in this notation was not quite accurate. She died sometime in mid-1900 at age 47.<sup>28</sup> Edward last registered to vote on June 4, 1900, and on September 25, he sold his homestead to H. H. Clark. This particular property is now owned by Ted Smith, and is called the "Willis Place."

Edward died in 1901 at the age of 71. Family lore is that he died in Dewitt, Clinton County, Michigan, presumably at the home of his daughter, Ellen Pennell. Family history researchers are still searching for his place of death and burial.

After Julia's death, her stepson, Will, served as Acting Postmaster from about July 20, 1900 to December 29, 1900 (when Hiram W. Hopen received his official appointment).

In the meantime, Will had married Hannah McNeil in 1897.

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<sup>25</sup>*Arizona Territory Post Offices & Postmasters*, by John Theobald and Lillian Theobald, The Arizona Historical Foundation, Phoenix, 1961, p. 110.

<sup>26</sup>FHL Film # 1,405,040.

<sup>27</sup>Pinedale Ward Records, Church Historians Office, CR375/8, Reel 5394, *Number of Cemetery Block and Name of Family*, Block 19, Grave 1.

<sup>28</sup>1900 Census of Navajo County, Pinedale District.





Walter and Rebecca Goodman with their children,  
Ralph and Ruth





Ellen Goodman Pennell



Mark Pennell



Florence and Lora Pennell



John Pennell





Marjorie Pennell

### ***Walter Edward Goodman***

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Was born in New York State January 13th, 1857; died at his home in Ava, Illinois, Sunday, January 21st, 1923, at 7:10 o'clock p. m.; age 66 years and 8 days.

Funeral services will be conducted at the Presbyterian Church in Ava, Illinois, Tuesday, January 23rd, 1923, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., by Rev. John L. Hess, under auspices of Ava Lodge, No. 672, I. O. O. F. and Ava Rebekah Lodge, No. 258.

Interment in Ava Evergreen Cemetery. Friends of the family invited.



## OBITUARY

## ELLEN GOODMAN PENNELL

"A perfect woman—nobly planned"

The funeral services for Ellen G. Pennell beloved wife of Mark Pennell and devoted mother of John and Marjorie Pennell, were held from her late residence in Dewitt on the afternoon of Sunday, September 16th.

She had lived in this vicinity since early childhood and became the wife of Mark Pennell forty-three years ago. She was born in New York state on the 23rd of February, 1860 and died in the Sparrow hospital, Lansing, Michigan, on September 13th, following an operation.

The incidents of her birth and death are fraught with significance, chiefly because of the beautiful womanly life she lived and the strength and sweetness of her character. No eulogy however ably expressed can speak with the eloquence that do the tears of sorrow in the eyes of countless friends—friends blessed and cheered and helped because her life has touched theirs. Never a one in want or sorrow who came within her sphere lacked the sympathy of her great heart or the help of her loving hands. She loved all things the the Creator made and read his glory in the petals of a flower or the voice of a little child no less than in the majesty of a sunset or the constellations of the heavens. Stability of character, breadth of intellect, greatness of heart—these and more are the foundation stones upon which she built the noble, beauteous structure of her life. Truly it can be said of her, she brought Heaven a little nearer to all who knew her and left this world a better place because she lived.

All hearts go out to her bereaved ones with deep sympathy in their great loss. May the richness of their memories and the promise of a glad reunion be their comfort through the lonely days to come.



## Chapter 2

### Our Church Ancestors

Family history researchers on the Richard Church family assert that the family can be traced, at this time, to *John At Church* (1335-1396), who lived in Great Parndon Parish, Manor of Geround, County of Essex, England. The sources cited contain interesting information which will not be copied here. This chapter will begin with Richard Church who came to America in 1633.<sup>1</sup>

Richard and his wife, Anne Marsh, lived in Braintree, Essex, northeast of London. They were married in 1627. Part of the Puritan movement led by Thomas Hooker, as

described in the *Our Goodman Ancestors* chapter, Richard came to America in 1633, aboard the *Griffin*. Anne and two children, Edward and Mary, came over two years later, in 1635.



Map of England showing the County of Essex

<sup>1</sup>Alice M. Church, *A Genealogy and History of the Church Family in America: Descended from Richard Church of Hartford, Connecticut and South Hadley, Massachusetts*, FHL Film # 0,896,761.



In 1636, the Church family joined the approximately one hundred persons who left the Newtowne (Boston) area and walked for two weeks to settle Hartford, Connecticut. Also included in this group were Richard Goodman and John Marsh, possibly Anne's cousin.

Richard's home lot in Hartford was on the street which would later become North Main. (Please refer to the map in *Our Goodman Ancestors* chapter.) He held the position of Chimney Viewer in 1647/48; chimneys were required to be checked once a month, possibly to prevent house fires. This position was held by respected men. He was also a surveyor of highways in 1655.

The Connecticut River, early referred to as the Great River, was a major waterway and passageway in those early years. Because of dense vegetation and forestation, rivers and Indian paths were major migration and travel routes. After continuing trouble in the church, Richard and family left Hartford with other "withdrawers" and traveled north about 50 miles through the wilderness surrounding the Connecticut River to help found Hadley, Massachusetts. This northern migration took place in 1659-60. Richard's lot was between the present railroad track and Cemetery Road on West Street. (Please refer to the map in *Our Goodman Ancestors* chapter.)

Richard must have anticipated his death on December 16, 1667; his Last Will and Testament is dated December 13. In the Inventory taken on December 27, total assets are valued at 241 pounds, five shillings, and tuppence—including real property in both Hartford and Hadley. Anne died in March 1684.

Richard and Anne's fifth child, Samuel, was born in 1638 in Hartford. He married Mary Churchill. In Hadley, he was a constable, a surveyor, and a selectman. He died just a month after his mother, in April 1684.

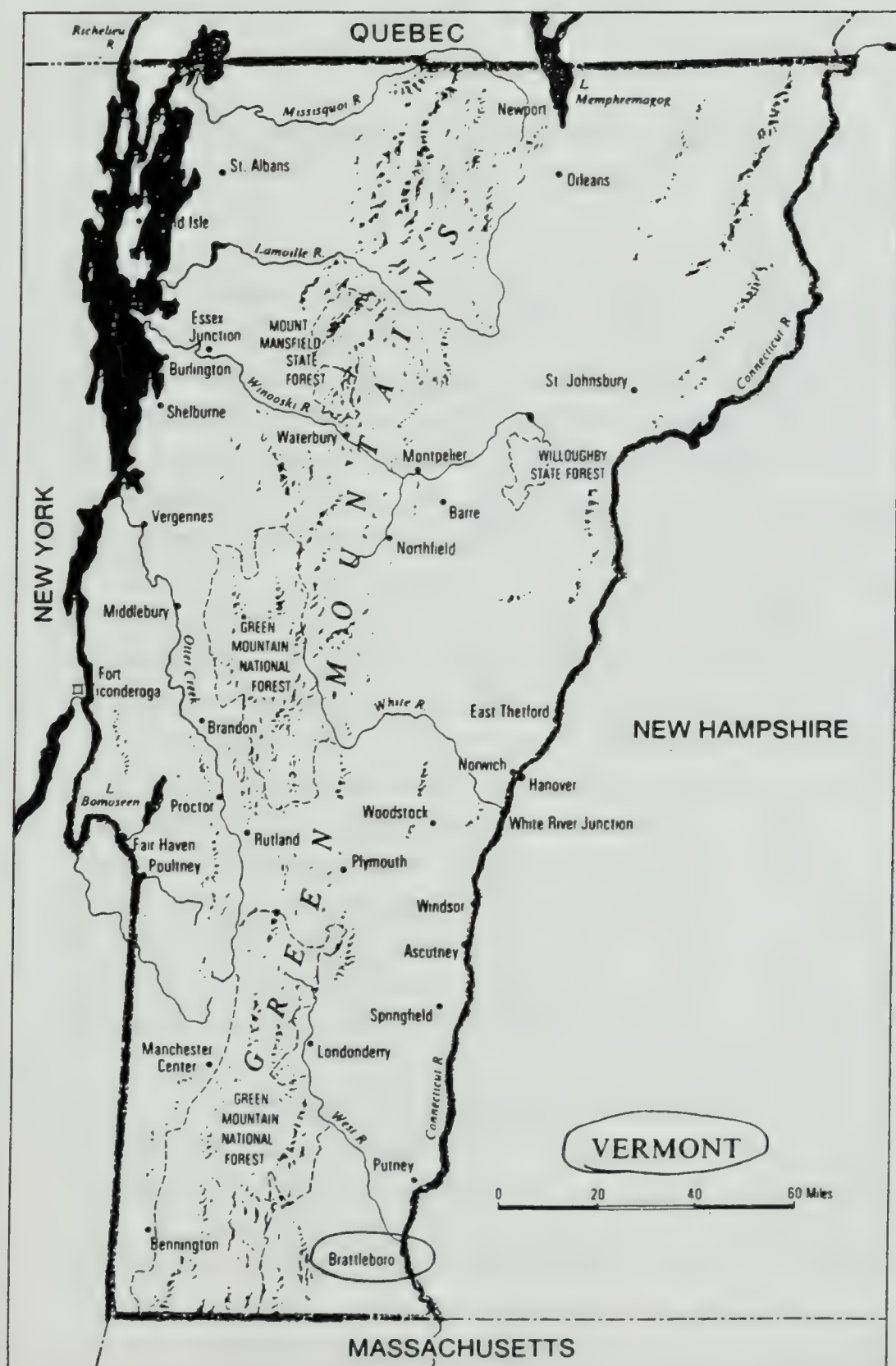
And Samuel and Mary begat Samuel. And Samuel and Abigail begat Nathaniel. And Nathaniel and Rachel begat Timothy. Nathaniel was the first Church family member on our ancestral line to leave the Hadley area, taking his family with him. They settled in Brattleboro (now Vermont) under the New Hampshire Grants on land west of the Connecticut River. Because they all voted with the "York Government" during the Vermont troubles, several of his sons later received land from the State of New York, as will be shown in Timothy's history which follows. Nathaniel was a weaver by trade, but was rendered a cripple by a fall on the ice. He died in 1780 in Brattleboro.

Since Timothy, Sr. was a colorful character and very involved in the politics of the day, a more detailed history will be written about him.

Timothy was born in 1736 in Hadley. He married Abigail Church, his second cousin, from Hardwick, Massachusetts, and moved there. Their first four children were born in Hardwick, but Levi (#5) was born in 1765 in Brattleboro. (Seven more children would follow



Levi, for a total of twelve.) Again following the Connecticut River, for whatever reason, Timothy and his family had left Massachusetts for good prior to 1765 and headed north to begin a new life in Brattleboro.



Vermont lands were originally claimed by New York and New Hampshire, but in 1777, Vermont extra-legally declared itself a self-governing entity, free from both states. It did not become the 14th state until 1791.

Meanwhile, in 1768, Timothy was chosen an Overseer of Highways—Constable and Collector, and in 1770, was a member of a committee to arrange for supplying the pulpit for the church. In 1770 there were 75 “grown men” in Brattleboro.

On January 4, 1776, Timothy was appointed 2nd. Lieutenant of Lower Regiment of the Cumberland County Militia; this was confirmed by the New York Provincial Congress on March 1. He was 40 years old. On August 18, 1778, he was appointed Captain. We don't know how much action he actually saw during the Revolutionary War.

The Governor and Council of Vermont, on June 7, 1779, “Resolved that the Captain General's order of May 6th, to Col. Ethan Allen . . . be published.” The proclamation extended a pardon to “all



persons indicted, informed against or complained of . . ." and among the thirty persons is found the name of Timothy Church. We're not sure what he was pardoned of, other than being loyal to the province of New York.

At the Windham County Court, held at Marlborough in December 1781, Timothy was licensed to keep a tavern.

Apparently Timothy and others in Windham County were not supportive of Vermont's legal maneuverings and continued to assert their loyalty to New York. The following is a quote from Alice M. Church's history:

August 22, 1782, Jonathan Hunt, Sheriff of Vermont, endeavored to arrest Timothy Church of Brattleboro, on an execution, which was successfully resisted. Thereupon the special session of the Council of Aug. 29th was called and commission given to Gen. Wilson to suppress the tumultuous Insurrection in the County of Windham. His (Timothy's) estate had been confiscated by the Court and under sentence of banishment released from Oct. 4, 1782, taken across the line into New Hampshire by Deputy Sheriff Samuel Avery, who warned him and thirty others that they would incur the penalty of death if they ever returned to Vermont.

The Congress of Dec. 6, 1782, on a motion by Mr. McKean, "Resolved, that the people inhabiting said district (on the west side of Connecticut river called New Hampshire Grants) and claiming to be an independent state, are hereby required to make full and ample restitution to TIMOTHY CHURCH and others who have been condemned to banishment and confiscation of estate and that they be not molested on their return." Evans, Church and Shattuck returned in December, but on learning that Vermont on the 18th. had re-arrested Col. Church, Shattuck changed his plans, raised two companies and attempted to arrest and hold Col. Benjamin Carpenter, former Lieut. Governor of Vermont, as a hostage for Church. Failing in this he did seize, on the 20th, John Bridgeman, one of the Vermont Judges of the County Court. On Dec. 28, 1782, Timothy Church addressed a letter to His Ex., The Governor and House of Representatives of Vermont, asking for pardon:

"Humbly sheweth, that since your petitioner was sentenced by the Supreme Court of this State to be banished therefrom, not to return thereto on pain of death, in consequence of said sentence accordingly was banished in the month of September last, notwithstanding your petitioner having intelligence that his family were in a low state of health, as well as under despicable circumstances in regard to the necessities of life, your Petitioner not on contempt of the authority of the State, but from the tender feelings natural from a parent to his children, has imprudently again returned unto this state . . . now fully sensible of his error . . . having subscribed to the Freeman's Oath . . . having a deep and humbling sense of the vile part he has acted and desert of punishment . . . prays for pardon and forgiveness . . ."



**LOT 73  
BECAME THE SITE OF  
THE VILLAGES—  
JERICHO  
NORTH BAINBRIDGE  
BAINBRIDGE**

This prayer was granted in Feb. 1783, notwithstanding which the Guilford Committee wrote that Church would be hanged, if he returned. (New York) Governor Clinton by a letter of June 24, 1783, advised Church to call out his regiment and resist the execution of the Vermont laws. Church was again arrested, and on Jan. 10, 1784 imprisoned at Westminster. Free pardon was granted him October 23, 1784.



After the Revolution and the Vermont controversy were over, the State of New York granted some wild land to the Vermont "sufferers" to replace that of which they had been robbed and for their fidelity. That land was in what is now Chenango County, New York, and was granted upon the petition of Colonel Timothy Church and associates in 1786. Col. Timothy heads the list of "sufferers." The records show that Timothy received six parcels of land of 640 acres each.

Apparently the family moved to Bainbridge, since Abigail died on April 12, 1821 and was buried in the South Bainbridge Baptist Cemetery. Timothy returned to Brattleboro after Abigail died to be with some of their children. When he died on November 13, 1823, he was buried in Brattleboro; it would have been too great an undertaking to return his body to Bainbridge.

Timothy, Jr. was born in 1769 in Brattleboro, but moved to Chenango County with his folks. In 1792 he married Hannah Pratt from Harpersville, Broome County, New York, and their five children were born there. Child #4 was named Ezra Pratt Church.

Ezra was born on February 9, 1805 (which made him a contemporary of Joseph Smith when Joseph eventually arrived in the area). He married Laurilla Cooley from Afton, about six miles south of Bainbridge, in 1834. By this time, Joseph Smith and his Mormons had left New York and settled in Kirtland, Ohio. Ezra and Laura lived first in Afton, and later moved to Bainbridge; however, their daughter, Frances Amelia Church, was born in Afton in 1838. Frances grew up to be a dark-haired beauty, and at age 17, married Edward Livingston Goodman.

The third child of this union was William Ezra Goodman.



Ezra Pratt Church and Laurilla Cooley



## Chapter 3

### Our McNeil Ancestors

John Corlett McNeil was born in Santon Parish, Isle of Man, England, on January 10, 1823. He was the oldest of five children born to William McNeil (McKneale) and Ann Corlett. When 12 years old, John became an apprentice shoemaker. However, his desire was to become a sailor, so at age 14, he went to sea as a cabin boy, visiting South and Central America, the West Indies, the British Isles, and other countries. After sailing the seas for eight years, John, at age 22, returned home to Isle of Man in 1845. He became a shoemaker and give music lessons on the side. While hired as a tutor, he met Margaret Jane Cavendish. Her birth date was January 9, 1827.



Map of England showing Isle of Man

John and Margaret were married on October 9, 1847, when he was 24 years old and she was 20. A son, John Edward McNeil, was born on December 18, 1848. Several years later, John and Margaret were introduced to the gospel. Margaret was baptized first, on April 4, 1851. John was baptized on May 6 and ordained a Priest on June 8.





The ship *Camillus* would be similar to the above drawing taken from the book *Clipper Ships and Their Makers*.

In 1852/1853, the McNeils, together with John's two brothers, William and Richard, left the Isle of Man and boarded a small ship for Liverpool. On March 24, they sailed from Liverpool to America on the ship *Camillus*. Two hundred twenty years after our Goodman and Church ancestors arrived in America, the McNeils finally got here; they landed in New Orleans on June 7. Transferring to a river boat, they sailed up the Mississippi River to St. Louis.

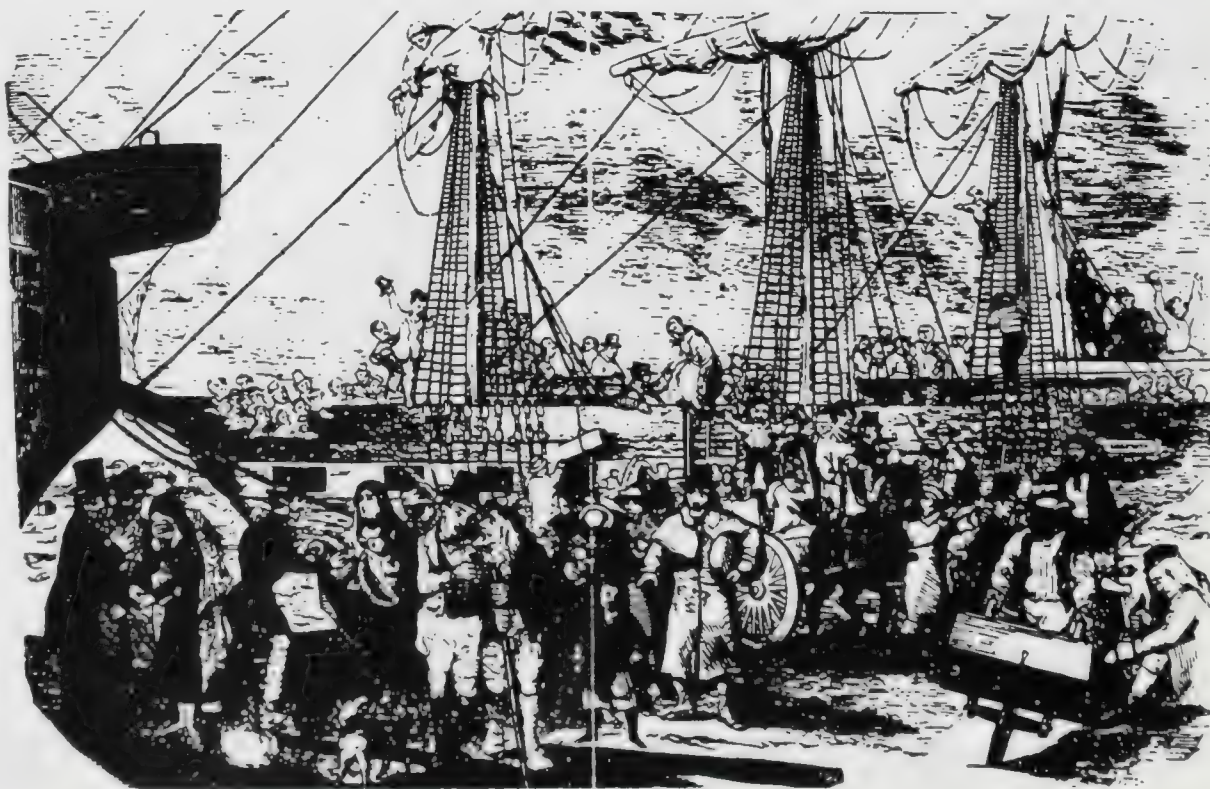
Here John's beloved wife, Margaret, who had never enjoyed good health, died on June 27, 1854, leaving Edward motherless.

John hired a young girl, Mary Jane Quinn, age 14 or 15, to care for Edward. John and Mary Jane were married in September 1854. About this same time, John's brothers decided they wanted to see more of the world; one moved on to Iowa and the other to Australia.

In St. Louis, in 1856, John was naturalized a citizen of the United States.

John and Mary Jane lived in Banum Township, a suburb of St. Louis, where he made shoes and plated straw hats for plantation owners and for their slaves.

John was asked by Church leaders to stay in St. Louis for several years to help fit wheels for

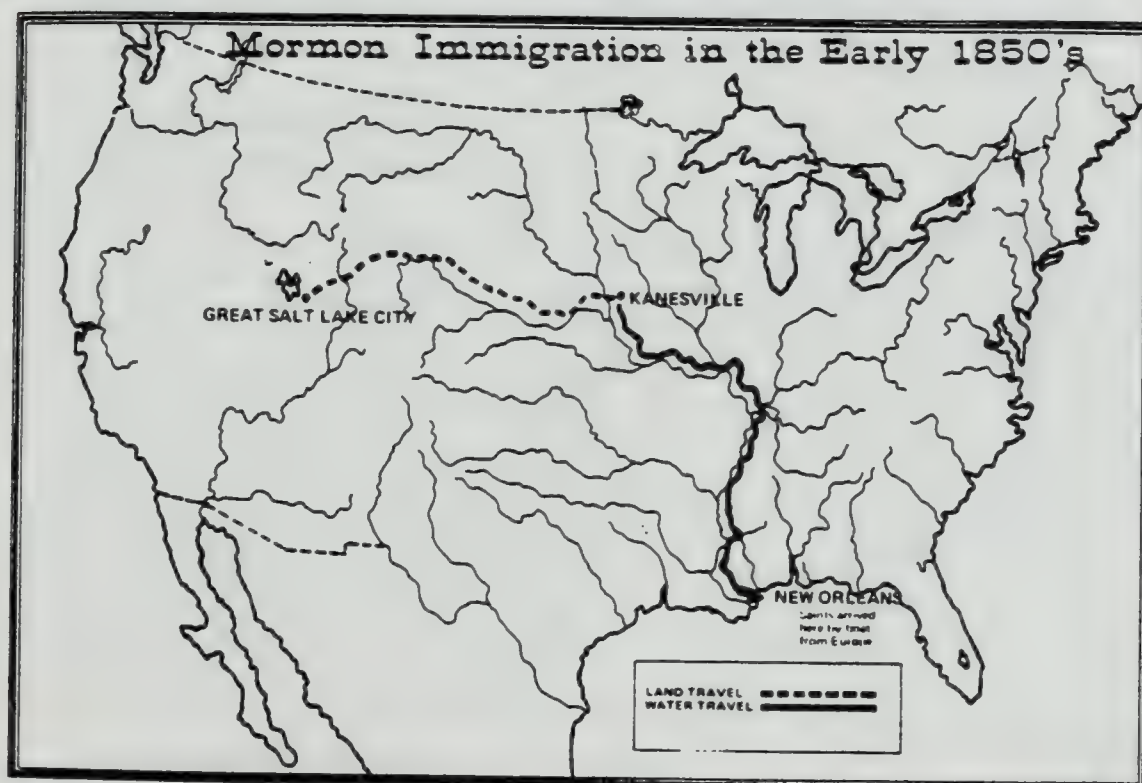


Landing From An Emigrant Ship  
(Courtesy of Library of Congress)



the wagons of Saints who had come up the Mississippi River. There he developed great skill as a wheelwright. He helped the Saints repair their wagons and handcarts, and as a blacksmith's assistant, he set and fitted the iron tires.

Three children were born to John and Mary Jane in St. Louis. In the spring of 1859, John prepared to go to the Salt Lake Valley with a wagon train. Because he had worked so hard to help others get their wagons ready to leave, his own needs had been neglected and the family was left behind. John supplied the family with a wagon, two yoke of oxen, two heifers, and a horse. They finally left several days later, probably thinking they could overtake the wagon train, but never did. John, Mary Jane, Edward (now 11 years old), and the three younger children traveled from St. Louis to the Salt Lake Valley alone—the only known family to make the trek across the plains unaccompanied.



This map is taken from *Westward Ho!*, instructional materials produced by the Church Educational System, pp. 18-19.

Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Library has prepared a hand-out of what pioneers were instructed to collect before starting west. (In this Bill of Particulars, we assume *do* means *ditto*; in this instance, probably *pounds*. But what would *20 do of do* mean?)

Among other preparations for the long, weary trip,

John filled his sea-chest with sea-biscuits. Sea-biscuits were very much like soda crackers of today, but made without leavening. Besides being very light, they were already prepared. One day the family saw a cloud of dust in the distance, which proved to be a party of painted Indians. "Don't be afraid," John told Mary Jane. "We must feed them, but pray as you have never prayed before that they won't molest us." As the Indians approached, he took a large dishpan and filled it with sea-biscuits. When the Indians came near, he passed some to each. It took two large dishpans full to go around. The chief took some of his men aside for a discussion, then gave orders and they all rode away.

The McNeils arrived at Fort Douglas on August 1, 1859. A few days later, they moved north to Woods Crossing and lived in a cabin belonging to Daniel Wood. Daniel



Wood built a molasses mill on his place, and John operated it. The next year John sold a yoke of oxen and moved to Bountiful, where he opened a shoe shop in a dugout in the hillside on the road to Enoch Springs in North Canyon. He made and repaired shoes for the next seventeen years.

John and Mary Jane received their endowments on March 1, 1862, and were sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Through his work, John made the acquaintance of the William and Mary Smith family of Porterville, and on September 12, 1868, John, age 45, married Mary Ann Smith, age 15, in the Endowment House. Mary Ann moved into a one room dugout, and here her first child was born.

#### BILL OF PARTICULARS

Each family consisting of five persons to be provided with:

1 good strong wagon well covered with a light box	
2-3 good yoke of oxen between the ages of 4--10 years	
2 or more milch cows	
1 or more good beef	
3 sheep if they can be obtained	
1000 lbs. flour or bread or other bread stuffs in good sacks	
4 lb. tea	15 lbs iron and steel
5 lbs. coffee	A few lbs of wrought nails
100 lbs sugar	1 good seine
cayenne pepper	Cooking utensils
½ lb. mustard	kettle, fry pan
10 do rice	coffee pot, tea kettle
1 do cinnamon	Tin cups, plates, knives & forks, spoons
½ do cloves	A good tent and furniture to each 2 families
1 do nutmeg	Clothing & bedding to each family not to exceed 500 lbs.
20 lbs. soap	Ten extra teams for each company of 100 families
4-5 fish hooks and line	1 good musket or rifle to each male over the age of 12 years
25 lb salt	1 lb. powder
5 lb saleratus	4 lbs. lead
10 do dried apples	
1 bush beans	
A few lbs dried beef/bacom	
5 lbs dried peaches	
2 do of do	
5 lbs pumpkin	
25 do seed grain	
1 gal alcohol	







**JOHN MC NEIL HOME**  
2513 Orchard Drive, Bountiful

The John McNeil home, on 2513 Orchard Drive, was built in 1873 on the bank of the North Canyon Creek. It was a long, low, adobe house divided into parlor, bedrooms, pantry and a large kitchen. Outside, a path lined with lilac bushes and mulberry trees led to a large veranda.

John McNeil was born on the Isle of Man, January 10, 1823. He sailed to America in 1852, and settled in St. Louis, Missouri. While there, John met and married Mary Jane Quinn. They then journeyed to Utah, arriving at Fort Douglas, August 1, 1859. In 1860, they moved to Bountiful, and John opened a shoe shop in a dugout in North Canyon. Until 1904, they also had great success as truck farmers, hauling their eggs, butter, cottage cheese, fruits and vegetables to Salt Lake City to sell.

This home has remained in the family and is now occupied by John's great-granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Mugleston.

In 1873 John built a new home for Mary Jane (his second wife) on the bank of North Canyon Creek.<sup>1</sup> It was a long, low, adobe house divided into parlor, bedrooms, pantry, and a large kitchen. Outside, a path lined with lilac bushes and mulberry trees led to a large veranda. By this time, John and Mary Jane had nine children; two more would follow in the next four years.

Mary Ann and her four children moved into Mary Jane's old home.

In addition to being a cobbler, John did truck gardening and grew a fine orchard and vineyard. These

products were sold in Salt Lake City. He, with others, hauled logs for the First Ward building in Bountiful, and gave some time to hauling materials for the Temple, then under construction in Salt Lake City.

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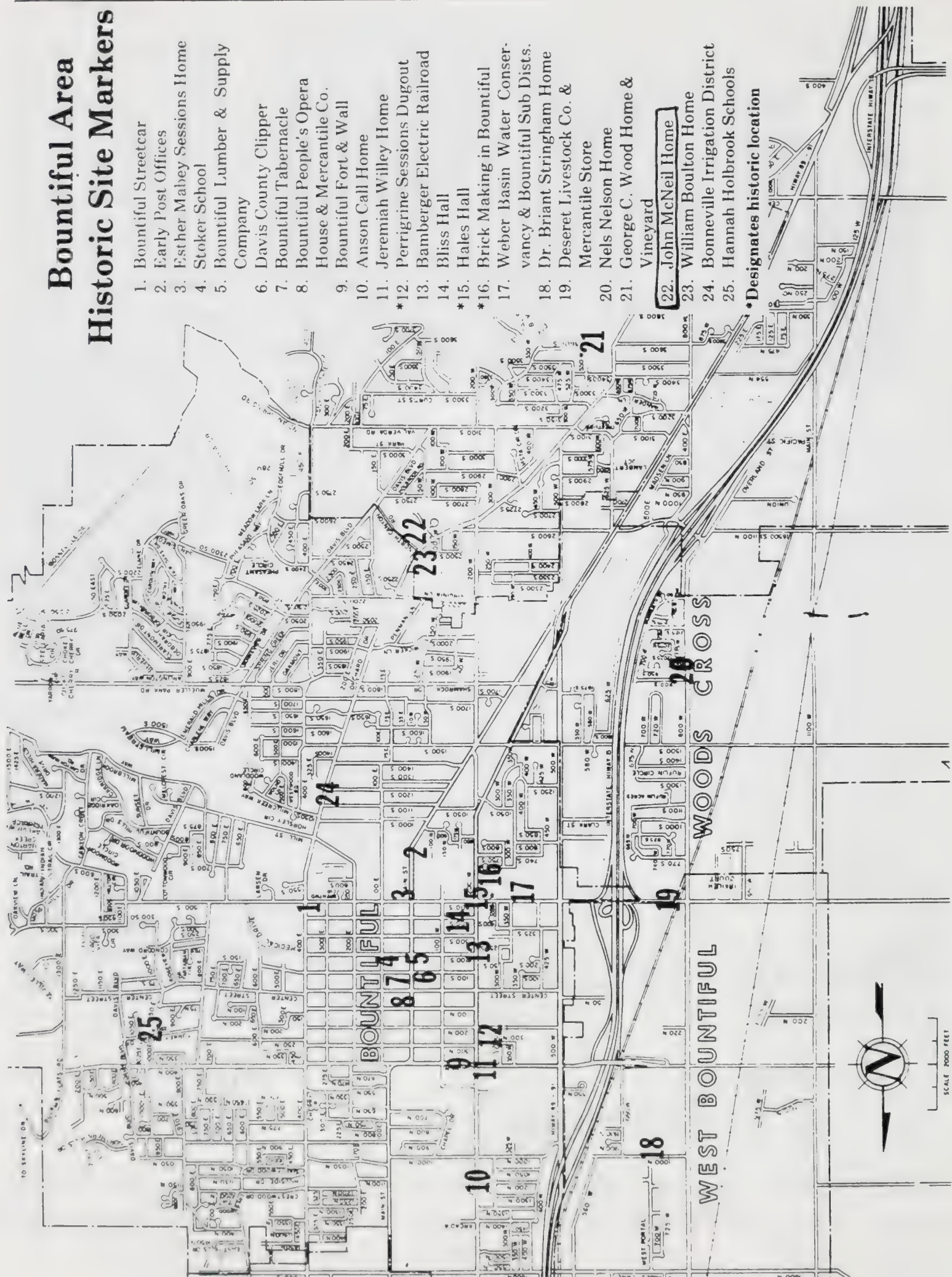
<sup>1</sup>The John McNeil home is located at 2513 Orchard Drive in Bountiful, and bears a plaque identifying it as an Historical Home. The home has remained in the family and is now occupied by John's great-granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Mugleston. This picture and description are from *Bountiful Area Historic Sites*, courtesy of Davis County Library.



## Bountiful Area Historic Site Markers

1. Bountiful Streetcar
2. Early Post Offices
3. Esther Mabey Sessions Home
4. Stoker School
5. Bountiful Lumber & Supply Company
6. Davis County Clipper
7. Bountiful Tabernacle
8. Bountiful People's Opera House & Mercantile Co.
9. Bountiful Fort & Wall
10. Anson Call Home
11. Jeremiah Willey Home
- \*12. Perrigrine Sessions Dugout
13. Bamberger Electric Railroad
14. Bliss Hall
- \*15. Hales Hall
- \*16. Brick Making in Bountiful
17. Weber Basin Water Conservancy & Bountiful Sub Dist.
18. Dr. Briant Stringham Home
19. Deseret Livestock Co. & Mercantile Store
20. Nels Nelson Home
21. George C. Wood Home & Vineyard
22. John McNeil Home
23. William Boulton Home
24. Bonneville Irrigation District
25. Hannah Holbrook Schools

\*Designates historic location





John and his family traveled from Bountiful to Salt Lake City to Conference, picking up a friend and his family. In this way, feed for one team was saved. A Mrs. Hunt wrote of one such trip:

I'd send my children to watch for him, so as to be sure we'd not keep him waiting. When they told me he was coming, I'd go to listen and see how much time we still had. We could hear the wagon, and he always came singing. His voice carried over the air. He'd greet us in song and help us load our things, singing all the while. He would sing all the way to Salt Lake City. When we were assembled, the President would arise and ask, "Has Brother McNeil from Bountiful arrived? If so, please stand. Will you come forward and lead the choir?" He lead the choir for Conference and sang all the way back home. The first time this happened to us, I couldn't thank him for the ride, I was that hoarse from just listening.

When funds were low during the building of the Salt Lake Temple, John organized a minstrel show, using and teaching variations of the Negro songs he had learned in St. Louis while working around the slaves. He traveled from town to town, all over the southern part of the state, sometimes playing a second night by request.

During October Conference in 1877, President John Taylor called John on a mission to help establish settlements in Arizona. He was later set apart by Lorenzo Snow. By this time, John's son by his first wife, John Edward, was married and had a small family of his own, but promised to follow his father in a couple of years. Mary Jane had 11 children, ranging in ages from 23 years down to 2 years. She and her children decided to stay in Bountiful.

To help us understand why John and other men were called to Arizona, a brief explanation of Brigham Young's policy on protective and economic expansionism seems in order here.

Charles S. Peterson, in his book *Take Up Your Mission*<sup>2</sup> discusses the firm belief of President Brigham Young in a form of manifest destiny by which the Kingdom of God would be spread over both American continents. This vision necessitated securing land for a "Mormon Corridor" (similar to the one from Salt Lake through Las Vegas to San Bernardino, California) from Kanab, Utah, to a seaport in Guaymas, Mexico. President Young was aided in this effort by Thomas L. Kane, a lawyer-friend of the Mormons. Kane was to secure the land grant in Mexico while the Mormons established settlements along the Little Colorado River in Arizona. The earliest reconnaissance party went south in 1872. A

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<sup>2</sup>Charles S. Peterson, *Take Up Your Mission: Colonizing Along the Little Colorado River, 1870-1900*, Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1973, pp. 6, 15, 17.



series of villages was subsequently established along the river from Moenkopi to Alpine. Brigham died in 1877, but his plan was carried forward by his successor, John Taylor.

Another possible explanation for Mormon settlements in Arizona is contained in the *Historical Atlas of Arizona*. The authors write that:



"Mormon Corridor" from Kanab, Utah to Guaymas, Mexico

One of the most troublesome problems that faced the Mormons in Utah was the expense of wagon freight from the Missouri River. In 1864, they hoped to reduce overland carriage of supplies by using the steamers on the Colorado River to bring freight within five hundred miles of Salt Lake City. The town of Callville was planted on the north bank of the Colorado about twenty miles southeast of present-day Las Vegas, Nevada. The plan did not work out, because the new town was too far upriver for reliable navigation.

The greatest period of Mormon immigration into Arizona began in 1870 with the establishment of Pipe Springs north of the Grand Canyon and Lee's Ferry at a crossing point on the Colorado in the canyon. From the ferry, settlements spread southeastward. These settlements reached from Fredonia in Coconino County, less than five miles below the Utah border, through St. Johns and Springerville to St. David in the San Pedro Valley. The largest settlement grew up at Mesa in the Salt River Valley.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Historical Atlas of Arizona*, pp. 20 and 28.



For whatever reason John and Mary Ann were called to strengthen the settlements in Arizona, at the time they finally got underway, Mary Ann had 5 children: Sarah, 8, Daniel, 5, Ephraim, 4, Lillias, 2, and Hannah, 9 months. They left Bountiful on November 18, 1878, with one wagon, a team of mules, a team of horses, and two cows. It was a long, tedious journey. Mary Ann, already in her sixth pregnancy, walked many miles carrying baby Hannah, because the motion of the wagon made Hannah ill. When but a day's travel from Kanab, the animals became exhausted and would go no further, so John walked to Kanab to get help. That night a storm came up. Two sheepherders were good Samaritans and gathered wood, built a fire, cooked supper and gave other assistance. Without this help, Mary Ann and the children might have perished in the blizzard.

Getting fresh teams, the McNeils arrived in Kanab on Christmas Day 1878. They were taken in by the kind people of Kanab and stayed there a year. They spent the winter with John Standifird. In the spring they rented a house, orchard and garden from Jacob Hamblin. Their sixth child, Angus, was born in July. He died within a couple of days and was buried in the cemetery in Kanab. John and Mary Ann did some family temple work in the St. George Temple while living in Kanab. William McKneale, John's father, was baptized and endowed by proxy in April.

They resumed their journey the next winter and arrived in Snowflake, Arizona in December 1879, staying the first night at the home of Aunt Janet Smith. The next day they went three miles to Taylor, accepted the hospitality of James Pearce, and stayed there a week. The remainder of the winter they lived at the Standifird Ranch above Shumway in a tent with a fireplace in one end, using the covered wagon box for a bedroom.

The following spring, 1880, the family moved to Forestdale on the Apache Indian Reservation, and planted a crop. They had a hard time that summer with no flour at all. A neighbor gave them some mouldy corn which had been outside all winter. This was ground on a coffee mill and made into bread, but was not very tasty. When the corn they had planted reached the roasting ear stage, they ate corn three times a day. A grater was made by punching holes with nails through the bottom of a tin pan, and, when the corn was hard enough, it was grated. This meal made appetizing mush. When the corn was ripe, it was ground on the coffee mill and made into delicious corn bread. They had little besides corn bread to eat. A small amount of milk and greens gathered from the hillside made up the menu much of the time.

There were no stores nearby where they could get food or clothing. The small boys' pants wore out and for a time a shirt was all the clothing they had to wear. Some Navajo Indians came to Forestdale with blankets and jeans cloth to trade to the Apaches. The McNeils traded some caps and gun powder for jeans cloth from which Mary Ann made John a coat and pants for the two boys, Dan and Eph.





Taken from *Historical Atlas of Arizona*

The McNeils were very friendly with the Indians, sharing their food and home with them. Mary Ann spent hours at her sewing machine making shirts and dresses for them. During the summer, the disgruntled natives threatened the white settlers and most of them left Forestdale. They told John he could stay; however, they were nasty and frightened Mary Ann and the children many times. One day when John and Mary Ann were away from home, some Indians asked the children for soap and threatened to kill them if they refused. Frightened, the children went inside the house. One of the men took their only bar of homemade soap, cut it in half, took one piece and went on his way. A few days later he came again and asked



for food. Mary Ann refused, and chided him for threatening her children. He said the children had lied. After a few more words, she took the butcher knife and went toward him. He backed out of the door and disappeared mumbling in broken English, "squaw fight."

Later that autumn, after the harvest, the family moved to the Ellsworth Ranch on Show Low Creek where their seventh child, a son, Benjamin, was born in December 1880.

In the spring of 1881, some Apaches camped on a hill near the Ellsworth Ranch. They had a drunken brawl and gun fight. Their war chief, Pitone, was killed, his brother, Alchasey, was shot through the lung, and their peace chief, Padro, was shot through the knee while lying in his wickiup. Padro died, but Alchasey recovered and was Chief of the tribe for many years. During the fight, a squaw came down the hill and left her baby in the McNeil house. During the fracas, some stray bullets came near the homes of the white settlers. As one bullet whizzed near little Eph's head, he ran into the house screaming, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" When the fight was over, some of the Indians came and asked Edmund Ellsworth and John if they would come up to the camp and bring "Mormon medicine."

Rumors came to the settlers at Show Low that Geronimo and his renegade band were coming to that area. They made a lumber enclosure around C. E. Cooley's home on the hill and moved their families inside. John would not move with the others, but went to Reidhead Crossing, later called Lone Pine, and spent the winter. The following spring, 1882, they settled in Adair, where Althera and James (children numbers eight and nine) were born. The little community was stricken with an epidemic of scarlet fever. The McNeil children took the disease and baby James died.

While living in Lone Pine, the family didn't have much to eat, and no flour at all. John caught a beaver in the creek and they ate that. They ran out of soap and had no money to buy any, so John killed a coyote, took the fat from him and made soap.

Some time later, John took up a homestead three miles south of Adair and built a log cabin, then added more rooms as the family grew. Jesse, Willie, (who died in infancy), Annie, Frederick, and Don Carlos (the last of the 14 children) were born there. A plot of land was fenced and farmed. They dug two wells and constructed a small reservoir. They carried water and raised a garden. With the help of mature sons and daughters, the family began to prosper and accumulated considerable livestock, horses, sheep, and goats, and were able to live comfortably. They milked the goats and Mary Ann made butter and cheese and sold it to the people in the settlements.

Hannah (our grandmother), their fifth child, was one of the most popular young ladies around the country. Even the notorious Sheriff Commodore Owens was one of her admirers. However, a handsome newcomer from the midwest, William Goodman, won her heart and hand; they were married on April 12, 1897.



In October of 1898, John and Mary Ann made a trip to Utah to visit relatives and work in the Temple. They came home on December 18, 1898 with new clothes and presents for the children and grandchildren.

The railroad routes which existed at that time were not extensive. John and Mary Ann would probably have traveled from Holbrook to San Francisco on the Santa Fe Railroad, through northern Nevada to Ogden on the Central Pacific Railroad, and from Ogden to Salt Lake City on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

The next year conditions seemed favorable to prosper financially, but the Forest Department put restrictions on the number of livestock each man could graze on the forest land. This was discouraging to the livestock owners, so John decided to move to Old Mexico. Apparently, John's oldest son by his first wife, John Edward, was already in Old Mexico.

In June 1899, John was stricken with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. The following November, they sold their ranch to George Scott, and moved to Colonia Oaxaca, Sonora, Mexico, taking a herd of 630 sheep, 820 goats, 45 horses, some burros and several wagons loaded with household goods and food supplies. John was 76 years old when they left Show Low.

The McNeil family started for Mexico on November 15, 1899, with four married children accompanying them. Daniel and Emma with baby, Vego and Althera Petersen, and David and Lillias Dalton and three children went as far as Gila Valley. Their son, Benjamin and wife, joined them in Mexico later. Hannah, age 21, who had married William Ezra Goodman in 1897 did not go with them. She did not see her father alive again.

The journey to Mexico was not a pleasure trip. They encountered many difficulties and hardships. Mary Ann, at age 46, related some of these in her diary, as follows:

November 8. Dan McNeil and Vigo Peterson started with the sheep and goats. They had to go by Springerville because the Apache Indian Agent would not allow them to cross the reservation unless we paid one and a half cents per head. We are taking the horses with us through Fort Apache. The boys have herded them day and night for a week to keep them together.

November 15. Wednesday. We started on our journey and got as far as Jens Peter Hansen's field about a mile and a half from home. Ephraim drove six horses. One of the wheel horses laid down on the wagon tongue and broke the end off. They patched it up and at night sent Jesse back to get an iron off Dan Mills' old wagon.

November 17. The boys were so tired they did not heard the horses last night, and this morning a number were gone. They hunted all day, found all but four.



November 18. Saturday. This morning it was snowing, is cold and bad for the babies. Last night they tied the burro's colt up so she would not run off, the little thing wound itself up in the oak brush and choked to death. The children milked the jenny for Lillias' baby. We went to Cooley's Draw. It was rocky and muddy. Ephraim's lead mares turned out of the road and broke the axle on the trail wagon, so we had to camp and go back to Pinetop to get one. It was 4 p.m. when we got going again. We had to carry water in a keg a mile and a half. The burro went back to where her colt had died, so Jesse had to go her.

November 21. Eph buried a bake kettle of beans in the ground last night, when he went to uncover them for breakfast he dug the lid off and peppered them with dirt. We ate some of the beans, but had to throw the soup away. While at breakfast we had a happy surprise. Dan McNeil and Vigo Petersen came riding up. They left the sheep in the Gila Valley, and came to see why we were so long; they had expected to meet us there.

November 25. Drove 10 miles to Black River, grained the horses, filled the water barrels and pulled up the rockiest hill I have ever seen, one wagon at a time with 6 horses on it. When Pa got part way up, the little black mare he was driving balked and started going backward, the buggy ran off the dugway and if it had not been for a live oak bush, he would have gone back down to Black River again. They took the mare out and put Topsy to pull the buggy, she balked also. I thought the boys would break her ribs but she wouldn't pull, so they had to use my team to get up the hill. We camped at the top of the hill, no water and the poor horses were tired and thirsty. The boys had to take them back to the place we had been at noon to get a drink. They took the burros packed with kegs to bring water for us to use. It was one o'clock when they got back.

November 30. About 20 minutes after we left camp, Eph broke the brake and single tree on his wagon. The men helped him fix the brake and make a new single tree. When we got to the top of the hill, Dan Mills had been up a side canyon and found water good enough for the horses so they are taking them all up. We traveled over an awful rough road then came to a dangerous dugway. Dan Mills, Dave Dalton's and my wagon got down, but Ephraim's two wagons came near slipping off so they had to leave these and Emma's wagon on the dugway until morning. We camped in the roughest place I ever saw, it is almost impossible to find dirt enough to build a fire. Rocks, rocks, rocks, I am so tired of rocks. The poor horses are nearly pulled and choked to death, we have no grain for them. It is one hill after another. I hope I never see this horrid road again. It is not safe for anyone. I begin to feel discouraged and wish I was back home in my old log house. I feel like crying and swearing all together, but then I thought the Lord had been merciful to us so far, we had had no one hurt, I ought to be thankful for that. Eph was very good, he made bread for supper, Vigo fried meat and made gravy, we borrowed flour from Sarah and meat from Dan, ours were at the top of the hill. Lillias has been very sick all day with cramps in her stomach, she had to ride in my wagon.



December 1. Friday. The boys had to get up and make road and lift Ephraim's wagons onto the road, it took until noon. I can hear the last wagon coming down the dugway now. We will have to repair the road before we can get out of here, no water here. Eph and Bob had to take the horses back 6 miles to water. We have lost Jesse or else he had gone back home. The burro was missing this morning so his father sent him to look for her. We traveled about 2 miles, Emma heard the burro bray, so Vigo went and found her. Jesse had not caught up with us when we camped at night. Oh! I am nearly beside myself. I am afraid the boy is lost, but Pa is mad at him. He thinks he has gone back home, but I don't see how the boy would have grit enough to go without a canteen, bread, or a quilt.

December 2. We have to do down, then up again, then down, down to the Gila River. We have been two weeks, we ought to have come in one week. About 2 o'clock our lost boy came up to us. I can tell you I was glad. He had been lost 18 hours. We finally reached the Gila River. No feed for the horses except willows. They drank so much water they looked like stuffed toads. We crossed a deep ditch the Indians had made. Eph broke a trailer tongue, so we camped at San Carlos that night and he made a tongue and put it in the wagon.

December 5. Reached Eden (Curtis), Arizona, and stopped at William Oliver's, a friend of ours. Washed our clothes and bought hay and grain for the horses and food supplies for ourselves and repairs for the wagons. Lost 60 head of our sheep which makes me feel rather blue. Lillias and Dave left us and went to Bryce to make their home. Dave's sister lives in Bryce.

December 7. Left Eden and the Gila River coming west with the sheep and goats. It blows fit to bristle your hair tonight, and there is plenty of sand, but no water and very little brush for wood.

December 8. Camped about 18 miles from Curtis or Eden. Pulled through heavy sand all day and gradually up grade. No cedar or pine trees now but a thorny bush and cactus of all kinds, everything has a thorn on it, even what little grass there is. Two of our goats are sick or crazy from something they have eaten. Eph had to put them on his wagon to ride.

December 9. Three more of our goats are sick this morning, one of our best billies, so they have put him on the wagon. It is as cold as the Old Nick, and not much wood. The children set some tall cactus afire. They look pretty standing up burning, they make such a bright light.

December 10. Sunday. Drove to Eureka Springs, a big cattle ranch, it is a nice place. A nice old lady came out and talked with us and gave us some pomegranates. She told us it was 36 miles to Wilcox. We got water to fill our barrels but had to pay 5 cents per head for the horses. We drove on about 5 miles and camped, there is good grass for the animals, but no wood. We had to make a fire with cow chips. Eph went a mile to find wood and got a cedar fence post, so I baked light bread. I am writing this sitting in the spring seat in my



wagon, while the bread is baking. My back is nearly freezing. Everybody in camp has gone to bed.

December 13. Drove into Wilcox this morning and bought some food and clothing. We had to pump water for the horses. It took Dan quite a long time to find a place to water the sheep, they came nearly getting run over by the train.

December 15. Drove 6 miles to Pierce, a mining town with a great big mill. Went to a great big pump to water the horses, had to pay 5 cents per head, we watered 8 head, drove on 5 miles. Pa and Jesse are left behind every day to drive the sheep. I cannot see how Jesse can walk so far every day. The billy goat got no better so we left him by the roadside. We lost a buck sheep and 4 goats with loco. I have been sick all day with a sick headache and stiff neck.

December 19. Pa and I went to Bisbee, it is 2 miles up a side canyon. In the center of town is a large two story store, lit up with electric lights and has anything you can ask for. We bought a new range with 6 holes and a reservoir for \$36.00, some furniture and food supplies and a new washing machine.

December 21. Went up town again today. I had to unload part of my wagon to make room for the stove. Althera, Emma and the children went to see the sights.

December 23. Drove to Naco. Dan McNeil and Dan Mills went 9 miles to the custom house to see if our pass had come. They said it had. Pa is having a serious time with his lame hand. It is swollen and pains him very bad, he can hardly sleep. It is 10 o'clock and very cold. I guess I'll go to bed.

— End of Diary

Life in Colonia Oaxaca (pronounced Wa-ha-ka) was not what the McNeil family expected. On account of poor range conditions, steep hillsides, predatory animals and high duty tax on wool and sheep which had to be shipped to the United States market, it was not a profitable business. The McNeils sold their diminished herd and bought a small farm and settled in Colonia Morelos where they lived about 4 years.

To improve their financial conditions, Mary Ann left an ailing John with their son, Benjamin, and went to Douglas to work. Taking Jesse, Fred, and Don Carlos with her, she lived there about three years. Jesse learned to be a machinist, which has been his life's work.

John McNeil died August 20, 1909, at the home of his son, John Edward, and was buried in Colonia Morelos. Mary Ann was at the bedside of a sick daughter in Douglas,



making it impossible for her to be with her husband. A daughter, Althera McNeil Peterson Evans died in Douglas on November 24, 1912.



In about 1912, Mary Ann went to Porterville, Utah, and took care of her aged parents for two years. She returned to Arizona and homesteaded a claim about a mile and a half southwest of Show Low. Her unmarried sons—Eph, Fred, and Don—built a log house, a reservoir, dug a well, cleared land, and did some farming on the place.

Then came World War I. Fred and Don were called into military service. Fred was in the infantry and saw action in France. Don served in the Navy. Both boys were married shortly after their return from the service. Fred married Dora Hansen and was employed at McNary in a logging camp where he met with a terrible accident. He was crushed under a set of logging wheels and died in the hospital in McNary on January 17, 1921. It was a terrible sorrow to his aged mother.

Now she was lonely, unhappy and not strong enough to walk to town any longer. Eph bought a lot with a log cabin on it in Show Low so she would be near enough to walk



to the post office, visit with neighbors, and attend church services and recreational programs. She and Eph lived in the cabin for a number of years, raised fine gardens, and sold vegetables and strawberries. Beautiful flowers adorned the yard. Eph built a new and larger house among the flowers and trees near the cabin where she spent the last years of her life. She said, "This is the best home I have ever had."

A party held the day she was 83 years old brought 73 of her 178 living descendants together. In the group were nine sons and daughters who met for the first time in 20 years. At another party held on her 90th birthday, she and two sons step-danced. In the spring of 1937 she became seriously ill with pneumonia. Three of her daughters—Lillias, Hannah, and Annie—came to her home and nursed her back to health.

Mary Ann had little school training. However, she had a fine mind and sought learning through extensive reading, observation of nature and people she met. Therefore, she became a fairly well educated woman and an informative and interesting conversationalist.

"Grandma" McNeil, as she was known in her later life to many relatives and friends, was a lover of beauty. From her flower garden, she adorned the church pulpit each Sunday and cheered the sick, aged and homebound with beautiful bouquets.

An apt needle-woman, she trimmed her babies' clothes with yards of crochet, knit, hair pin and tatted lace. Her home displayed doilies, cushions, pillows, rugs, spreads, and quilts made by her hands. She was also generous with friends and neighbors.

During her life she devoted much time to church work. She was Relief Society President for many years, and when the people lived on ranches, they had to travel miles on horseback to attend meetings and aid the poor and distressed. She was secretary of the first Relief Society in this area in 1883. She was secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A. in 1887. In 1893, the General Board of Education of the Church issued to Mary Ann McNeil a license as Instructor of Religion Classes in the Show Low Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This license was signed by President Wilford Woodruff and Dr. Karl G. Maeser. This was a distinct honor which came to her because of her knowledge of the gospel, her loyalty to its teachings, and her selfless service to her fellowmen.

After her return from Old Mexico, she was Theology class leader and a faithful visiting teacher. Interested in genealogy, she spent considerable means for research. She spent two winters in Mesa doing vicarious work for her kindred dead in the temple.

During World War II, local magazines and newspapers carried articles stating that the large number of descendants of Mary Ann McNeil in the armed services was some kind of record. In uniform were seven grandsons—John Mills, Donald Goodman, Lee Thompson, Emery McNeil, Warren McNeil, Angus Thompson, and Vigo McNeil—and eighteen great-grandsons—Waldo Willis, Kenneth Willis, Leland Nikolaus, Garth Nikolaus, Fred Freeman,



Scott Freeman, James Freeman, Eugene Mills, Ray Mills, Ronald Mills, Otto Mills, Dan Warner, Del Ray McNeil, Robert Gillespie, Frank Gillespie, John Evans, Shirley McComas, and Eugene Goodman.

Three great-grandsons and the husband of a great-granddaughter gave their lives in defense of their country—Frank Gillespie, Ray Mills, Waldo Willis, and Marion West.

When Mary Ann died on May 30, 1944, at age 91, she had been a widow for 35 years. As her long, active, and useful life came to an end, a pall of sadness spread over the countryside.

## MARY ANN McNEIL, 91, SHOWLOW PASSES ON; FUNERAL HELD JUNE 1

Showlow Pioneer Died Tuesday, May 30, At Her Navajo County Home; Was Native Of England

Funeral services were held last Thursday in Showlow for Mary Ann Smith McNeil, a pioneer of that community, who passed away at her home Tuesday, May 30th. She had been ill about a month.

Mrs. McNeil would have celebrated her 91st birthday July 2.

She is survived by nine children, 55 grandchildren, 208 great-grandchildren and 30 great-great-grandchildren. Six of her grandsons and 18 great-grandsons are in the armed services; one great-grandson lost his life in training, and one wears the Purple Heart for wounds received in battle.

The funeral services were conducted by Almon D. Owens, coun-

sellor to Bishop LeRoy Ellsworth. The speakers were John L. Willis and Mr. Owens.

A sketch of her life was given by Sarah M. Willis, a granddaughter. Music was directed by Phosia Smith, and the song, "Whispering Hope," was sung by a group of granddaughters. Opening prayer was by Whittie Ellsworth, the benediction by Wm. Nikolaus. Interment was in the Showlow cemetery, at the side of a son, Frederick. Louis E. Johnson, of Lakeside, dedicated the grave.

Grandma McNeil, as she was

(Please Turn To Page 8)

The following picture was sent to Hannah by Grandma McNeil. Grandma wrote a message on the back of the picture which has faded terribly over the years. A word or two are not readable. It says: This was taken last August. I didn't send it then because I thought it was too ugly. I was so tired and black. Jess called me an old squaw. I was scrubbing the floor when a man came in and insisted I come out on the porch. I want to take a picture of your place. I said, oh I can't, I'm too dirty, I'm scrubbing. He said, oh it won't show at all. Came out, it was taken under the shed just over the front door. Annie's baby buggy is just behind me, and the old piece of carpet is looped up that I let down to keep out the sun in the



afternoon, and the ice (word not readable) hangs up in the corner by the strings. He wanted Annie to set out but she wouldn't. From Mother to Hannah.



Great-Grandmother Mary Ann Smith McNeil



**THE FAMILY CIRCUS**



11-24

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"For the school play we  
hafta dress like our  
aunt's sisters."



Mary Ann Smith McNeil and daughter, Annie  
McNeil Thompson





L to R: Hannah McNeil Goodman and  
Lillias McNeil Dalton



Ephriam McNeil  
"Uncle" Eph





"July 2nd 1936. First time all the family had been together for more than 36 years."  
L to R: Sisters: Annie Thompson, Hannah Goodman, Mary Ann McNeil (Grandma),  
Sarah Mills, Lillias Dalton. Brothers: Jesse, Dan, Eph, Ben, with Don in front.



## Chapter 4

### Our Smith Ancestors

William Smith was born April 12, 1824, in Macclessfield, Cheshire, England, to William Smith and Mary Etchels. When he was 14 years old, he was apprenticed to a silk weaver for four years. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on April 28, 1840. William married Ann Ormandy, and they had two young boys at the time of her death. The youngest child died about four months following his mother's death. The surviving son was named Thomas Garside Smith.

In the spring of 1852, William became acquainted with Mary Hibbert, and they were married on June 27 of that year. William was 28 and Mary, 20. Mary Hibbert was born July 20, 1831, in Newton Heath, Lancashire, England, to James Hibbert and Hannah Brown.



Map of England showing the County of Cheshire

William was especially skilled as a jacquard weaver and went from place to place preparing the looms for this particular brocade weaving.

William and Mary were blessed by the birth of their first daughter, Mary Ann, on July 2, 1853. On February 5, 1856, Mary delivered a son, Alma Walker Smith. Thomas, William's son by his first wife, was also a part of their family.



Soon the family began planning to move to Zion. Mary Ann was three and baby Alma four months old when they set sail for America on the ship *Well Fleet*, on June 2, 1856. They were on the ocean about six weeks, landed in Boston July 11, 1856, and went on to New York. A Brother Beulen came and took their things to Brooklyn, New York, where they rented a small upstairs room in a building in the poorer part of the city.

They were in a strange land, friendless and without means. William set out to find work as soon as they were settled. Day after day he tramped over the city, starting at daybreak and continuing until dark or until hunger and exhaustion drove him home to the bleak, empty little room that held his famished family. They had been there about two weeks when Alma became sick with Cholera Infantum and died on July 31, 1856. Having only seven cents, they bought a five cent loaf of bread and a candle the night the baby died. The little spirit passed on just a few minutes before the candle flickered and went out. A few minutes later, William, feeling his way around in the dark, found his coat and hat and not daring to be late for the desperately needed job he had found the day before, started on the long walk to the docks.

Before leaving, he told Mary he would send someone to take care of the baby. He reported the death to the city authorities. The broken-hearted mother, weak from hunger, emotion, and long days and nights caring for the sick child, selected the best she had and prepared her baby for burial. Some time later, two strange men came with the hearse to take the body away. Two Sisters of Charity came with a box made of rough lumber which they lined and padded nicely. Mary held the baby to her heart, kissed him and laid him in the casket. She watched the men carry Alma's body away to an unknown grave in a cemetery called Flat Bush on Long Island. Soon after this, Thomas, age 11, ran away and they never saw him again.



Map showing Porterville in relation to Salt Lake City

The Smiths moved to St. Louis, Missouri, the next year, July 1857, where they lived for six years. They crossed the plains with a company of emigrants led by Hansel Harmon, arriving in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 5, 1862. Mary Ann was nine years old at the time. They lived first at Bountiful, moved to Kaysville, and finally settled in Porterville northeast of Salt Lake City.

On September 12, 1868, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Mary Ann, at age 15, became the third plural wife of John McNeil, a man 30 years her senior.

(His first wife was dead, so Mary Ann had only one "sister wife.") Family lore is that Mary Ann did not want to marry such an old man, but her father insisted. John didn't even come for her; but arranged to meet her at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on a specified day. Mary Ann



placed her meager belongings in a square dish towel, tied the bundle to the end of a stick, and started walking the 25 miles to Salt Lake City. During at least part of her trek, she was given a ride by a farmer, and rode in the back of the wagon with his garden produce. We can only wonder what her thoughts and fears were on that day.

John and Mary Ann Smith McNeil moved from Bountiful to Arizona in 1878 after a call was issued by President John Taylor. The McNeils visited their families in Utah in 1898; after that visit, Mary Ann did not see her parents again until 1912, when she spent several years in Porterville helping take care of them. William Smith died September 10, 1915 at Porterville, and Mary died July 25, 1921, in Coltman, Idaho.

Our Smith ancestors had many trials during their lives, but their faith and their testimonies of the truthfulness of the restored Gospel never faltered.



Mary Hibbert and William Smith







## Chapter 5

### William Ezra Goodman and Hannah McNeil

### Navajo County Years

Grandpa ("Will" or "Bill") was living with his father and stepmother (Edward L. and "Aunt" Julia Goodman) in Linden and working at the Water Canyon sawmill (it was also called Standard, and was a subsidiary of the McNary sawmilling operation) when he and Grandma (Hannah) met. She was living at home with her parents in Show Low. Her children tell the family story that Grandma didn't go to the dance the first time Grandpa did after he arrived in the area. After the dance, her brothers told her she missed meeting this handsome newcomer, and that she should set her cap for him. She asked his name, and when they told her it was "Goodman," she retorted that she wouldn't be caught dead in bed with a man with a name like that. Apparently, he was most persuasive when they finally met. They were married on April 12, 1897 in Linden; he was 26, and she was 19. Bishop Niels Peterson performed the ceremony; witnesses were Orven Webb and Lillias Dalton. Lillias, of course, was Grandma's sister, married to David Dalton.

Grandma was an active Mormon, but Grandpa was a non-member. During 1897, the year of their marriage, the Mormons had been in the Salt Lake Valley for 50 years and were celebrating the Church's Jubilee Anniversary. Wilford Woodruff was the current president of the church. The Church was still young enough that he was only the fourth president.

After their marriage, Grandpa and Grandma lived with Grandfather Edward and Aunt Julia on their homestead at Linden. Andrew Jenson, Church Historian, wrote this short history about Linden after one of his trips to the Little Colorado River "Mission" settlements:

A few families of Latter-day Saints who were looking for homesteads settled on the north slopes of the Mogollon (Muggy-own) Mountains about 23 miles southwest of Snowflake and engaged in dry farming and cattle-raising. The first settlers located there in 1878. . . . The place was originally known as Juniper, but five years later settled on the name of Linden (named after the species of tree known for its large cordate leaves).

A daughter, Frances Ellen, was born to Grandpa and Grandma on November 22, 1897. She was named after Grandpa's mother, Frances, and his sister, Ellen, who had played a prominent role in his care and raising after his mother died.

In the following year, 1898, the Spanish-American War began. President Woodruff died, and Lorenzo Snow became the 5th Church president. President Snow began emphasizing the payment of tithing; the Saints had deliberately neglected to pay tithing



during the years following the confiscation of church property and funds by the Government after the Edmunds-Tucker Act (an anti-polygamy bill) was passed in 1882.<sup>1</sup>

Grandpa and Grandma's second child, William (Willie) Edward, was born on April 12, 1899—their second wedding anniversary.

#### THE FAMILY CIRCUS



"I wish Granddad was here  
lookin' at these pictures with us  
instead of way up there  
in heaven."

John and Mary Ann McNeil, Grandma's parents, left for Old Mexico, but not Grandma and Grandpa. Aunt Annie Thompson remembered:

All of the McNeil kids went to Mexico but Bill and Hannah Goodman. Bill wouldn't move. They had a draught at the same time and would have had to move anyway because there was no water for the cattle. Bill went down into the bottom of the crick and dug wells to water his cattle.<sup>2</sup>

Grandpa continued to work at the Standard sawmill. After his stepmother, Aunt Julia, died, he was appointed the Acting Post Master at Linden on August 27, 1900 and served until December when Hiram Hopen received his appointment. After Aunt Julia's death, Grandfather Edward returned to Michigan to live with his daughter, Ellen.

<sup>1</sup>Many of these historical dates were taken from *The Century Book: A Family Record and U.S. History Chronology*, by Joan Potter Loveless, Century Press, LaPrada, NM., 1933. Many of the Church historical dates were taken from *The 1993-94 Church Almanac*, published by Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah.

<sup>2</sup>Interview with Annie McNeil Thompson, January 25, 1981, taped by Ruth Goodman Stohl. Transcription in possession of Gloria G. Andrus; original tape sent to LaVene T. Fenn.



In the Church in 1901, President Lorenzo Snow died and Joseph F. Smith became the 6th President of the Church. In the nation, Surgeon Walter Reed discovered that yellow fever was caused by a virus and spread by mosquitos, helping make possible the building of the Panama Canal. Prior to this, the crossing of the Isthmus of Panama was from the Caribbean Sea on the north to the Pacific Ocean on the south with the help of local inhabitants and donkeys. Some of our Goodman ancestors may have made such a crossing.



Frances and Baby Willie

In the Goodman family at Linden, another boy was born—Alvin arrived on January 9, 1901. Sometime between Alvin's birth and Walter's birth, the family moved to Pinetop, where Grandpa and a man by the name of Evans built a sawmill. Mr. Evans started stealing things and hiding them in the sawdust pile. Grandpa was afraid someone would find out and think he was involved in stealing. In those days, those who stole were dealt with pretty harshly, so he sold out. He had registered to vote in Pinetop on June 14, 1902.<sup>3</sup> Walter was born there on May 30, 1903.<sup>4</sup> In that same year, Orville and Wilbur Wright made their historic 59-second flight in the airplane they built at Kitty Hawk, NC.

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<sup>3</sup>James R. Jennings, *The Freight Rolled*, p. 28, wrote: "Pinetop, the home of the Penrods. Except for the beautiful forests and the delectable mountain air, the only thing of prominence was the Penrod Saloon—the only saloon south of Holbrook. This was a favorite wayside stop for soldiers." As a child, Gloria always watched for the Dew Drop Inn as the family drove through Pinetop. For some reason, that name intrigued her.

<sup>4</sup>Merintha Altheria Penrod, later to become Beulah's mother-in-law, was the midwife attending Grandma when Walter was born.





Towns in Navajo and Apache Counties where the Goodman Family lived and worked

Leaving Grandma and their children Pinetop, Grandpa and Uncle Eph McNeil began working together in White River and Fort Apache; in late summer 1904, they both registered and listed White River as their place of residence.

Grandma and the kids soon followed Grandpa, and Donald, child number 5, was born on November 16, 1905 in Fort Apache. Willie started the First Grade in Fort Apache, and presumably Frances was in the Second or Third Grade. Grandpa worked for the Army as a carpenter at the Fort. He was a First Class Carpenter, having been taught at an early age by his brother, Walter, in Ava, Illinois. His specialty was cabinet finishing. At Fort Apache, he also helped build officers quarters, a dormitory for officers' children, and horse barns.<sup>5</sup> A less pleasant task at Fort Apache was the making of caskets. One winter while the family was

<sup>5</sup>Grandpa's carpenter tools still exist and are in the possession of Donald Goodman.





Horse Barns at Fort Apache which Grandpa may have built  
(or would this be a later barn?)

there, a terrible epidemic of diphtheria hit the area. One soldier after another died. Grandpa would just get one casket finished in the daytime and someone else would die and he'd have to build another casket even if he had to work all night.

Bill told of being thrown in the guard house at age 5 or 6 while living at Fort Apache. For that story, refer to his chapter.

While working at Fort Apache, Grandpa applied for a grazing permit on the White Mountain Apache Reservation. Charlie Pettis had a permit to run cattle on the reservation. He had married the daughter of Colonel Cooley.<sup>6</sup> In 1906 or early 1907, Grandpa bought cattle, and Charlie ran Grandpa's cattle along with his own in Carrizo Canyon. After about a year, Grandpa applied for his own permit to run cattle on the reservation. The Indian Agent, Mr. Crouse, told him if he'd put in a trading post at Cibecue for the convenience of the Indians, he'd give Grandpa a permit. Other than Charlie, who had married into the tribe, Grandpa was the first white man granted a grazing permit on the reservation.

So he built the trading post—a one-room house with a counter across the front about ten feet from the front door. The counter was quite high—just under a man's arms so the

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<sup>6</sup>Corydon Cooley was the owner of Cooley's Ranch which was located just south of the junction at Hon-Dah. He had been a scout for General Crook during the Apache Wars, and had several Indian wives.



Indians couldn't jump over it easily. There was a gate in the counter out to the front with a latch on the inside. The family lived on the backside of the counter. Most of the supplies were kept underneath and behind the counter.

The Indians raised a little corn and received a small government allowance of about \$9 per month. They would bring the corn and what money they had to trade for saddles, bridles, and the like to the trading post. The Indians would also bring in small gold nuggets in empty .30-.30 shell casings. The only groceries they would buy were coffee, sugar, flour, and sometimes potatoes. Grandpa hauled the corn to Fort Apache to sell to the military to feed their horses, and hauled supplies for the trading post back to Cibecue. All this hauling was done by wagon, of course.

On one occasion, Grandpa and Grandma decided to go to Holbrook for supplies for the trading post. Grandma put all their money in a horse's nose bag. When she got out to the wagon, she remembered something she had forgotten in the house, so she hung the nose bag on the gate post and promptly forgot it. They were gone for 4 or 5 days, and she was sure the money would be gone when she got back, but it still hung, untouched, on the gate post.

Grandma actually ran the trading post and cared for the family while Grandpa ran the cattle and hauled freight.

When the government placed the Indians on the reservation, they assigned each Indian a letter and a number in order to identify them. Two Indians especially familiar to the family were dubbed I-2 and M-84; another family favorite was Natson.

Grandma had many interesting and trying experiences while running the trading post. As she and the children were there alone so much of the time, Grandpa bought her a pearl-handled .45 Colt revolver to keep under the counter. One day M-84 and two or three women came into the trading post to buy sugar and coffee. He said something smart or threatened her, so she pulled out the pistol and told him to get out, but she didn't have the pistol cocked yet. He didn't move. He looked mean and acted like he would come over the counter after her. She pulled back on the hammer right quick. He heard the click and got out of there. As he ran out of the trading post, he told the Indians outside, "Bad squaw in there, got gun." The rest of that story is told in Uncle Bill's chapter.





I-2

Grandma always kept the screen door on their house locked because she never knew when she would turn around and have an Indian standing there. One day when Grandma was cooking a large roast, I-2 happened to be riding by on his donkey. He smelled the roast, got off his donkey, walked up to the screen and put his face against it so he could see where that delicious smell was coming from.

Grandma walked out of the kitchen with her hands behind her back and threw a dipper of water into his face. He got out of there, but he was mad. He would probably have come right through the screen if he hadn't been afraid of the soldiers. Grandma said later that she wished she had fed him, as he was undoubtedly hungry.

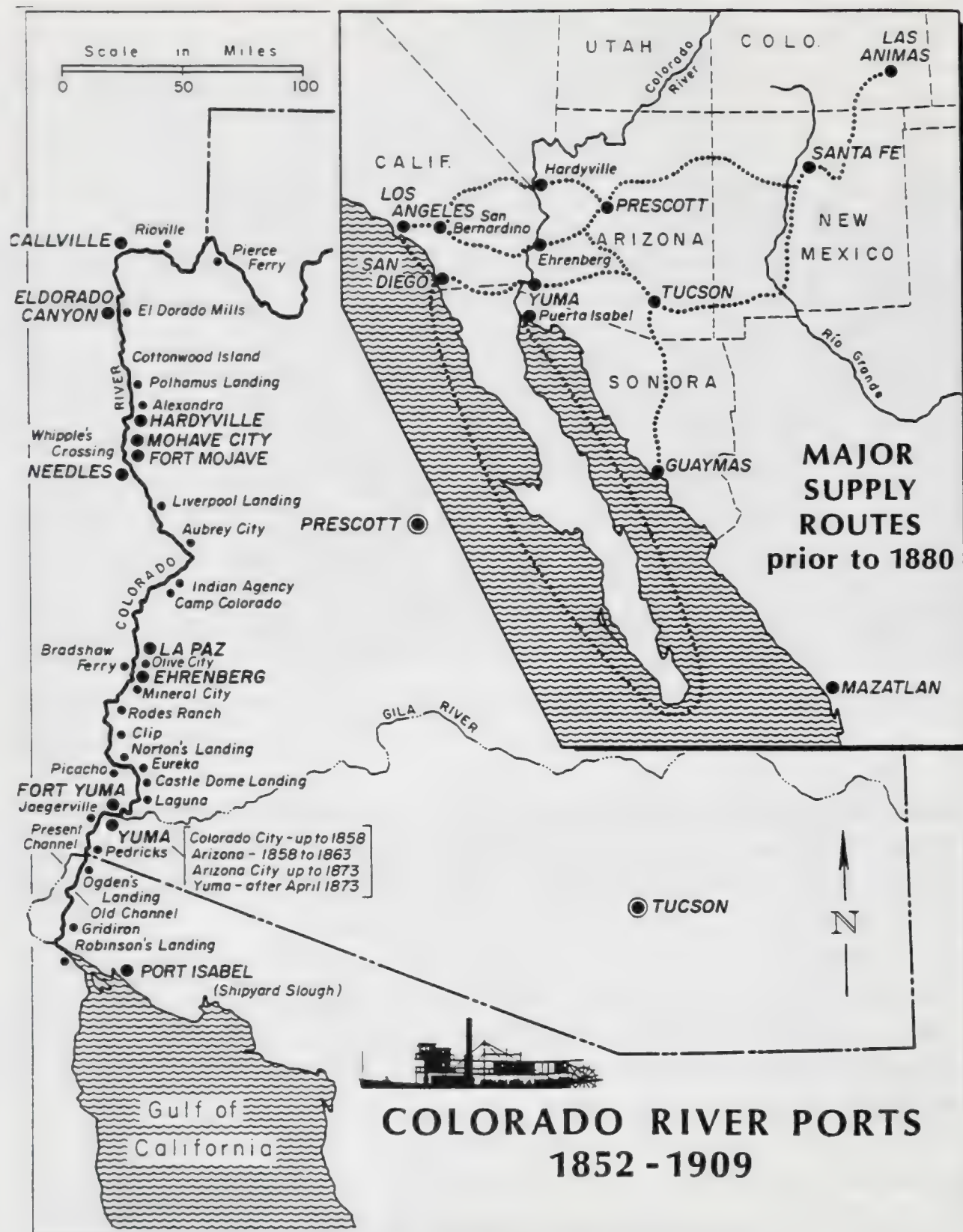
Actually Grandma and Grandpa were good friends to all the Indians. One day Grandma saw an Indian woman pick up her axe and start off with it. She went outside and called to the woman and her companions and told them to bring it back. They just dropped it where they were and went off laughing.

An old Indian chief, John Daisy, lived on Oak Creek, southwest of Cibecue. One day a squaw, claiming to be John Daisy's sister, came to the trading post and wanted credit—which Grandma honored. It wasn't long until all the squaws on Oak Creek showed up claiming to be John Daisy's sister.

Prior to 1880, the major freight supply routes into Arizona began with the Colorado River ports of Yuma and Ehrenberg. Freight unloaded in these ports went overland by wagon via Tucson and Prescott to Santa Fe.

It was a great day in the White Mountains of Arizona when the Santa Fe Railroad from Albuquerque reached the Little Colorado River in 1881; Holbrook was established the





Taken from *Historical Atlas of Arizona*

same year.<sup>7</sup> Thereafter, supplies for Fort Apache came into Holbrook by rail, whereas previously they had been freighted in by wagon from Albuquerque to the Fort. Transportation and communication between Holbrook and Fort Apache, 90 miles to the

<sup>7</sup>Holbrook was not an instant metropolis. According to the *Historical Atlas of Arizona*, 1986, p. 60, the population in 1910 was only 609.



south, came immediately. The round trip of 180 miles took 8 days in good weather. Bad weather meant bad roads and several additional days to make the trip.<sup>8</sup>

Freight ran the entire gamut of human needs on the frontier. One load might be barbed wire, another rock salt, others sacks of flour, sugar, oats, barley, Timothy hay from New York State, boxes of clothing, sacks of walnuts, boxes of canned goods, a piano—everything and anything needed in a community.

Although Fort Apache was the primary destination for most of the freight from Holbrook, other areas were served. These included Cibecue, about 45 miles west of Fort Apache; Young, in Pleasant Valley south of the rim; and Keams Canyon on the reservation north of Holbrook.



Six horse freight teams were typical of the 1880's and 1890's when much of the livelihood of the early settlers was earned by freighting supplies from the Railroad at Holbrook to Fort Apache.

Picture taken from *The Freight Rolled*

There were no roads as we know them today. The roads were actually trails made by the wagons. In dry weather they were mostly rough, in wet weather they were ruts and mud holes.

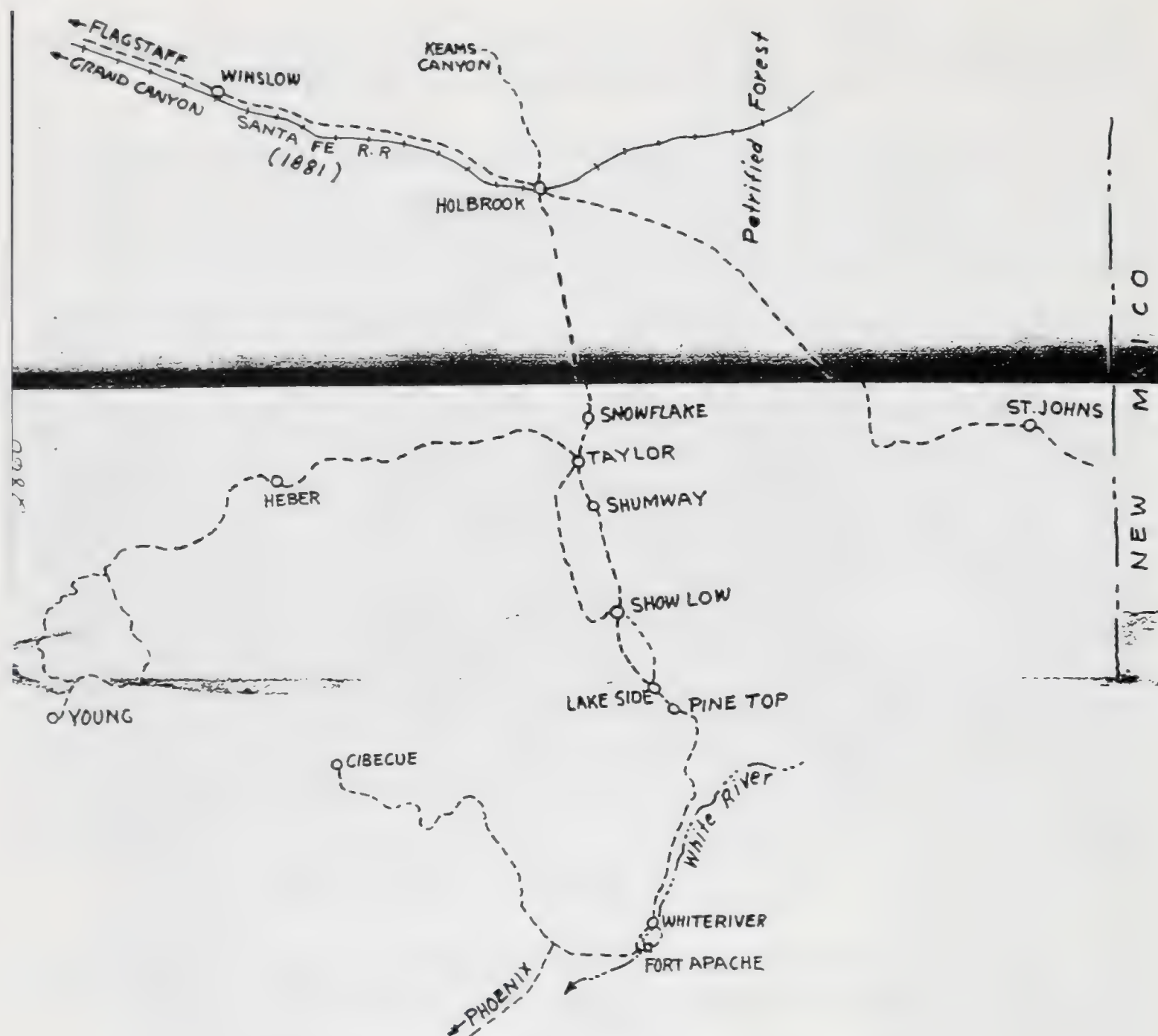
At day's end the freighters camped, watered and fed the horses and hobbled them for grazing. The bedroll consisted of several heavy quilts rolled up in heavy canvas, sometimes called a tarpaulin, which was watertight when new. This roll was pulled down from the top of the load and laid out under the wagon. During stormy weather a little mud might drip from the underside of the wagon onto the bed. There was usually a little dry hay to spread under the bed to keep it off the wet ground; a bed under the wagon seemed like a haven.<sup>9</sup>

Like Grandma and the kids at the trading post, Grandpa was having his own challenging experiences as he hauled freight from Fort Apache to Cibecue for the trading post. On one such trip he had a wagon loaded with corn headed for Fort Apache in a heavy

<sup>8</sup>James R. Jennings, *The Freight Rolled*, Naylor Company, San Antonio, TX, 1969, p 25.

<sup>9</sup>Jennings, p. 13.





Major Freight Routes in the White Mountains  
Taken from *The Freight Rolled*

rain storm. As he attempted to cross Beaver Creek, the horses balked and wouldn't pull. He decided he'd have to unload all the freight to lighten the load so they could go on. He had placed a bear hide on top of the wagon before he left Fort Apache, so that was the first thing he grabbed. As he threw that hide off, the horses caught the bear scent and both of them hit their collars at the same time. That's all it took—he picked up the bear hide and he was on his way again.

The family has often wondered where or how Grandpa got that bear hide. Venla McCleve found the following story in the history of Jim Peterson.



On June 16 (1906-07), I treed a bear at the head of what we call Scarecrow Canyon, and is a fork of Mud Spring and heads a little Northeast of the Goodman camp in Jumpoff. That day we were holding the day herd in the head of Trail Canyon, near the Reservation line, and I made a ride down Jumpoff to the Goodman Camp and then rode up a trail to the east. I intended to follow the main ridge out to the Reservation Boundary. But as I got on top, I saw the back of something bobbing up and down as it ran thru the manzanita brush, which I felt sure was a bear, and I started in hot pursuit. I kept gaining on him in spite of the brush and rough country until he decided to go up a tree. In his hurry he made a miss when up six or eight feet, and fell backwards lighting with all four feet in the air right under my horse's neck, but he was not slow in getting up and off, but he did not run far until he went up another tree, and he did not stop until he reached the top. I got down and threw rocks at him until I threw my arm out so bad that I never could throw with any speed or accuracy again. He would not come down altho I hit him, but he was about beyond my reach, as I was never a strong thrower. And why I wanted him to come down I really do not know, as I would probably have lost him.

When I could throw no longer I began to study out a scheme to keep him in the tree until I could get a gun. I tied one end of my rope around the tree, and then dressed up a forked limb about six feet long in my hat, jumper, and overalls, and set it up as far from the tree as my rope would reach, so it was in plain sight of the bear and tied my rope to it. I then started for the day herd to find Ammon Hancock, as he was the only man that carried a gun. But he was on circle when I arrived, so I told Jode where I had the bear treed and for him to get Ammon's gun and come down. I would ride back and watch the bear until he came, if he was still there. The concoction worked, the bear was lying on the same limb near the top of the tree that he was on when I left. And it was not very long until I heard the clanking of the steel on the rocks and I knew someone was coming.

Ammon would not let Jode have the gun, but wanted to come with him, and as soon as they got there Ammon did not say a word but stepped off his horse and shot the bear. We skinned it and took the meat and hide to camp and we had bear meat for supper. Some of them did go for the bear meat, but it never did take much bear to do me. If I had not known what it was, it may have been different. The next day I killed a young wolf in Dear Spring Canyon, for which I get \$20 in bounty. On the 18th we got home and let Hancocks have what bear meat there is left as nearly everyone else seemed to have about their fill of bear. On the way in Ammon met Will Goodman and sold him the bear hide, but Goodman was a little suspicious and did not pay him for it and came to see me. I told Will that I would sell him the hide, and if Ammon said anything about it, to tell him to come up and we would straighten up the matter, but Ammon did not show up. I would probably have shared with him on the



hide, if he had acted different, but as it was, I did not think him entitled to any consideration.<sup>10</sup>

Peterson also mentions in his history a trait about Grandpa which was well known and documented for the rest of his life. We also find out in Peterson's history why Grandpa eventually quit running cows on the reservation. Peterson's narrative continued concerning the year 1907:

On July 10, I load my bed and a little chuck on a pack horse and start for Goodman's camp in Jumpoff, as we had arranged to make a trip to Whiteriver to see the Indian agent Mr. Crouse about fencing our allotment on the Indian Reservation. We realize the big outfits are going to get us out if we do not do something about it. They have the advantage in bidding on the range in the first place, and added to that the Indian Department is in favor of them, as they have fewer to deal with. So it makes it an easy matter for the big outfits to outbid us and get us off, as they can bid anything on our little range, and the department can make it up to them on their range. So it does not look good for us. It seems to be the lot of the small producer. The big guy looks upon him as a thorn in his side, and public officials regard him as a nuisance.

Bill is not excited at all about our trip the next morning, and we do not get away until about noon and get no farther than Cariso that night. The next morning I wrangle the horses as I have a vague inkling that Bill will not be ready for breakfast for some time. And when I return he is still in Utopian dreams. However, we are near White River by the time we pitch camp at night. And the next day we present ourselves at the Office of Indian Affairs, but the agent is not there, and C.H. Jordan is in charge. So we do not get much satisfaction only that they are not in favor of leasing to small cowmen and prefer to deal with large outfits. When we get thru at White River, Bill proposes that we go around by the Post. Bill never knew when to stop talking when he met a man he was acquainted with, and here he ran into a bunch of women who had been neighbors when he and his family lived at the Fort, where he did carpenter work. You can imagine what time of day we got out of that Post and what time we left camp the next morning. But on the evening of the 10th we reach the mouth of Mud Spring where I take off for home. And for all, Bill is a mighty nice fellow in spite of his easy ways. We never got any satisfaction from the Indian Department, and finally Bill sold out to Jim Scott, and the boys figured we had no chance to stay there, so when we were notified that the W's had out bid us, we moved off in 1914.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>10</sup>Jim Peterson, *Sixty Years in the Saddle*, pp. 123-125. Jim and Grandpa Goodman were good friends. Jim also wrote a poem in tribute to Frances quoted in her chapter.

<sup>11</sup>Peterson, pp. 125-126.



More will be said about Grandpa's visiting later in this history.



1906 in Cibecue behind the Trading Post  
People are Grandpa, Bill, Alvin, and Walter  
Horses are Prince, Nob, and Chart  
Dogs are Bounce and Pup (the one who saved Bill)

Grandpa and Grandma didn't have the trading post very long until they discovered it wasn't profitable. They kept the trading post open only about eight to twelve months. They then moved to Carrizo where Charles Pettis was located. When the family left the trading post in Cibecue, they had to pack 12 miles across to the Pettis cabin in Carrizo by pack horse, including the cook stove.

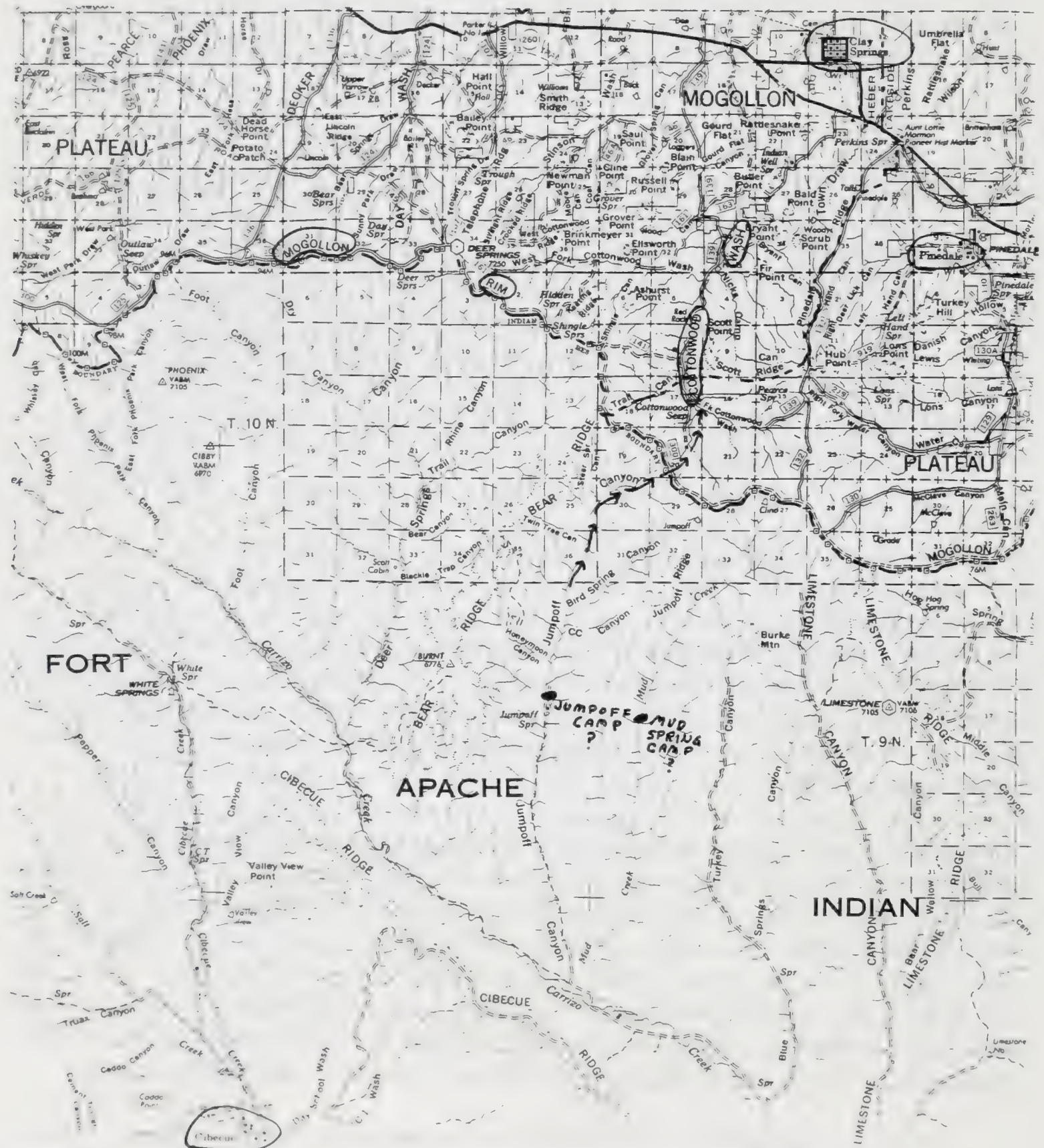
After their move to Carrizo, Charlie and Grandpa went to Tonto Basin for more cattle. Bud Jones, who ran the Flying V Cattle Company, had a bunch of longhorn cows. Those longhorns were so mean that if they were ever corralled, they'd put everyone up on the fence. Some of those longhorns were purchased and herded back to Carrizo to join the herd.

After the family left Cibecue and the trading post, Mr. Crouse told Grandpa that he could move anywhere he wanted on the west end of the reservation. After a short while in Carrizo, he moved up into Mud Springs Canyon which ran into Carrizo Canyon.

The family moved to Mud Springs Canyon, and then on to Jumpoff Canyon. During a bear chase, Grandpa had seen Jumpoff Canyon with its broad flats, lots of walnut trees, and gramma grass about 18 to 20 inches high waving in the breeze. He said that was where he was going to move his cattle, so they went back to camp and the next morning started moving



the cattle to Jumpoff Canyon. Jumpoff is about half way between Mud Springs Canyon and Deer Springs Canyon.



Map showing approximate site of Jumpoff Camp



With grass as thick as it was in Jumpoff, the cows didn't have to move far to eat. Animal experts claim cattle get blackleg because they don't get enough exercise. The cattle began to get blackleg right away, and Grandpa and the boys had to start vaccinating them immediately.

They stayed in Jumpoff about 7 years. It was necessary at the appropriate time to establish a base off the reservation in order for the children—Frances, Willie, and Alvin—to go to school, church, and to conduct other necessary family business. The family moved to Pinedale and settled down, but Grandpa continued to run cattle on the reservation for those 7 years.

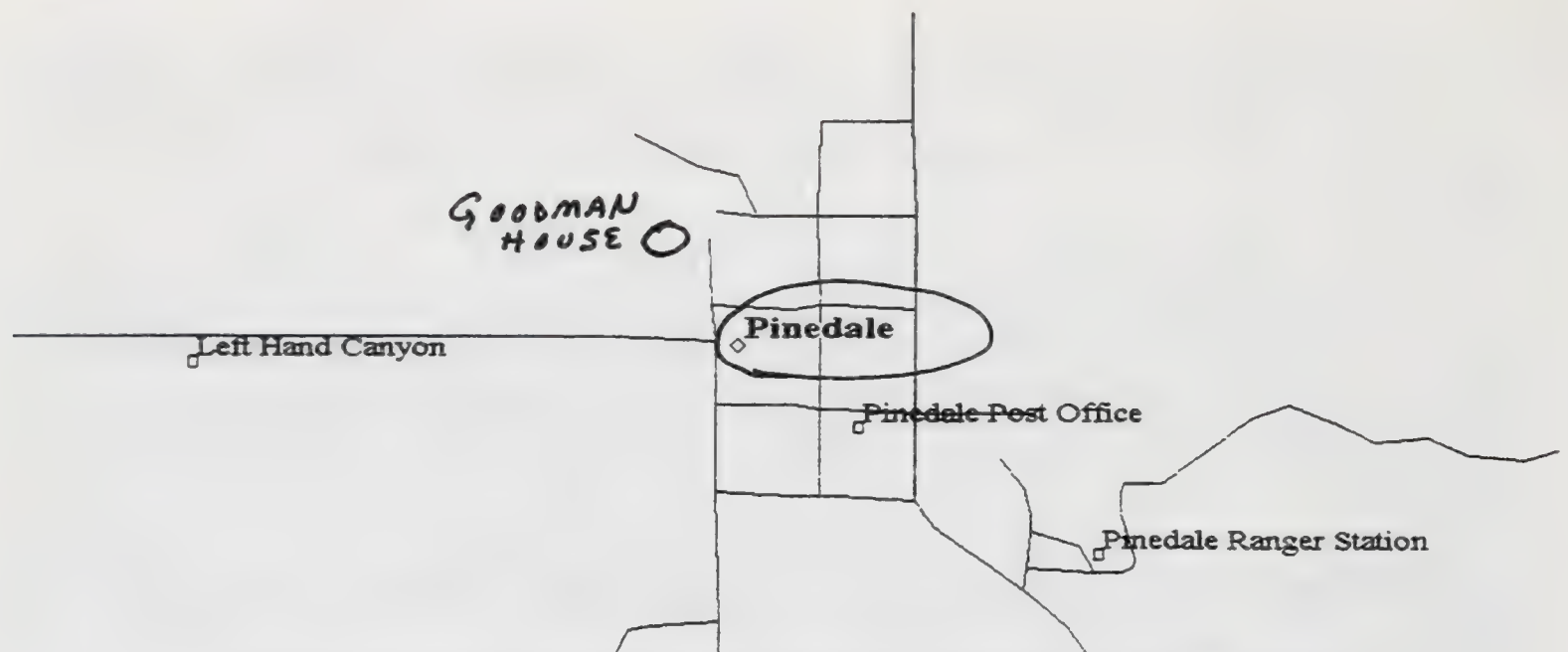
Church Historian, Andrew Jenson, still on the move, wrote the following about Pinedale:

The village of Pinedale is situated in an opening in the timber, or in a dale, which is about a mile wide and about 5 miles long from southwest to northeast, and is about 7 miles from the dividing ridge or reservation line or the top of the Mogollon Mountains. The timber belt in which Pinedale is situated extends from northwest to southeast for a distance of about 300 miles, covering the summits of the Mogollon Mountains, having an average width of 50 miles. The Mogollon Mountains extend from the San Francisco Mountains on the northwest to the so-called White Mountains, inclusive. . . . In the winter of 1879-80, Thomas Jessup and Thomas Willis brought a sawmill from Fort Apache and placed it in the timber about 1½ miles south of the East Pinedale location. This was the first sawmill built in that part of the country. Lumber was first sawed there in 1880.

In February 1894, Elder Jensen visited the Snowflake Stake in the interest of Church History and, after visting the different settlements in the Stake, he wrote the following to the *Deseret News* about Pinedale:

Situated away up in the pine timbers near the top of the Mogollon Mountains is the little settlement of Pinedale, where the people raise grain without irrigation and obtain water for culinary purposes from wells. This is a most romantic place, and though the settlers have struggled hard to make a living in times past, the prospects ahead now seem to be better, and the people are determined to stick to it. Twenty-one families of 115 souls, presided over by Bishop Niels Peterson, constitute the membership of the ward (*News*, 48:393).





Map of Pinedale showing approximate location of Goodman house

The first house Grandpa, Grandma, and the family occupied in Pinedale was rented. They lived in that house about a year. Then Grandpa bought a lot and built a house, across the wash from Charley Bryant's in the northwest corner of Pinedale. The house today bears a sign saying "Probst," the name of a daughter to Charley Bryant. Also of note to our family is that the first house on the right after crossing the bridge has an addition on the east end which was built by Grandpa.

An historic site in the village honors the Pinedale School Bell:

For seventy-five years this bell tolled throughout Pinedale Valley as a symbol of unity, calling the settlers to school, church, and socials, and warning of disaster. Purchased in 1892, it hung for many years in a log school house near this site. Later it was moved to a rock school house between Pinedale and Mortensen, where it served both communities. In 1922, another school was built on the site of the original log building. The bell was returned to its original location where it remained until a heavy snow fall destroyed the building in 1967.

The Goodman children, Frances, Willie, Alvin, and Walter, would have attended school in

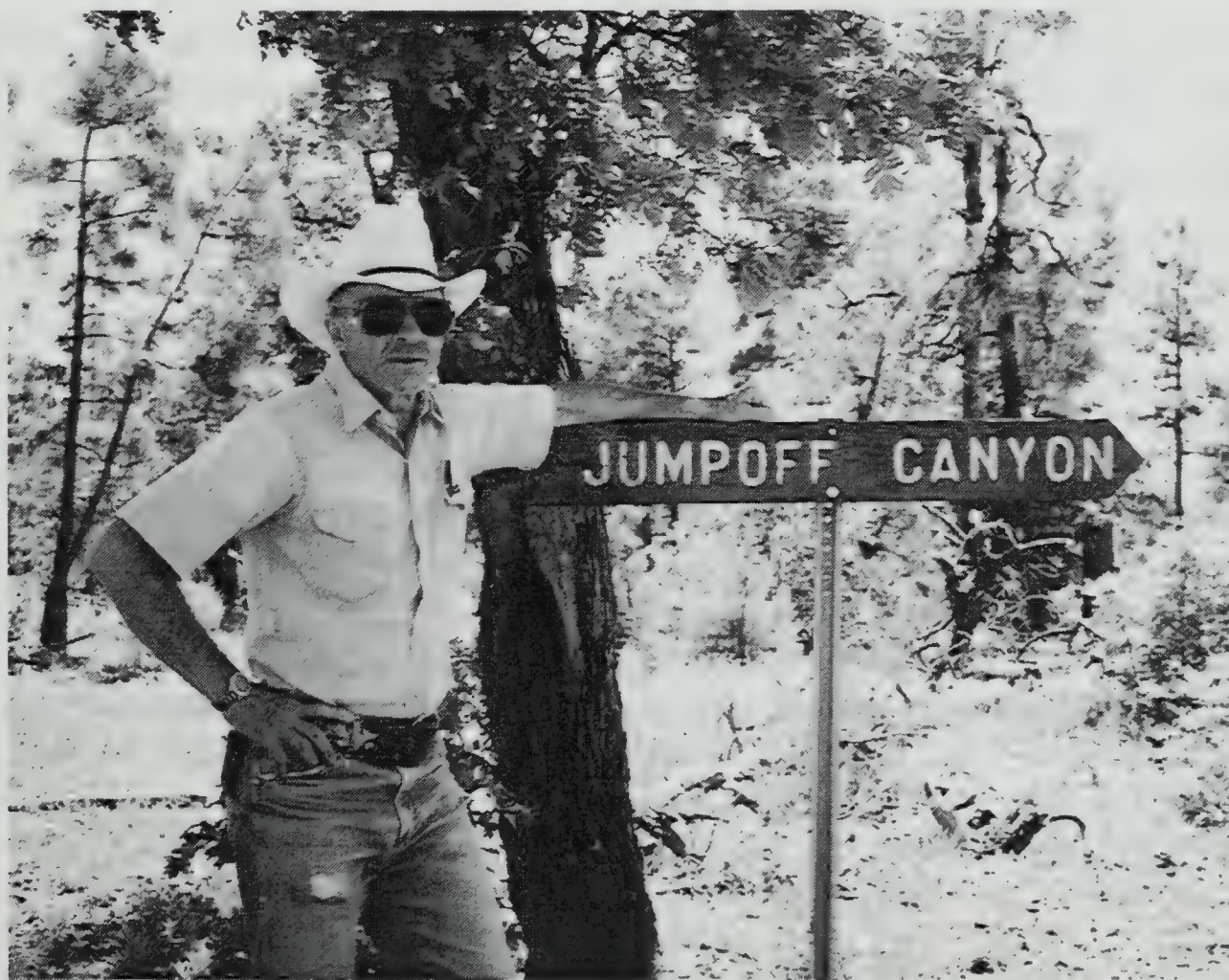


Pinedale School Bell



that old log school house; this bell would have called them and the entire Goodman family to their meetings.

The Goodman family continued to live in Pinedale during the school months and in Jumpoff Canyon during the summer months. The camp in Jumpoff was about 16 miles from Pinedale. At that time, they had a little cabin at head of Jumpoff. They'd drive a team and buggy to the cabin, and then get on horseback and go on down to the camp. There were no roads, only trails, so they had to pack everything in on horses and the family burro, Jenny. Jenny was a good pack burro, but if she decided her load was too heavy, she'd go by a tree



Alyn Andrus on Rim Road, 1994

and rub it off. However, she didn't have to be led; after Grandpa got her loaded, she'd fall into line behind his horse and follow him anywhere. They packed in large crock jars, and even Grandma's treadle sewing machine. According to Don,

Mama rode a horse with the rest of us. We had one picture of the whole family on horses. Dad, Frances, Bill, Alvin, and Walter were all on their own horses. Mama



was on a horse with me behind, and John in the saddle in front of her. We were getting ready to go down to the reservation.<sup>12</sup>

It was only 5 or 6 miles from the head of Jumpoff to their camp. Once in camp, the Goodmans lived in army "wall tents." These consisted of a wooden floor and a wall up 3 or 4 feet; a tent was attached to the tops of the walls. These were probably 12 feet by 14 feet. The family usually had 2 or 3 of them. Corrals had been built down in the canyon and the boys would milk a bunch of cows. This was their permanent camp for the seven or so years they had their cows there.

As the cows were milked, Grandma would separate the cream from the milk and make butter and cheese. Enough would be packed in large crock jars to last all winter. She'd pour salt water over the butter and cheese, and when the family later removed an item from a crock, they had to rinse the salt water off.

As mentioned, the pack burro was named Jenny. All the boys, and girls, learned to ride her, but she got so she'd buck them off. One day Grandpa was getting ready to go to the reservation, and even had his chaps and spurs on, when Jenny bucked one of the boys off. Grandpa decided to teach her a lesson and break her of bucking. He crawled on her, but she ducked her head and bucked him off also. He got up, and without saying a word, brushed himself off, got on his horse and rode off. He never tried riding her again. (Fern says Jenny never bucked with her when she started riding her, but when Jenny wanted Fern off, she'd go under a juniper tree and simply scrape her off.)

Shep, Pup, and Bounce were good dogs. Grandpa used to say he could take those dogs and do more with them with the cattle than he could with a man. He also had a white horse, Prince, which he had bought from the Indians. When he corralled a herd of cattle, all he had to do was ride Prince into the gate and get off; there wasn't a cow that got out of the gate by Prince.

Another horse he bought from the Indians didn't turn out so well. Grandpa had questioned the seller about the the riding habits of the horse, but was assured that he had been on him. Later, when Grandpa tried to ride him, he found him to be a "pretty bad horse." One day the seller and some friends came by the corral there in Jumpoff, so Grandpa told the Indian he'd give him a dollar to get on the horse. The Indian agreed. He caught the horse and tied him up real tight right close to the fence post, and put the saddle on him and blindfolded him. He cautiously put his foot up in the stirrup and got on real easy, and then climbed right back off. Then he held out his hand to Grandpa and said, "Okay, give me the dollar." Laughing, Grandpa said, "I just had to give him the dollar."

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<sup>12</sup>Even though in their memories for this book, the children address Grandma and Grandpa as Mama or Mom and Papa or Dad, in reality the boys called them Ma and Pa, while the girls called them Mama and Papa.



John made his appearance at Pinedale on February 6, 1908—the sixth child and fifth boy. Grandma give him the middle name of “McNeil.” Also in 1908, Henry Ford's famous 4-cylinder Model T was on the market at \$850. General Electric patented the electric iron and the toaster; however, it would be several decades before electricity arrived in rural Arizona (through the Rural Electrification Authority—the REA<sup>13</sup>).

Each child was priceless in the Goodman family. It was a great sorrow when a precious baby boy, Ray, was born on July 31, 1910, but lived only 4 days. He was diagnosed as a “blue” baby with a defective heart; he was buried in the Pinedale Cemetery.<sup>14</sup>

In 1910 or early in 1911, Grandpa homesteaded 160 acres of land along Cottonwood Wash. One historian wrote:

The first permanent settlement of Cottonwood Wash was made in 1908 by C. C. Bryant. . . . In 1910-11 William E. Goodman, Jesse Jackson, Jens P. Hansen, E. J. Smith, and David Dalton settled near the Cross I L Ranch and a school known as Walker was maintained until 1922 when it was consolidated with the Clay Springs District.<sup>15</sup>

Cottonwood Wash runs in an irregular north-south direction several miles west of today's Clay Springs. It would run full during the spring run-off, but was usually dry by early summer.

The clay springs, after which Clay Springs would be named, were the source of drinking water for the area. However, there was no organized community yet, just a collection of families living on their homesteads.

The Homestead Act, signed in 1862 by President Abraham Lincoln, was designed to open western lands to settlers. The initial filing fee was \$10, but was later raised to \$18. The land could be permanently obtained in one of two ways: (1) after living on the land for six months, the settler could commute his claim and obtain immediate ownership by paying \$1.25 per acre, or \$200; or (2) by living on the land continuously for five years and making certain

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<sup>13</sup>Historian David A. Shannon wrote that: “. . . the REA did perhaps more than any other New Deal measure to raise the living standard and ease the physical work burden on a large number of people.”

<sup>14</sup>Family members buried in the Pinedale Cemetery are: Aunt Julia, Ray, Frances, Grandpa, and Grandma.

<sup>15</sup>This quote is taken from a small booklet entitled *Navajo County Semi-Centennial Homecoming*—to be held June 17, 18, 19, 1929. The booklet is in Venla McCleve's possession.



specified improvements. Grandpa and Grandma chose the latter option, and the land would become theirs in 1916.

Homesteading was not always profitable. In many instances the land was marginal and unproductive. One homestead, preserved near the Badlands National Park in South Dakota, complete with sod dugout, displays a sign near the entry which reads:

A common remark by homesteaders was "The government bets you 160 acres of land against \$18.00 that you will starve to death before you live on the land 5 years."

Literature distributed at the South Dakota site explains:

The sodbuster in this area had a very difficult time surviving poverty, and many of them did not. It has now been determined that 160 acres in this area will produce grazing enough for only eight cows.



Donald and John  
Approximately 1912

We don't know how the area around Clay Springs compared to the South Dakota area in 1911, but homesteading was definitely not the pathway to riches.

When the Goodmans moved to the homestead, Grandpa was 40 and Grandma was 33. The children were: Frances 13, Willie 12, Alvin 10, Walter 7, Don 5, and John 3. A site was selected for the house and barn. Grandpa put up the wall tent for sleeping. As previously explained, a wall tent consisted of a wooden floor with side walls up about 4 feet and then a tent positioned over that. Grandma's cookstove was set up outside under a large juniper tree. Don remembers John and him sitting under that big tree, watching Grandma cook.

A barn was built before the house, so Lloyd was born in the wall tent on September 26, 1911, the last child of the family born in the Arizona Territory. (Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912—the "Baby State" for many years.) Because of Ray's death as an infant, Lloyd's arrival was a delight to the family. Frances and Grandma were probably wishing for a girl. Maybe that's why Grandma kept the boys in ringlets for their first several years.



The barn Grandpa built was a big one like they built in Iowa. The barn was so big that all the feed they could raise on the 80 acres they tried to farm would just fill one corner of the barn. The braces on the enormous barn doors were nailed on so they created a large "M."

As soon as he could, Grandpa built a two-room house, but the older boys continued to sleep in the tent. They also slept in the barn, and later in a lean-to attached to the house. Don remembers the two rooms in the house as "pretty big rooms." Fern and Beulah, as well as Frances' daughter, Beth, would be born in that house.

There was no water on the homestead so they hauled their drinking water from the clay springs in large barrels. The springs, about 4 miles from the homestead, were much larger then than they are today; families would back their wagons up to the springs and fill their 50-gallon barrels with buckets. (These springs are located on the property now owned by Venla and Jay McCleve, and they irrigate their property each summer with spring water.) Those barrels would stay in the wagon, and when the family needed water, they'd take a bucket out to the wagon and dip a bucketful out of one of the barrels.



Goodman home on Clay Springs homestead  
(also called Walker or Cottonwood )

The rest of the water for the family's needs was hauled from a stock tank about a quarter mile below the clay springs or one located on the Cross I L Ranch. The weather at that time was more moist than it is now, and the area had ample moisture the year around. The snow would be so deep the kids could walk over the fences. The stock tanks were usually natural depressions in the ground, but were made larger and deeper by the local





Bill (?) plowing with Joe, Blue and Nickel

farmers/ranchers. These were always filled from natural precipitation. One stock tank was located to the northwest of the house, but within viewing distance. Grandpa had a huge galvanized tank in a wagon, but it was longer than the wagon bed. Fern thinks it held 500 gallons. In the summertime when they were raising the garden, they'd drive out into the tank far enough that they could go out and dip the water by bucket and fill the tank in the wagon. The wagon would then be pulled back to the house and parked near the gate to the garden. The tank had a spigot in the end and the kids would draw water out in buckets and carry it to the thirsty plants. Water hoses were unknown in those days. During the cold winter months, snow could usually be melted when water was needed by the family.

The stock tank was also the site for many family activities—some pleasant and some not so pleasant. To Don, the stock tank was a place to swim. The family never went fishing, but neighbors would get together and have picnics. He and his friends would go out to the stock tank and swim their horses around in the water. Sometimes they'd slip off and as the horses went by, the boys would grab their tails and be pulled along for a nice ride. However, this was also the stock tank where Don broke his leg when he was about 9 years old. Lloyd and Fern were baptized in the same stock tank.

Willie was 12 years old in 1911. He plowed the 80 acres with a single-turning plow pulled by horses. Then he planted sugar cane, corn, and beans with a single-seed corn planter—the kind that is jabbed into the ground and spread to open it up. Alvin was helping round up cattle on the reservation with Grandpa, so Willie had to stay out of school in the spring to put in the crops and again in the fall to harvest them.





Lloyd helping with the spring plowing

Crops grown on the Clay Springs property were corn, oats, and sugar cane. Don's comment about raising corn was, "Most of the time in the summers we were hoeing the damned weeds out of the corn patch." They milked cows and fed much of the milk to the pigs. Grandma made butter and homemade cottage cheese.

Grandpa was the first man to bring a binder into the valley. A binder resembles a mower, except it is bigger and wider. Four horses pulled the machine, and it would gather up corn (or grain) stalks, bind them, and tie them together in a bundle. These would be stacked in the fields until moved to barns for storage.

Then the farmers in that area said they would have Grandpa thrash the grain they raised every year if he would buy the equipment, so he bought a thrashing machine for \$3,000 and a big tractor to pull it. He thrashed all the grain that first year, but the next year they all got together and bought their own equipment. Grandpa never used the thrashing machine again.

Arizona became the 48th state on February 14, 1912, and Arizona's constitution gave women the right to vote. Amendment 19 to the U.S. Constitution, ratified in August 1920,



gave all women in the United States the right to vote—but the Western states were quicker to recognize women and their rights. Grandma McNeil and her daughters were swift to register; the forms asked for their height and weight, but not their age.

McNeil, Mary Ann,	over 21, 5'4" tall, 118 lbs
Mills, Sarah,	over 21, 5'4", 107 lbs
Dalton, Lillias,	over 21, 5'3", 136 lbs
Goodman, Hannah,	over 21, 5'5½", 148 lbs

Willie registered for the first time in 1916.

Goodman, William	5'5½", 145 lbs
Goodman, Willie	5'5", 148 lbs.

Also beginning in 1916, voters registered by political party. All the Goodmans and McNeils (except Uncle Fred) registered as Democrats.<sup>16</sup>

Popular dances in 1912 were the ragtime, fox trot, turkey trot and bunny hop. Woodrow Wilson was elected President of the United States on the Democratic ticket.

And we each need to know this historical tidbit: In 1913, the 16th Amendment was ratified by all states and became the law, creating the income tax and the IRS. Also, the Panama Canal was completed in that year.

Grandma was faithful to her religious up-bringing, so on May 19, 1913, she took the three oldest boys—Willie, Alvin, and Walter—to Snowflake to have them baptized. There was not an organized branch at that time in the Clay Springs area, and Snowflake was the Stake center. One wonders why Frances was not baptized at the same time.

During the early years on the Walker homestead, Grandpa continued to run cattle on the reservation. He also ran cattle on the homestead, and operated the Ellsworth sawmill in Show Low. This sawmill was located on the east side of the road just before you go up the hill toward Lakeside. Grandpa would stay over there all week and come home on weekends. Donald thinks this is where Grandpa got the lumber to build the house and barn, and later the Walker School House which was located on his property.

After the Goodman family moved to Walker, the school enrollment increased dramatically. School was being held in the Bryant home, so Grandpa and Uncle Eph McNeil decided to build a school on the Goodman homestead. Bill told about that construction job:

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<sup>16</sup>Great Register of Navajo County, FHL film # 1,405,040,. Grandpa last registered in Navajo County early in 1924—just prior to moving to Vernon.



Dad and Uncle Eph were building the school house over there at the ranch at Cottonwood and we were putting shingles on it. We had a scaffold around it we'd been building it with, and when we got nearly to the top of the house with shingles, I could see the shingles starting to break loose, and the 2 X 4 that was holding us up started to sway down. And so I told them that thing was coming loose and they didn't believe me. Alvin was up there with us and so I said, "I'm going to reach and get up on the top of it." I reached up there to catch hold of the top of the ridge on the house and the thing swung. And him and Eph both rolled down there and fell into this scaffold and tore it down. And when they hit the ground, he rolled up on his back and his face was bloody all over, and his hand, but he laughed until he could hardly get his breath. He said Uncle Eph looked so funny as he was falling. That's the way Dad was. Anything happened that way, he always had to laugh about it.

After Frances and Willie graduated from the Woodrow school, they both attended a year or so at the LDS Academy in Snowflake.

Emma Hansen Adams wrote about her memories of the Goodman family.

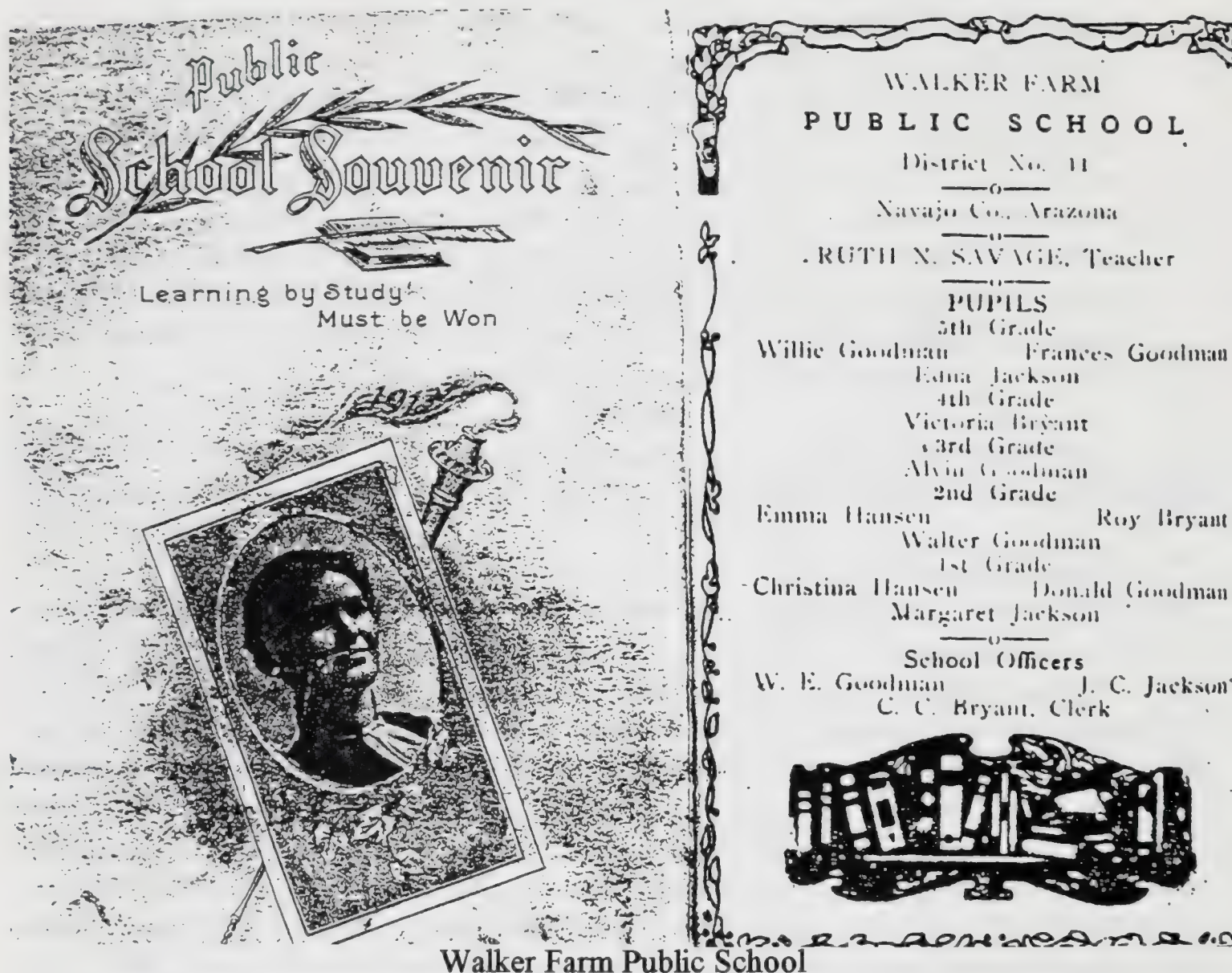
That summer (1910) Jess and Anna Jackson and children Edna, Margret, and Don homesteaded to the east adjoining our fence. Soon Will and Hannah McNeil Goodman and children Frances, Willie, Alvin, Walter, Donald and John homesteaded to the northeast among the cedars living in a white top box tent it was so clean and cozy. Oftimes I think I would like to live as they did. They built a large home.

September 1911. My first day of school was a big thrill. The new log house was about 20 x 16 feet. In the northwest corner was a heating stove. The teachers fold away bed in the north east corner and teachers desk between them. New desks filled the room. a window in the south and east door. We were one half block from Bryant's home. Our teacher Alvin Decker from Taylor his hair was red, he played Tag with us at recess. There was Victoria, Roy Bryant, Frances, Willie, Alvin, Walter, Donald Goodman. Edna, Margret Jackson. Richard, Christina, Emma Hansen. Large cottonwood trees grew by the school house, Bryants put up a rope swing on the limb. We could go up in the air so high.

Christina and I didn't ask mamma if we could play with Callie Bryant after school. But we did, it was dark when we got home. We felt guilty and had this story to tell, the Goodman boys had taken our lunch pail and wouldn't give it to us until now. Yes, we thought our parents would believe this. We were questioned a few times, but firm to our story. That day grandfather Hansen had come from Show Low for a visit. He had worked at Fort Apache with Mr. Goodman. He said "I'll go speak with Mr. Goodman about this," and away he went. Well stubborn girls never said a word to one another. Back came grandpa with the report that Mr. Goodman said, "It wasn't their boys as they had been with him after school." We wouldn't give in but



stayed with our story. How exasperating can kids be? Unknowing to me Christina broke down and told mamma the truth. No wonder it quieted down.<sup>17</sup>



Walker Farm Public School

(The five oldest Goodman kids went to school and Grandpa was an "Officer")

This seems as good a place as any to write about Grandpa and his visiting. He loved to visit and to talk, and he could talk on any subject, and he could talk with a woman as good as he could talk with a man. And just about any subject brought up, he could elaborate on it. He read constantly and was very intelligent. But he never knew when to quit talking and move on. John related this incident:

Roy Pace was a good friend and good talker of my father. We had a little team of grey horses he always drove, and wagon. And he drove up there one day and he talked to Roy. Roy was out in front there, and they talked a little while and he said, "Bill, come on in and stay awhile." And he said, "No, no, I'm in a hurry, I can't do it." "Well, come in and have a cup of coffee," Roy said. So Pa went in. The next day at noon he left to go on to Linden, 15 miles away.

<sup>17</sup>Emma Adams, *Memories of Emma Mylisa Hansen Adams*, pp. 11-12.



Don Jackson remembered a similar happening:

Bill Goodman came out here one time about sun-up one morning, our gate was about 100 or 150 yards from the house. About the time Bill Goodman drove through the gate in his buggy, Lars Peterson's wife came riding up on horseback and she had a girl about my age tied to the saddle of a big bay horse. Now, this was early, about sun-up or shortly after. And at sun-down that night, they were still there talking, and he still had to go on to Linden. That's the way he was; if he got to talking with somebody, time didn't mean a thing in the world, he'd talk.

In a visit with Venla McCleve, Estelle Thomas related this story about Grandpa coming to their home. She said that one time a bank robber had escaped from jail in Holbrook, so word was sent to all the ranches to be on the lookout for him, that he was very dangerous and they were afraid he'd come into one of the ranches and kill someone. Sure enough, one morning when she and the kids were home alone, she looked out the window and saw a lone horseman crossing the field. She just knew it was that escapee, so she checked the boiling water in the tea kettle, thinking maybe she could throw that on him, and gathered up what knives she had, and everything she thought she could protect herself with. When the knock came on the door, she didn't know which knife to pick up, but before she could get to the door, Grandpa called out, "Stell, have you got a cup of coffee?" She said she threw open the door and grabbed him and pulled him into the house. She said he couldn't imagine what was going on, but she could have kissed him, she was so glad to see him.

Venla also told of meeting Herman Thomas for the first time in Pinedale.

The first time I ever met that man, I was visiting teaching and went into his home over there in Pinedale. When he walked in, he looked at me and said, "You're a Goodman. They named those people well. They were good men." He continued to talk about Grandpa. There was a store right there in Pinedale and Grandpa would bring his little kids in there and would tell them they could have any kind of candy they wanted. Herman said he thought what a good daddy Bill Goodman was because his own dad wouldn't let them have candy like that. He decided that they probably lived out on that ranch and didn't come to town for months and that's why Grandpa did that.

Melva Parker was asked to write down her memories of the Goodmans.

You bet I remember the Goodman family. They were one of the first pioneer families in this vicinity, tho there were quite a few families before they came. They lived on a ranch this side of the old Cross I L Ranch. The way I remember there were Francis & two little girls, Fern & Beulah & six boys, Willie, Alvin, Walter, Donald & John. I believe Donald & John are still alive. I don't know about the other boys. There was also a younger one, Loyd.



Mr. Goodman was just a jolly good natured, go easy sort of a fellow, always ready to stop and pass the time of day with most anyone he met up with. As a young girl, I had a good impression of him. We lived on a ranch just north of the Tall Petersen ranch, and those days the main road went around the west of our place. Sometimes we'd hear someone go by late at night or in the wee hours of morning. My father would say "That must be Bill Goodman going home." But I don't remember of hearing any one say anything bad about him. I think when the neighbors came to help us when my father was so sick with cancer, that Uncle Bill Goodman was right there with his teams and machinery to help out.

I might be mistaken but I always understood that Uncle Bill made a little school house between his place and Uncle Jack Smith's, that was known as the Walker school. Before that the school was held in a room at the <sup>T</sup>IL which was furnished by Bill Bryant. We also held our Church & Sunday school in the little school house Mr. Goodman made.

My sister & I were young teen agers. We, along with some of the other girls, would some times slip away between Sunday School & Church. Somehow, as girls will, we'd end up down at the Goodman home. We thot the Goodman boys were quite special. They liked to tease us & I suppose we loved to be teased.

That is where I got my first & almost my only taste of coffee. I didn't like it & I never have but I surely do love the smell of it, along with good old bacon. Bill, or (Willie) was never home very much, but we remember the other boys & girls very well. They were all good dancers.

I remember Fern, Beulah & Loyd singing "I washed my hands this morning so very clean & bright & loaned them both to Jesus to work for him tonight" & etc. It was so impressive to me. Francis was such a nice girl. I remember Horace & her after they were married. They went every where hold of hands.

I think Sr. Goodman must have been a wonderful wife & mother. I think she tried to teach her family to do what was right.

One time Alvin & some other boys came up to the ranch where we lived. He wanted to take my sisters to a dance at Pinedale. Everyone (young folks) rode horses in those days. My parents were not at home. Our brother, Wilford, had been left in charge of the family. He didn't much want the girls to go. Alvin said kind of sarcastically "Won't let 'em go 'cause he's not along to take care of em." I can understand now how both of them felt. My niece liked Walter & Donald both. She loved to dance with them and went a time or two with one or the other. Any way, the Goodmans helped make history & played quite a part in this vicinity's development.<sup>18</sup>

One of young Bill's close friends was Ivan Brewer. Ivan related an incident which happened when Bill and he were out riding with Grandpa and it began to rain really hard.

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<sup>18</sup>Melva Parker, *The Goodmans (Bill & Hannah)*, 4 pages handwritten. Original in the possession of Venla Penrod McCleve. Undated.



They found a large pine tree to get under where they could be nice and dry. They were enjoying themselves until Grandpa took off running and called for the boys to get out from under that tree. Ivan said they didn't want to leave the protection of that tree, but Grandpa hollered, "I said come on, right now!" So they followed him, and had gotten out just a little ways when lightening struck the tree. Ivan said he didn't know how Grandpa knew it was going to strike that tree, but they had barely gotten out before the lightening flashed.

Ivan also recalled a time that he and Bill were climbing up a hill; Bill was going up the face of a rocky cliff in head of Ivan. Bill raised up and just as he did, a rattlesnake started to strike him right in the face. In those days Ivan could throw a rock just like a bullet, so he threw a rock and hit the snake so hard it flew back up the hill. Bill always credited Ivan with saving his life that day.

The older boys remember Lloyd as a cute little tyke. One morning when he was still a little guy, Grandma made her usual baking powder biscuits for breakfast, but they hadn't browned on top. Lloyd wasn't accustomed to unbrowned biscuits, so while they were sitting at the breakfast table, he said, "Please pass the ballie-headed biscuits."

The family always had one or more dogs. At Walker, the dog was a hound dog with big floppy ears named Bounce. Don and John would tie Bounce's front legs together and set him on Jenny or a horse just to see his big ears flap up and down as the animal ran.



Lloyd on Jenny at Clay Springs ranch

After seven brothers, Frances finally got a baby sister on September 13, 1913. Fern was born in the family home on the homestead.

F e r n ' s  
earliest memory  
was:

. . . when I was  
probably 2 or 3  
years old. I can  
remember the  
house we lived in,

and Mama getting us ready for Sunday School one morning. She had made me a new dress, and I had some white shoes with black tops. We went in a wagon or a buggy.



I can remember things that went on at the ranch, like how we used to feed pigs and cows. We had a lot of horses, and just did things that kids did on the homestead. We always had lots of fun then. Lloyd always had lots of fun playing horses and cows. We'd take an old horse shoe—lots of times we'd just ride a stick horse—but if we could gather up an old horse shoe and tie a rope to it, oh, about 3 or 4 feet long, then we'd ride that thing. Our cows were old cow horns. When we were on our round-ups, we'd pick up these old cow horns and give them a throw, and then we'd ride on up to where they were with our "horses" and throw them again.

Donald, Fern, and Beulah remember birthdays as just another day in the Goodman family. Birthdays were not celebrated like they are today; it was simply too hard to make a living to think of something frivolous like that.

Christmases were a little better because Grandma cooked a large dinner—turkey, pumpkin pies, suet puddings, and things like that. Sugar came in cotton bags. Grandma would stir up her suet puddings and take 5 or 10 pound sugar bags, flour them down on the inside, and then pour her batter or dough inside them. This would be put it in water and boiled for an hour or so. When it was done, she'd dip the sack out of the kettle. She also made a delicious sauce to serve on this pudding.

For Christmas, the boys would get a pocket knife or something they needed—like a pair of shoes. Fern remembers receiving an orange and black sweater with an orange belt that came around and tied in front. They always had a Christmas tree, and they'd decorate it with chains made at school. About the last Christmas before they moved to the mill, Grandpa bought some little candle holders which clipped to the ends of the branches. Candles were placed in the holders and seemed very festive.

However, Don does remember one of his birthdays while they were living at Clay Springs:



Lloyd with pet lamb



We had quit using the old root cellar to the east of the house and it had caved in. Roy Pettis and I had a birthday on the same day so they were having a big birthday party for us. We had just got through eating, and Charlie Pettis said something about tanning us. He said to my dad, "Bill, you get Roy and I'll get Don." Boy, I ran out the front door and around the house. It was way after dark, and there were only about 3 or 4 feet between the house and that old root cellar. I went between the house and the cellar, but old Charlie dove right into the root cellar. I knew then that if they ever did get hold of me, I'd get a real good lickin'.

Grandpa apparently left most of the disciplining to Grandma. Beulah could remember him whipping her only once, but said she deserved it. Don recalls:

I don't think Mama whipped us as much as she got older, but when we were young 'uns, we got it. I remember one time out there at Clay Springs, she had John and me working on a big hot bed at the side of the walled tent. This was quite awhile after we had the house. But anyway, she sent John and me out to get the hot bed ready for planting, and I guess we played around, and she came out and was telling us what to do. John got kinda sassy, and Mama picked up a cedar stick and started tanning him. I thought she was hurting him too bad so I grabbed at the stick; that was the wrong thing to do. She took a shot at me and hit me across the butt. We got right out of range after that. I don't remember her whipping any of us after that, but she sure worked us over that day.

In that hot bed, they raised tomatoes and peas and watermelon, and so on. Grandpa loved watermelon, and Grandma would make wonderful watermelon preserves out of the rinds.

Grandma also made jam and jelly out of wild grapes. Gathering these grapes was an all-day affair. Don and John would harness the team and hook them to the wagon and away Grandma and the kids would go. They'd roam all over the hills and down in canyons, wherever Grandma thought grapes were growing that year. They had to gather several washtubs full of grapes to make it worth their time. The Cottonwood Wash which ran west of the ranch was one place where the grape vines grew. Grape vines still growing along the banks of the Wash may be off-shoots of vines picked by Grandma and her kids 75 years ago.

Grandma made the jam, but Grandpa made the molasses the family loved and depended on as a sweetener. He raised sugar cane and bought (or made) a machine to extract the juice out of the cane. When the sugar cane was ripe, it was cut, stripped of the outer leaves, and cut into lengths which would be fed through the machine. The machine consisted of two tall cylinders which turned in opposite directions. The power to operate the machine was truly horse power. A horse was hooked onto a pole like a wagon tongue and walked around in a circle while the cane was fed through these turning cylinders. As the juice was



pressed out of the cane, it ran into a large vat which rested on a platform of rocks. When the vat was full, a fire was built under it. The juice was boiled down until it was a syrup.

Grandpa usually filled two 50-gallon wooden barrels with molasses each fall. In the shed attached to the barn, he built a platform where he could lay these barrels on their sides; the barrels were fixed up with a spigot. When Grandma needed molasses, one of the kids would take a bucket and head for the shed. They used this molasses as a sweetener for cakes and cookies, and in other cooking. They also made molasses taffy.

Grandpa also had honey bees. After he got the honeycombs out of the hives, he and Grandma would heat them to get all the honey out. As can be seen from all this industry, they had to be quite self-sufficient. There was no running to Holbrook each morning for a bag of sugar.

On August 1, 1914, Frances and Donald were baptized in a stock tank north of Pinedale and east of Clay Springs. Don remembers that Frances had a camera—one of those old box Brownie cameras, and that she did her own film developing. Several of the following pictures were most likely taken with Frances' camera.



Standing: Bill, Alvin  
Sitting on Jenny: John, Don, Lloyd





Alvin (or John?) on Jenny



When Jenny wanted to get rid of Fern,  
she'd run under a tree and scrape Fern off





One of the boys on one of the horses



Bill on Gyp





Lloyd



Fern



In that same year, the United States declared its neutrality in the European conflict which came to be known as World War I. This conflict would directly affect the Goodman family several years later.

On June 8, 1915, Grandpa sold to James Scott, a big cattle man in Heber, the E Bar W brand and ear marks, together with all cattle bearing that brand, together with his range rights on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation. The language of the Bill of Sale is interesting



L to R: Bill, Walter, Donald, John, Lloyd

Bill of Sale from William E. Goodman to James Scott, dated this 8th day of June, 1915. Know all men by these presents: that William E. Goodman, of Pinedale, Navajo County, Arizona, the party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of ten thousand and no/100 dollars, lawful money of the United States of America, to me in hand paid by James Scott, of Pinedale, Navajo County, Arizona, the party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do by these presents grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said party of the second part, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, the following personal property, to-wit: The brand E Bar W on left ribs, and ear marks, together with any and all cattle bearing said brand, as well as all unbranded calves, following cows bearing aforesaid brands;

All right, title, interest, and claim of said party of the first part in and to the range rights on Fort Apache Indian Reservation, No. 1, Jump-Off Canyon, on grazing tract No. 12, under and by virtue of grazing permit already issued to said party of the first part; all right, title, interest, and claim of said party of the first part in and to said grazing permit; and all rights, title, interest, and claim of said party of the first part in



and to the buildings, fences, corrals, and improvements now situate and being in and on grazing tract just mentioned.<sup>19</sup>

Up to this time, Grandpa had continued to run cattle on the reservation, with the older boys going down the canyon during the summer months. Don recalled a dangerous situation involving the cattle and Walter:

I've got into two or three little messes with a horse, but none of them really serious. But I remember Walter being in one that I would have hated to have been in. We were gathering cattle over on the Cibecue, and there were a couple of canyons. One was called Saul's Canyon and one called Hell's Canyon, and they ran off into the Cibecue. It would take us two days to drive the cattle to Hop Canyon which was the central part of it. We had gathered this bunch along Saul's Canyon and were taking them to a trail that went off into Cibecue Canyon. Some old Indian cows were in with the bunch, and one broke out and started back. It was on this steep hill side, and Walter roped that old cow and she jerked his horse down. It threw her, too, and she started rolling. There she was, dragging Walter and his horse. I'll bet she rolled within two feet of that bluff. If she'd gone any further, she would have taken him, horse and all, over the cliff. I'm telling you, that scared the hell out of me.

A more humorous situation involved Grandpa and a colt. It seems they were branding some colts down in Jumpoff. Bill had a little bald-faced mare with a colt, which they branded and were going to put a bell on him to keep the lions from getting him. So they threw the colt and put a bell on him. When the colt got up, Grandpa ended up on his neck backwards. The colt took off running across the flat and jumped off into the creek with Grandpa still on him backwards.

Grandpa used some of the proceeds from the sale of the reservation cattle to James Scott to buy a cattle herd from his brother-in-law, Dan Mills. These cows were called the Rafter D Bar herd. Even though they were young, Bill, Alvin, Walter, and Don hired out to James Scott, helping to round up and drive cattle to Holbrook for sale.

In about 1915 or 1916, Grandpa bought the family's first car. Don recalls that it was a 1914 Buick touring car with a cloth top. Grandpa parked the car under a big pinion tree near the house. Grandpa and Bill went out to the car to go someplace. Grandpa got in the car and called to Bill that he'd better move as Grandpa was going to back it up. Instead, he put it in a forward gear and ran right into the tree.

Grandpa received a patent for the homestead on February 3, 1916; that means an application for homestead had been filed at least five years previous (1910-11). The "patent"

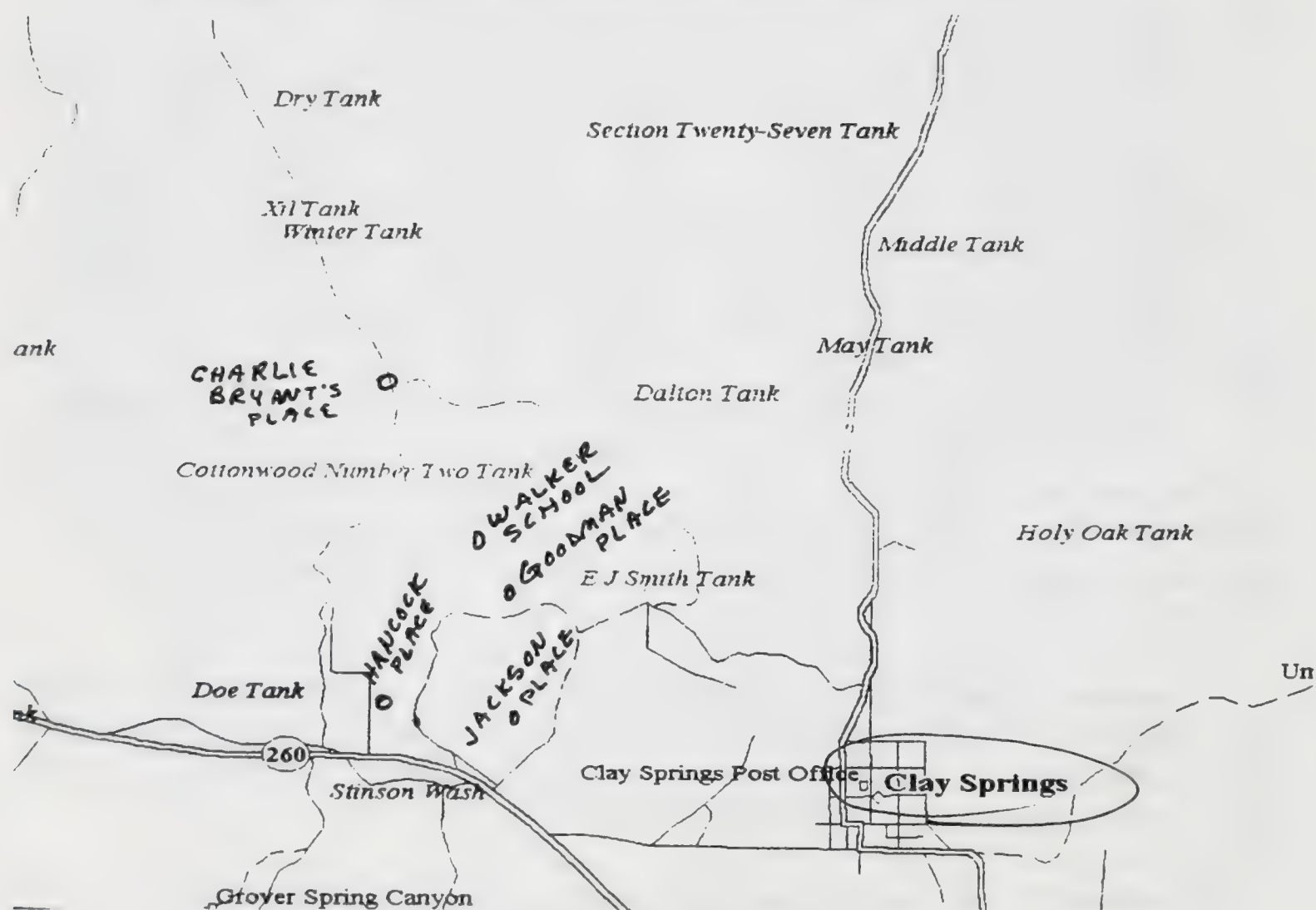
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<sup>19</sup>Photocopy of the Bill of Sale from William E. Goodman to James Scott was obtained from the Navajo County Courthouse, Holbrook.



is a type of warranty deed, but is used when public lands are conveyed to private citizens (this patent was signed by President Woodrow Wilson). The family had stayed on the land for the requisite five years and had "proved up" on it. It was now theirs. The legal description was as follows:

The north half of the southeast quarter ( $N\frac{1}{2} SE\frac{1}{4}$ ), the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter ( $SW\frac{1}{4} SE\frac{1}{4}$ ), the east half of the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter ( $E\frac{1}{2} NE\frac{1}{4} SW\frac{1}{4}$ ), and the north half of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter ( $N\frac{1}{2} SE\frac{1}{4} SE\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section 4, Township 11 N, Range 19 E, Gila and Salt River Meridian, Arizona, containing one hundred sixty acres.<sup>20</sup>



Map of Clay Springs homestead area  
with approximate locations of neighbors' ranches

On the following July 29, John and Don Jackson were baptized. Don Jackson remembers that:

<sup>20</sup>PATENT, United States to Wm. E. Goodman, Dated: Feb. 3, 1916. Recorded: Patent Number 511337.



... we were baptized the same day over at Pinedale. We had an old mare and a one-horse buggy. Mother took John and me and Kelly Bryant over there to get baptized. Kelly was about 2 years older than we were. About 150 yards from Jerry Brewer's house was a dirt tank. We were baptized in that. Hyrum McCleve had started a little building right on the high spot there by Jerry's house, and the lightening hit that the day we were baptized and tore the shingles all off on one side. We were over at Aunt Marion Hancock's eating dinner when the lightening hit that building.

Don Jackson also tells of incidents involving Walter and Alvin.

We used to go down to the wash in the springtime to water our horses. One time when I was about 6 or 7, we were just coming back from the wash and coming up that hill there about 200 yards from the wash. Walter was coming to water their horses, riding that old buckskin they called Tom. The horse ran away with him. I don't remember if the horse bucked or what, but he threw Walter off just going off that rocky hill and broke his arm. In those days if you broke your arm, somebody who'd had experience with arms would set it. My dad set mine; Walter's dad probably set his.

Another time it was raining and Walter was fooling with an automatic .22 that they had. I think Willie had got it and left it there. Walter got to fooling around with that thing and held it above his head and just peppered the ceiling. He'd got excited and just held the trigger down and the ceiling was like a sieve.

I also remember when Bill Goodman was freighting and he was coming up from Holbrook or somewhere with a load of stuff. When he got down there about a mile or two below the ranch, the ruts were quite deep. It was in the spring of the year and the ground was froze. Alvin had gotten off to walk and to help keep warm, I guess. Anyway, he started to get back on the wagon and he slipped off the holster and fell with his head under the wheel. It almost scalped him. I remember seeing him with his head all bandaged up. It didn't crush his skull or anything, because it was kinda icy and slick, but it sure took hide and hair.

Alvin used to have a little white albino horse—pink eyes and all. I'll bet that pony threw Alvin 150 times, plus Joe Brimhall and Ford Adair. Ford weighed about 325 pounds, but that little horse would bust them every night after school. We'd go down there and watch as they'd try to ride that horse, and he'd throw them off. I don't remember that they ever broke him.

I remember one time John and I were playing down there in the barn—your family had a big barn down there. I mean it was a big barn for this area. There was a double door built kinda like an "M". We were playing back in about half way, and near the door was an axle off an old wagon. There came up a rain storm and the



lightening hit and that old axle bounced about a foot high and the fire was just a flying. Seemed like a minute or two. I don't know what it did to John, but it scared me so bad that I just stood there and watched it. It was about 10 feet inside the doorway, probably 40 feet from where we were at.

One more thing about Johnny, he was about my age. It was about 3/4 mile from Cottonwood Wash. Bill Bryant's old house sat right on the banks of the wash, just on a hill this side of the wash. We got a good rain storm in July or August. Johnny went down to the wash to play in the water. He was throwing sticks and stuff in, and got too close and the bank caved off with him. The wash made a kind of a bend right there. Anyway, he floated across and finally got out on his own. He could have been drowned. He was probably 5 or 6 at the time. Don't think he had started school yet.

Don Jackson also talked about Grandma.

She was one of my first Sunday School teachers, well, just like a second mother to me then. I've eaten a number of meals in their home and she always treated me just like one of her kids.

As mentioned earlier, Grandpa had built a shed or garage onto the barn, where the molasses was kept. Don Jackson also talked about Grandpa and his white hair.

Two school teachers lived in a little old garage that they (the Goodmans) had down there, I wouldn't say it was a garage because I don't even know if they had a car at that time. This was on their property just south of the house a little bit. Anyway, the teachers hired me for 25 cents a week to keep them in wood, and I had a little wagon, and I'd go down there with wood all the time. I remember going down there one time and there was a sheet of white hair around there. I wondered what in the world had taken place, so I asked John when I got to see him, and he said, "Oh, Willie and Alvin decided to give Dad a haircut." His hair was long and was white as long as I remembered. They must have sheared him.

The year 1916 brought a big change in the religious life of the Goodmans. The Walker Pastorate was organized on May 21, 1916 at the Walker School house. After the organization was effected, meetings were held in the Walker School House, and later in the Woodrow School House, which was situated about 3½ miles SE of the Walker School.<sup>21</sup> The family was now right next door to the church, so to speak.

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<sup>21</sup>Andrew Jenson, Church Historian, wrote that the Walker Pastorate was later called Walker Branch, with the name changed to Clay Springs Dependent Branch in June 1917. It was re-organized as Clay Springs Independent Branch in November 1919, from Pinedale and Taylor Wards. Organized as a ward on May 7, 1922.



Grandma was always busy in the Church. Remember, Grandma and Grandpa were married in 1897. On March 28, 1897, there was a reorganization of the Linden Sunday School, and Grandma was called as secretary. She held that position for at least the next three years. Many of the priesthood ordinations for the children are listed in the Pinedale Ward records, either while they were living there, or because there was no organized branch or ward in Clay Springs until 1916.

The first minutes which were kept of meetings held in the Walker school house were on June 25, 1916. After the Sacrament, Grandma was one of the speakers. From then on, she frequently prayed, bore her testimony, and taught lessons. Apparently, at this time Relief Society meetings were held in the members' homes. On April 6, 1920, the meeting was held in her home, she bore her testimony and gave the benediction. In December 1921, the minutes contained a note that on account of cold weather and mud, the meetings were discontinued for the rest of the winter. "We are living in a very scattered condition," wrote Amanda Brewer, President. In 1922, Grandma was assigned to Visiting Teaching Beat #1, and gave a lesson in August on "Forgiveness."

In August 1922, the family memberships were "removed" to Linden; these memberships went back and forth between Linden and Clay Springs until the family moved to Vernon in 1924.

On April 6, 1917, President Wilson asked for a declaration of war against Germany; his request passed and war was declared; Congress also passed the Selective Service Act for draft registration. (And George Cohan wrote the song *Over There*.) Because of the war, Day Light Savings time was instituted.

In the midst of all this turmoil over the war, Beulah arrived on July 23, 1917, the youngest of ten children, with seven brothers and two sisters. Grandma had a rough time with Beulah's birth and almost hemorrhaged to death. She never mentioned this to her children, but after Venla (Beulah's daughter) married Jay McCleve, his father, Hyrum, told Beulah about it. He said he was in his field plowing when he saw Grandpa riding in a high lope toward him. When he reached Hyrum, he said, "Hyrum, get someone and come quick. Hannah needs help." So Hyrum got Ed Brewer and they administered to Grandma. And the Lord, looking down with compassion on Grandma and her large family, saw fit to spare her life, and blessed her with good health to take care of this family. Even though Grandpa was not a member of the Church, he recognized the power of the Priesthood and knew that at that time it would take the hand of the Lord to heal his wife.

According to Don, it was about this time that:

One of Dad's sister's sons, my cousin, came and stayed with us one winter out at Clay Springs—Mark Pennell. There was another family that came and stayed with us one time. They came into Holbrook on the train, and rented a team and wagon



from the livery stable there and came up and visited. We never did go back to visit any of them back there. It seems like Ma and Pa did go back one time, but I can't say for sure. Just a vague memory there.



L to R: Frances Goodman, Maggie Mills, Stella Mills

Frances now was 19 years old. On Friday, October 5, 1917, she married Horace Crandell, 23, at the family home in Walker. Minutes of the Walker Pastorate indicate that no meetings were held on October 7 and 14 because of typhoid fever in the community. Luckily, no Goodmans were affected. The community-wide disease may have had an influence on who and how many attended Frances' wedding.

Almost as soon as they were married, Horace was called up in the draft, and while he was gone, Frances stayed with Grandma and Grandpa; Beth was born in the family home just one year after Beulah's birth.

At age 18, Bill (formerly called "Willie") was drafted, but the war ended before he was called up. Bill stayed with the family on the ranch until about 1919, when he went to Blythe, California to work.

In the shed attached to the barn where the molasses barrels rested, Grandpa also parked the family car. In the summer of 1918, a photographer came out to the homestead and took a family picture. The family is sitting on the back of the car.





William Ezra Goodman and Hannah McNeil Goodman Family  
1918, Children L to R:

Back Row: John, Alvin, Walter, Bill, Donald

Front Row: Lloyd, Beulah, Fern, Frances

Is that Grandpa's hat on the top of the car behind Alvin?

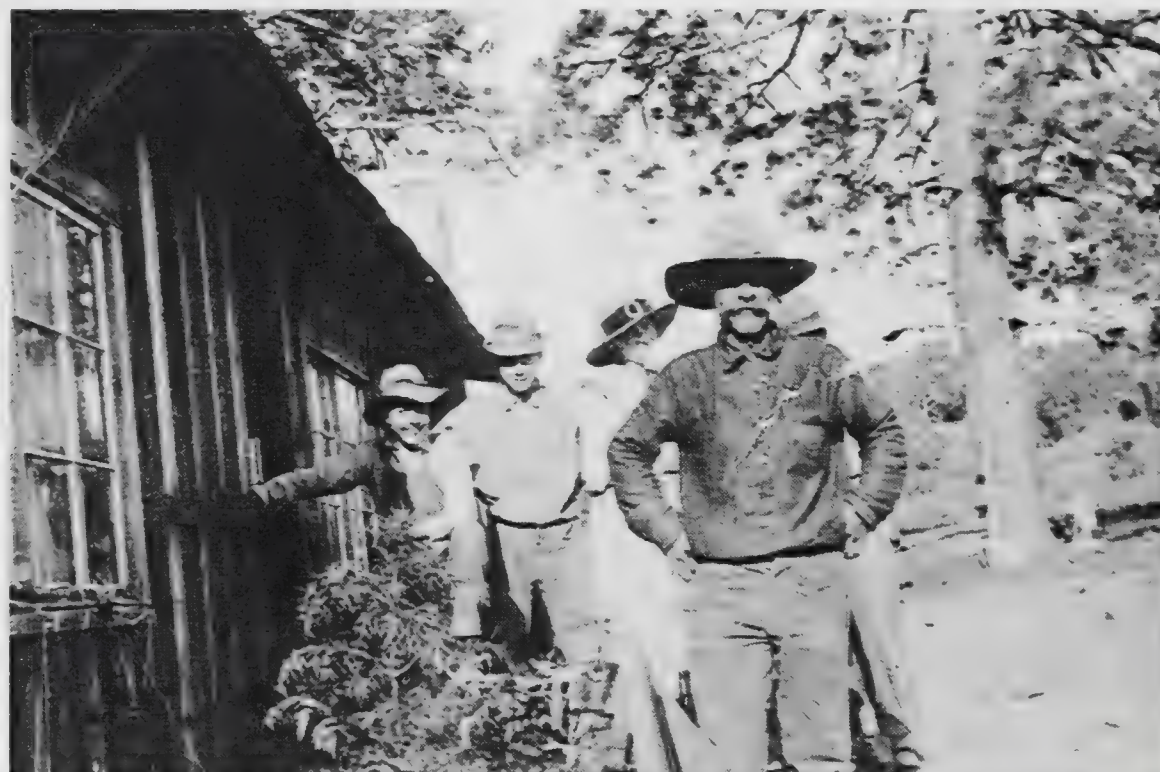
Didn't Grandma notice that Donald had not buttoned his shirt sleeve?

The nation was feeding its troops, as well as sending food to the Allied nations. Food shortages became critical, and sugar rationing went into effect; each person was allowed 2 pounds per month. Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator, asked for voluntary observance of wheatless Mondays and Wednesdays, meatless Tuesdays, porkless Thursdays and Saturdays. In July, four lightless nights per week were ordered by the Fuel Administration. How this food shortage affected the Goodman family can be read in Frances' chapter as she wrote to Horace about a cake.

Armistice Day—November 11, 1918—World War I ended, and Horace returned home to Frances and baby Beth. In the Church, President Joseph F. Smith died and Heber J. Grant was sustained as president. An influenza epidemic spread across the country; about 500,000 people died before it ended in 1919. In fact, the April 1919 conference of the Church was postponed until June because of the flu epidemic.



John remembered a family situation connected with that flu epidemic of 1918. "Walter was working over at the Linden ranch and got the flu. Generally when kids get sick, you take them to their mother; Moms know how to doctor. But my dad didn't do that. Of course, we didn't have doctors in those days—too far to go and too slow transportation. So he stayed right there (at Linden) with Walter, and nursed him back to health rather than take him home. You know if he'd brought him over home, we might all have gotten sick; he was afraid of the rest of us getting the flu.



Grandpa in the foreground, about 1919  
L to R: Joseph Hancock, Wilford Perkins, Hazel Hancock Adams  
Edward Brewer behind Grandpa

Grandpa and Lars Peterson had each loaned German H. Reidhead \$5,000, and the interest kept growing. Mr. Reidhead was not able to repay the money, so Grandpa and Lars took over the ranch and cattle. A Warranty Deed was signed by Mr. Reidhead on January 10, 1918. The brand on the cattle was AT or AV. Here's the legal description:

The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter (SE $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ ), the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ ), Lots three (3) and five (5), in Section 18, Township 10 N, Range 21 E., Gila and Salt River Meridian, Navajo County, Arizona.

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<sup>22</sup>A photocopy of this Warranty Deed was obtained from the Recorder, Navajo County Courthouse, Holbrook. An interesting note on the deed reads: Filed and Recorded at the request of Bank of Winslow on December 27, 1920.





Beulah and Fern at Clay Springs



Baby Beulah with Bunny

This began the family's moves between Clay Springs and Linden during the next several years. Don stayed at the Walker property alone during the summer of 1918 to herd the cattle. He was about 13 and had never cooked. Just before Grandma left, she tried to teach him how to make biscuits. With tongue in cheek, he brags, "I'll tell you, the first biscuits I made, they was good ones." During one of those winters, the family burro, Jenny, was left at Clay Springs. She most likely died of old age; they found her when they returned in the spring.

Also in 1919, the Grand Canyon National Park was established by Congress, and the first municipal airport opened in Tucson.

Another Constitutional Amendment—the Prohibition Amendment—went into effect in January of 1920. LDS Church leaders supported the movement toward nationwide prohibition, and opposed the amendment's repeal in 1933. Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge were elected President and Vice President on the Republican ticket.

Prohibition and the flapper era are almost synonymous. Knee-length skirts became the fashion. Women bobbed their hair, wore short dresses, smoked and drank in public, and danced the Charleston. The Readers Digest was first published, and the World Series was broadcast on radio for the first time. In 1922, Philo T. Farnsworth, a 15 year-old Idaho



schoolboy, designed an image dissector system that would develop into television (but that, too, was decades away from being available in rural Arizona).

One invention of this period would have a profound effect on the later lives of the Goodman boys. The "bulldozer" was invented in 1923. In response to labor movements, U. S. Steel replaced the 12-hour work day with an 8-hour day.

Times had never been easy for the Goodman family, but were especially hard after World War I ended. The nation had geared up to supply war materials and food to the Allies and to its own fighting machine during the war. The farmers and ranchers in the west were about to experience a 20-year depression. Historian David A. Shannon wrote:

The boom created by war orders sustained itself on reconstruction loans and pent-up consumer demand until mid-1920. Then the economy went into a sudden decline that was as sharp a drop as any America had ever before experienced. The postwar depression was at its worst in 1921, when unemployment reached 4,750,000 and national income was off roughly 28 per cent from the previous year. . . . agriculture did not regain its normal level.<sup>23</sup>

Shannon continued:

Farming never truly recovered until World War II. Although farm prices subsequently rose, they did not go up as much as the prices farmers had to pay for manufactured goods nor as much as local taxes on their land. . . . Farm tenancy and mortgage indebtedness became increasingly serious.<sup>24</sup>

Grandpa and Grandma were caught in this depression. Donald remembers that after the First World War, this depression hit and all the banks went broke, and a lot of cattlemen went out of business, but Grandpa didn't owe enough to where he had to go out of business. The family still had quite a few cattle there. The cattle business was going downhill, with ranchers getting about 3 cents a pound for their beef. Nevertheless, he also remembers that the Clay Springs property was lost because of taxes. Legal documents filed in Navajo County substantiate that a financial problem did exist for the Goodman family.

- February 20, 1920: Writ of Attachment, Holbrook State Bank vs. Wm. E. Goodman, for the sum of \$1300, interest and attorney fees. The Clay Springs property was seized.

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<sup>23</sup>David A. Shannon, *Twentieth Century America: The United States Since the 1890's*, Chicago: Rand McNally & Company, 1963, p. 217.

<sup>24</sup>Shannon, pp. 212-213.



- ▶ March 9, 1920: Writ of Attachment, Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Co., vs. Wm E. Goodman, for the sum of \$539.27, and probable costs of suit. Cattle bearing four brands were seized near Pinedale.
- ▶ August 10, 1920: Writ of Attachment, Holbrook State Bank vs. William E. Goodman and Hannah Goodman, for the sum of \$1,904.50, interests and probable costs of suit.
- ▶ September 21, 1921: Execution of Judgment, First Savings Bank & Trust Company vs. William E. Goodman and Hannah Goodman for \$2,095. This time the Linden property was seized on January 12, 1922.

A Satisfaction of Judgment was filed on May 24, 1920 by the Holbrook State Bank in favor of C. E. Anderson and Wm. E. Goodman. Somehow Grandpa came up with \$606.89. The Satisfaction says "to us paid by Wm. E. Goodman, one of the defendants in the above-entitled action, . . . " No record is found of the nature of the involvement between Grandpa and C. E. Anderson.

The 1920 Census of the Pinedale District lists Grandpa's age at 48, Grandma at 42, Alvin at 19, Walter at 16, Don at 14, John at 11, Lloyd at 8, Fern at 6, and Beulah at 2 and 5/12 (meaning 2 years and 5 months old). The enumerator, Louie Brewer, stated that the Goodman property was 3 miles North on the County Road; their neighbors were the Charles Pettis family and Steve McComas, and that Grandpa was a farmer working on his own account. We know that Frances was married; Bill was also living away from home.

In the midst of all the financial strife mentioned above, Lloyd and Fern were baptized on June 23, 1922, in the Cross I L stock tank to the northwest of their house.

Not all the times were bad. Donald's memories include:

. . . a lot of community picnics and dances. We used to go to what we called "Woodrow" to dances. It was about halfway between Clay Springs and Pinedale. Usually when they had the dances, they lasted most of the night. It seemed like old Levi Hancock built the dance hall. They had church in that same building. That was before they built the Clay Springs school. Old Levi Hancock lived there on this one place, and they got a player piano, so one of them Hancock gals (Ethel) played this player piano all night for the dances. Then they had dances at Pinedale, too; they'd go back and forth.

Usually 2 or 3 of us would get together and go around and pick up the girls on horses. I went with Olive Butler for years. If anyone had a horse that hadn't had a girl on him, they'd usually make me and Olive ride that horse, 'cause she was such a good sport.



## State School Register

Ethel S. Owens Teacher

Record of attendance in School District No. 19, County of Navajo, Arizona,  
for the month commencing September 4, 1922, and ending Sept. 29, 1922

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Number of Days Taught	Whole No. of Days Attendance	Whole No. of Days Absent	Whole Number of Tardinesses	Whole No. of Boys Enrolled on Register	Whole No. of Girls Enrolled on Register	Total No. Enrolled	Average Number Belonging	Average Daily Attendance	Percentage of Attendance on Average No. Belonging	Number of New Pupils Entered	
15	319.5	16.5	7	14	11	25	22.36	21.3	95+	Boys	Girls

No.	NAMES	Age (As on Birthday Nearest Sept. 1)	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	PRESENT	ABSENT	OFF ROLL	TARDY
1	Harriet Gardner	13															✓	14	1		
2	Mark "	10																14 1/2	1/2		
3	John "	9																15			
4	Neda Thornton	14	✓															13	1	1	
5	Neda Thornton	14			✓																
6	Clyde "	7		✓														14	1		
7	Rudence Kartchner	10																15			
8	Martin "	8																15			
9	Bonita Malone	10																15			
10	Ann Malone	9																15			
11	Pauline "	5																15			
12	Maurice Owens	11																15			
13	Keith Owens	10																15			
14	Kermeth "	7															✓	14	1		
15	Kathlyn "	5																15			
16	John Goodman	14		✓													✓	8		7	
17	Lloyd Goodman	11							✓								✓	19	2		
18	Fern "	9							✓									15			
19	Bernice Smith	7								✓							✓	10 10	14	1	3
20	Herman "	5															✓	10 10	14	1	3
21	Lynna Rogers	12								✓								7		8	
22	Thermain Johnson	13									✓						✓	12	3		
23	Adelia Frost	11																15			
24	John Hunt	11																12		3	
25	Lewdell "	9			✓													12		3	
26	Linford Pearce	10						✓		✓	✓						✓	7	4	4	

State School Register for month of September 1922

Note that John attended 8 days, Lloyd 13, and Fern 15

At age 14, John undoubtedly was helping with the harvest or round-up





Walker School, 1921

Goodman kids are: Back row: Donald 4th boy from the left

Middle row: John 2nd boy from the right

Front row: Lloyd 3rd boy from right, Fern 4th girl from left

During this time, Bill and Alvin worked for a cow outfit. Because they were such good riders, they always got stuck with that they called the "rough string." These were the horses that bucked and were hard to handle. Hyrum McCleve had a horse named Little Blue; no one could ride him. Hyrum had hired a couple of 'pokes to break Little Blue, but they always brought him back. Finally, he brought the horse to Alvin. Alvin got on him and Little Blue started bucking; he bucked and bucked, and finally gave out and laid down. Hyrum said he had never seen anything like that—the horse might as well have tried to throw his own skin as to throw Alvin. Alvin could ride anything. Alvin's success with horses would be a great benefit to the future logging efforts of the family.

Also, while the family was still living at Walker, Fern remembers that the older boys—Bill, Alvin, Walter, and Donald—went to California to work on road construction. Bill worked for a water company, but Alvin and Walter worked for Rogers Brothers as mechanics and operating the heavy equipment



Lloyd and Fern were the youngest Goodman kids to go to school at Walker. They used to stand up on the teacher's desk at various programs and sing songs that Grandma had taught them. Lloyd told his kids he loved to sit behind his cousin, Rosalie Dalton, and dip the tips of her braids in his ink well.

When the family moved back to Linden, Grandpa bought some cattle from Lars Peterson and Germ Reidhead, and a variety of other ranchers. He had previously bought cattle from Dan Mills. When they moved to the sawmill, Grandpa leased his cattle to some trusted neighbors. When they branded calves each fall, they were supposed to brand two for Grandpa and one for themselves. Because Grandpa was so honest himself, he trusted people completely, but it seemed he always came out on the losing end.

In this instance, before he realized it, he had no cattle left. All the calves had been branded with their brand.

In the tradition of the wild, wild West, Grandpa should have taken his rifle and settled the score, but that wasn't in his nature. He was more of a peacemaker. This is indicated by Don Jackson's opinion of Grandpa.

Bill Goodman was quite a character. One time (back in Clay Springs) he butchered a beef, and one of his neighbors said, "Bill, if you'll let me take a quarter of that, I'll take it back to the folks, and then I'll catch you later." Bill said, "You know damned well you won't, but you can take a quarter." So the man took a quarter of beef, but I don't know if he ever paid Bill or not.

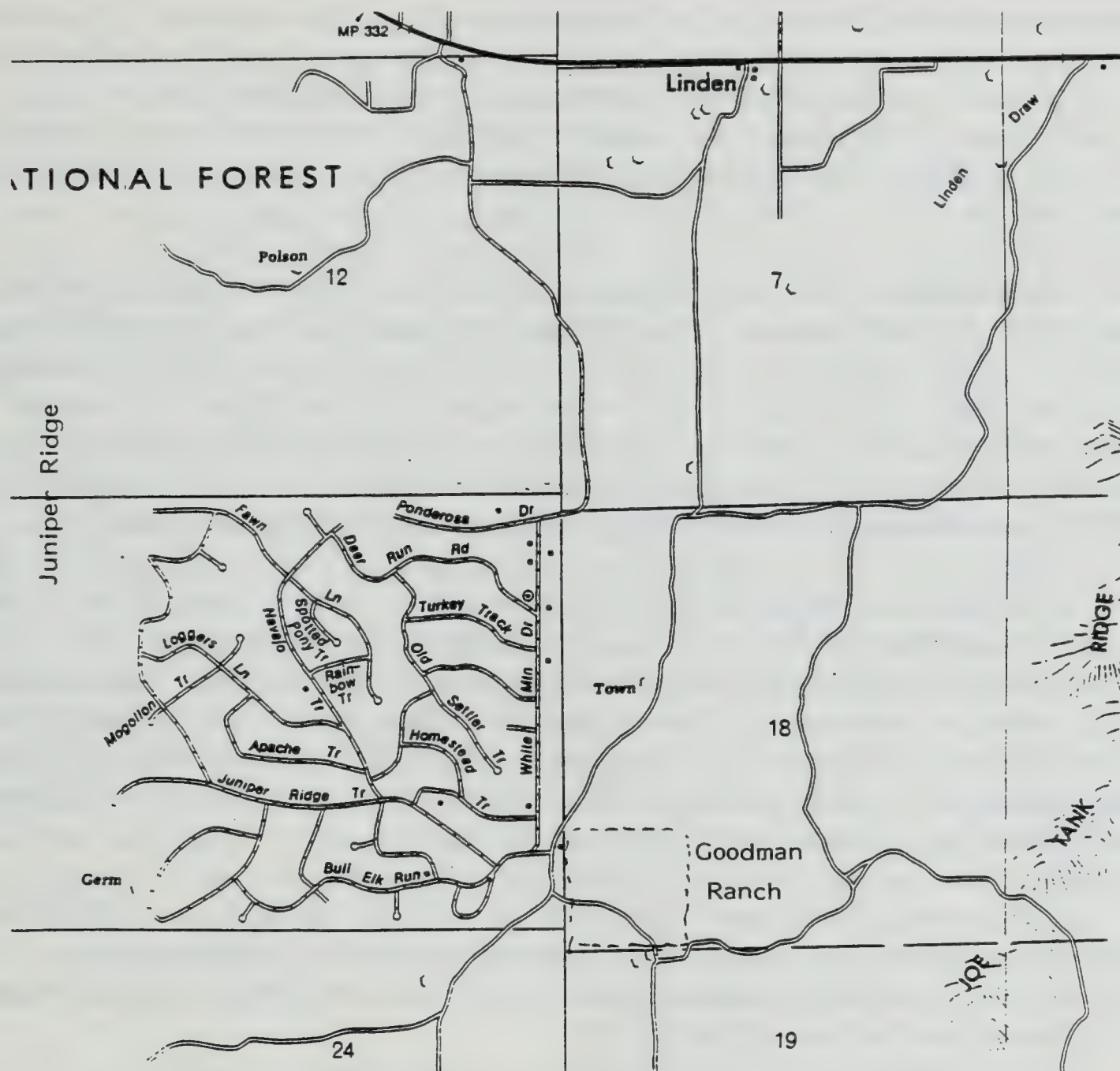
Actually, the family moved back and forth between Clay Springs and Linden for several years. Donald remembers going to the 6th grade at Clay Springs, the 7th grade at Linden, and back to Clay Springs for the 8th grade. He missed the last several weeks of



Fern in front with some of her classmates



school because Grandpa needed him to help with the cattle, so he didn't graduate from the 8th grade.



Map of Linden area showing Goodman ranch

Life was better for Grandma in Linden. This property had a well— no more hauling water from a stock tank, or the clay springs. In fact, they had two wells: the one closest to the house was used for culinary purposes, and the one further away was used to water the livestock and the garden. The setting was also much more attractive—grass, linden trees, and a small wash nearby. Grandma raised large gardens here, also, especially a big watermelon patch. The kids would take a bucket and a rope; fill the bucket in the well and pull it up. Then they'd walk around and pour the water on each plant. Grandma made sure they gave each plant enough water; of course, they were careful themselves because they knew all they had to eat was growing in Grandma's garden.



Here the family also had chickens, turkeys, pigs, and cattle. To Fern, turkey eggs were the perfect eggs to have at Eastertime. Since these eggs were naturally speckled, sometimes they wouldn't even color them, just make sure they were hard-boiled. A wash ran down in back of the house where Lloyd, Fern, and Beulah would roll their Easter eggs down the banks of the wash. The death of baby Ray left a 3½ year gap between John and Lloyd—John was too grown up to play with the “young-uns,” and probably too young to be taken seriously by the older brothers. He doesn't seem to have been the cowboy that his older siblings were.

While in Linden, Donald had a horse called PeeWee. While working for a rancher in Heber, Bill caught a little two-year old out of a wild bunch and took him home to Don, who broke him. During the first winter in Linden, PeeWee fell in the larger of the two wells, the one farthest away from the house. While trying to get a drink, he slipped in. Fortunately, there were only about four feet of water in it, so not enough to drown him. The boys spent all one day lifting him out. They built a tripod over the well, and then Bill got down in the well and laced PeeWee up in a leather sling; they were then able to hoist him out.

It was the responsibility of Fern and Beulah to keep the house supplied with water. The well for the kitchen had had a wooden curb around it, but the curb had fallen off so there was just a little square wooden platform around the well opening. Grandma would send the girls down there with an empty lard bucket for water. Fern would stand there and put her foot over the well opening and say, “I'm going to fall in. Oh, I'm going to fall in.” Beulah would scream and beg her to get back. Then all the way to the house, Fern would threaten Beulah, “Don't you tell Mama or I'll beat your little butt.”

During this time, Lloyd wore a coonskin cap with a little tail on it. One night Beulah dreamed Lloyd had fallen into the well—she could see his coonskin cap floating on top of the water. She woke up crying and refused to be comforted even when Grandma showed her that he was sleeping on the floor right next to her.

The remains of the house in Linden show it to be more of a cabin, probably 12 feet by 14 feet. It held only the necessities; the kitchen was in a lean-to which was about 12 feet wide and as long as the house. There was plenty of room in the lean-to for several beds. These beds were used by Don and John, and by the other boys—Alvin and Walter—when they were home. Frequently, they were away working for ranchers herding cows, working at a sawmill, or working with the construction crew building the “rim road.”

In the house, Grandma and Grandpa had a bedstead, but the three youngest kids—Lloyd, Fern, and Beulah—slept on the floor. First, large tarps were spread on the floor with individual beds “made” on these tarps. During the daytime, tarps and beds were rolled up together in one operation and placed against a wall. At night, they were rolled back out, and the kids went to bed.



While living on the Linden place, the family's dog was named Watch. Watch couldn't resist messing it up with porcupines. As a result, his mouth and face would occasionally be full of quills. The boys would lay him on his back and place a stick between his teeth so they could pull out the quills. Don remembers this happened so often that Watch would come home, roll over on his back and start to whine. One day Grandpa went to Holbrook and by mistake took the pliers with him (riding on a horse, mind you!) Watch again engaged a porcupine and came out the loser, but the boys had no pliers with which to pull out the quills. Grandma knew he would starve to death before Grandpa got home, so she had to tell one of the boys to take him away from the house and shoot him. She said later she had not known what a good dog he was until he was gone. As cows and pigs would be butchered, they were just left hanging in a tree and nothing bothered the meat as long as Watch was there. After Watch was gone, so was the meat.

Lloyd came home one day scared. The Thorntons had cows with big long horns. Lloyd had thrown a rock and hit one of these cows on one of her long horns. The blow knocked her down with her back downhill; she couldn't get up. He just knew he had killed her. A couple of the boys went back with him and turned her over so she could get up.

One of the local boys that Lloyd played with a lot was from a black family who lived near the Smiths. The dad's name was Lewis Smaldine, and Lloyd's friend was Richard. One day, Lloyd and Richard were jumping on Grandpa and Grandma's bed, while Grandpa sat reading nearby. Richard took one exuberant jump, and as he came down, he missed the bed and landed on his head on the floor. He got up, rubbed his head, and went back to playing. Grandpa was surprised he wasn't hurt worse, so rubbed his own hand over Richard's head. Then he said he knew why Richard got right back up, that "his hair was just like springs."

John once related an incident which took place in Linden which helped him know how much Grandma loved him.

Mama was a hard worker. She was a farmer and taught me how to farm. My father was a cow man at the time so wasn't around the place too much, so she and we boys did the farming. Well, this was when I was kinda taking over because my older brothers had gone off on jobs, so I was kinda the man around the ranch, doing the farming. We had a little bay mare we called PeeWee. Mama had her to ride quite a lot. Mama was over on the west side of the ranch at Linden, and she was doing something there. That's where her vegetable garden was. I was back over a hill down in a little draw, plowing. I was a riding disk plow, and the trail wheel that ran along in the furrow, somehow I got my foot down in there and it pulled it right back under the frame along the side of the wheel. The team was quite a gentle team, but if they got excited, the one horse we called Blue would run away. If he got scared, he ran. Well, there I was with my leg bent back there and couldn't get it out. It was caught at a right angle and I was down on my knee there. I had had to slide down off the seat. I held onto the reins tight because I knew maybe if I could hold onto the lines



real tight, it wouldn't excite the horses, or at least maybe I could hold them back. There I was. I couldn't get up, no way. I knew if I shouted loud enough, my mother would hear me. I yelled, I'll tell you. Real loud, because I knew if those horses ran away, I'd be hamburger. So I yelled a couple of times, and here Mother came, over the hill in a high run on PeeWee. She came and saved me. She got around and was able to pry the wheel up enough where I could get my leg out.

About this time Alvin was working at the sawmill in McNary. He came down with the black measles and almost died in the hospital there. The only transportation the family had at that time was by team and wagon, so weren't able to go visit him. They only knew how he was doing from people who were passing through. He went home to Linden to recuperate, and the younger children were amazed to see him with no hair.

The kids rode PeeWee to school in Linden when it was snowy—Beulah's first year in school. Until it snowed, they walked to school. John and Lloyd generally walked in all weather, but Beulah was too small to walk so she and Fern rode PeeWee. The boys put both girls in the saddle and then took off for the school house. By the time the girls arrived, John and Lloyd were there to help the girls off the horse and tie it up for the day. The same thing would happen at the end of the school day.

Some kids will do anything for a day out of school. Don and John were doing janitor work at the Linden school house for \$5 a month. A hole developed under the school house and a skunk had taken up residence there. Finally, the boys decided enough was enough, and they set a trap. These seasoned trappers were successful, but not everyone was happy. When Mrs. Murphy, the teacher, opened the door the next morning, the odor overwhelmed her. She turned on her heel, mounted her little white horse, and rode straight to Grandpa and Grandma's place to complain. However, since it was a one-room building, it was easy to open all doors and windows and air the place out. School was out only a couple of days.

Grandma's sister, Sarah, had married Dan Mills. Their son, Gilbur, or Gib, was just younger than Lloyd. These two were called the cousin twins. Gib recalls pleasant times with Lloyd on the ranch near Linden.

Uncle Bill's ranch was just above Ted Smith's. I never did go to the ranch in Clay Springs that I remember. It was always in Linden, back toward the reservation line. I went to Jump Off Canyon with them several times—down to the cow camp. At one time my dad and Uncle Bill were partners on the cows. Uncle Bill told us that he rode into a trapper's camp one evening just in time for supper. The trapper had a roast and it was pretty white meat. After Uncle Bill got through eating, he asked what the meat was, and the trapper replied, "It's lion." Uncle Bill said, "I sure hope you're lyin'." But said it was pretty good eatin'.



Any time of day anyone got to the Goodman house, Uncle Bill would ask, "Have you had anything to eat?"

They had a big stock tank up at the ranch, and Lloyd and I had some BB guns, and I guess we killed all the bullfrogs out of that tank.

The Goodmans would usually come over to our house from Linden at Christmas time because they would have dances here in Show Low. If there wasn't room enough in the house to sleep, the boys would sleep in the barn in the hay. One Fourth of July they came over here to stay a couple of days. Dad had a truck with a canvas over the bed where Lloyd and I were going to sleep that night. The canvas must have had a little hole in it, because the rain ran down the canvas and soaked us. In the middle of the night I said to Lloyd, "Hell, Lloyd, get up and go pee; don't pee on me!" And he said, "I ain't peeing on you; you're peeing on me." Finally we were both so wet we had to get up and go into the house.<sup>25</sup>

Another favorite wintertime activity for the Goodman family in Linden was ice skating. The tank that was best for skating was the Forest tank, located on the National Forest. Alvin is remembered as being the best skater in the family. He was agile and well-coordinated.

One day in the fall of 1923, Grandpa was in a bank in Holbrook and heard about a sawmill near Wolf Mountain in Apache County being repossessed by a bank in Albuquerque from John Anderson, the original owner. Maybe he thought the family could make a better living at a sawmill than running cattle during this particular time. Anyway, for whatever reason, Grandpa saddled his big bay horse and rode to Albuquerque to see about buying it. It's approximately 300 miles one-way between Linden and Albuquerque. Depending on the terrain, a man could ride between 30 and 50 miles per day. Grandpa probably made the ride in eight days. We don't know why he didn't take the train; maybe they had no spare cash.

His efforts were successful. Donald remembers a purchase price of \$3,500. The mill was located on the Sitgreaves National Forest, so the purchase price included only the mill equipment, buildings, and logging permit from the Forest Service. The bank continued to hold the mortgage on the mill.

So, in the spring and summer of 1924, the William and Hannah Goodman family left Navajo County forever and moved east to Apache County. Their destination—the Wolf Mountain sawmill—was about 7 miles south of Vernon, on the Bannon-McNary road.

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<sup>25</sup>Oral interview with Gilbur Mills in May 1991 by Dale Goodman and Gloria Andrus.



Here is a recap of the family moves from the time Grandma and Grandpa got married up to the time they moved to the sawmill: Linden, Pinetop, Fort Apache, Cibecue and Carrizo, Jumpoff Canyon, Pinedale, Clay Springs, Linden, Clay Springs, Linden, and then to Vernon.

### Brands Used by the Goodman Family

#### Navajo County Brands

HE △ E E  
W

#### Apache County Brands

RL FB G HC  
R AV DG U

Some of the brands used by the Goodman family



## Chapter 6

### William Ezra Goodman and Hannah McNeil

### Apache County Years

The year 1924 witnessed several varied and interesting events in our nation. Woodrow Wilson died in Washington, D.C.;<sup>1</sup> Calvin Coolidge was elected President on the Republican Ticket; Johnny Weissmuller set a world swimming record for 100 meters at the Olympic Games in Paris; the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie" began in the New York Daily News; and Clarence Birdseye invented a method for the quick-freezing of foods. And the Goodman family moved from Navajo County to Apache County, Arizona. In 1920, the population of Apache County was 13,196; Navajo County was slightly more populated with 16,077 persons.<sup>2</sup>

The area in the White Mountains of Arizona to which Grandpa brought his family in the summer of 1924 is an historically famous area. Stewart Udall and archeologist Dr. Emil Haury, with the backing of the Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, have studied Coronado's trail through Arizona, both indoors and in the field. The conquistadors, after leaving the San Carlos area, crossed the Black River and then the White River in late June 1540. Udall wrote:

The trail beyond today's White River is easy to trace. The horsemen rode on the benchland on the west side of the North Fork of the White River to Post Office Canyon. After detouring west around this natural obstacle, they veered northeast to the vicinity of McNary where the route probably parallels the present dirt road from McNary to Vernon, through the ponderosa forest on the roof of the Mogollon Rim, and thence to a bivouac at a spring in the area of Lookout Mountain.

This site would achieve a place in history as "The Camp of Death," where the first soldier and several native allies perished after eating a wild plant (water hemlock).

The path from the Camp of Death descended to open, rolling country featuring volcanic cones and vistas of a vast plateau. . . . From high knolls near Vernon, on a clear day one can see the outline of Towayalene, the sacred Corn Mountain in the heart of Zuni country, so it is likely the old trail ran straight toward Hawikuh.<sup>3</sup>

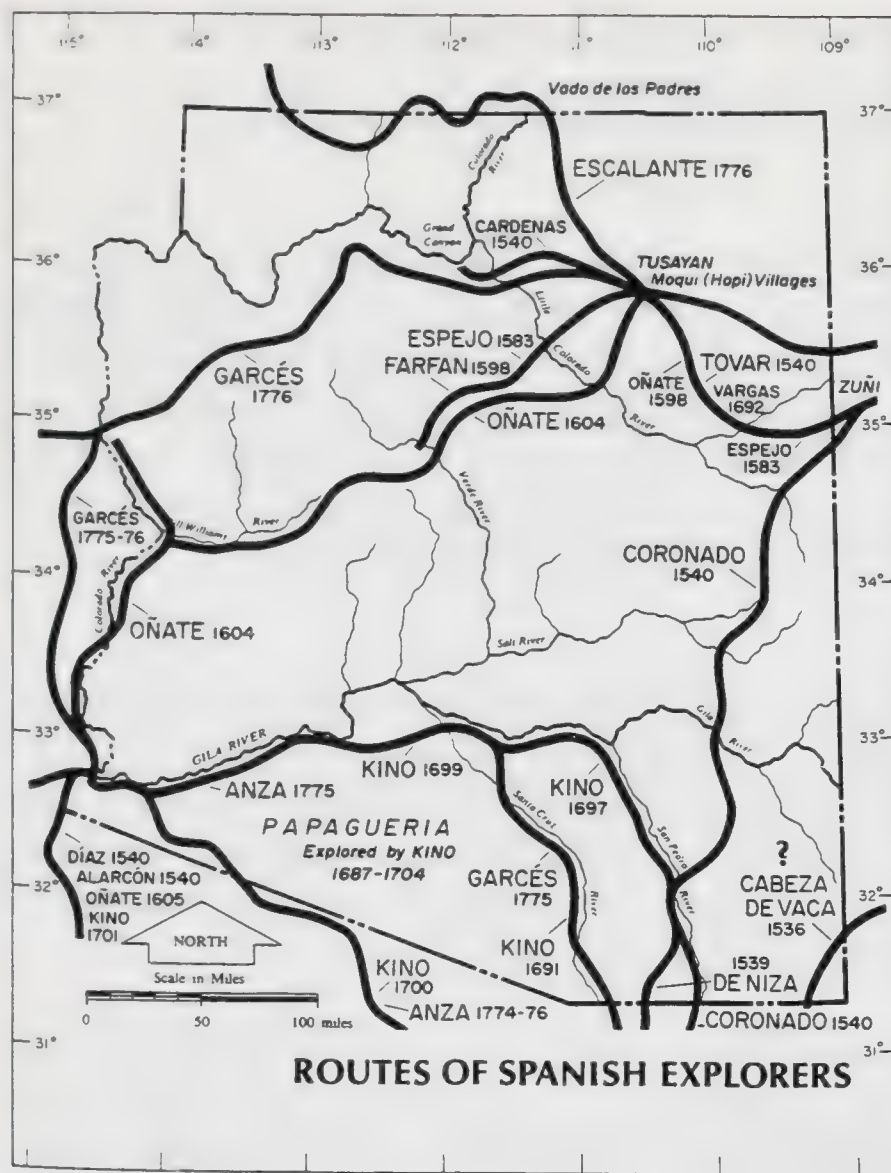
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<sup>1</sup>Many of these historical dates were taken from *The Century Book: A Family Record and U.S. History Chronology*, by Joan Potter Loveless, Century Press, La Prada, NM., 1993.

<sup>2</sup>*Historical Atlas of Arizona*, p. 61.

<sup>3</sup>Stewart Udall, *In Coronado's Footsteps*, Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, Tucson, Arizona, 1991, pp 15-16.





The Goodman family was not hoping to find anything near so splendid as the Seven Cities of Gold in that move 71 years ago, but did hope to begin a new life with some financial security. The sawmill which Grandpa had purchased helped to keep most of the family together most of the time for the next 20 years or so.

The family began its trek from the homestead in Linden to Wolf Mountain. Their route ran from Show Low east and slightly south. The meadow to which they were headed is identified on current maps as McKay Springs.

What Grandpa had bought for \$3,500 at the bank in Albuquerque was the sawmilling equipment, a Forest Service lease, and a logging permit of an existing sawmill. John Anderson, of

Vernon, had originally built the mill, but it had been repossessed by the bank. Since the sawmill was on the Sitgreaves National Forest, no purchase of land was involved. Grandpa had had years of sawmilling experience starting in Chama, New Mexico, and felt sure he and his sons could make a living at Wolf Mountain.

The wagon tracks to the sawmill skirted Wolf Mountain on the south, and the family entered the meadow from the west (on the opposite side from the present road between Vernon and McNary). Grandpa had a team of horses which pulled the wagons when the family moved. These horses were Blue and Nickel; other horses coming with them were Pee Wee, and Don's horse, Lad. Three trips were required to move everything over to the Wolf Mountain sawmill site.

At ages 53 and 46, Grandpa and Grandma were essentially starting over once again, and most of their nine living children came with them. Frances, 26 years of age and married, stayed in the Pinedale area with her husband, Horace. Bill, at 25, was away from home more than he was at home; he and Mary Gholson would be married in December 1924. The other children moved to the sawmill with the family:



Alvin, 23; Walter, 21; Donald, 18; John, 16; Lloyd, 12  
Fern, 10; Beulah, 7



Suggested route from Show Low to McKay Springs

Grandpa knew he had to depend on Alvin and Walter to help him get the mill up and running. John and Lloyd would be more help later on, but Donald never took to sawmilling. In fact, he was the one exception as the family moved to the sawmill. He elected to stay in Linden and herd cows for Grandpa until the herd could be disposed of.

Beulah was so excited to finally arrive at their new home, that, as soon as they reached the "old" barn, she jumped off the wagon and went running to see the house. Before she knew it, she was knee deep in the sticky black mud of the cienega, and Fern had to help extract her from the mud.

Included with the household furnishings and other items which the family moved were a flock of white turkeys which would nest in the trees around the mill site. It wasn't long before mill workers in McNary heard about these tame turkeys; soon there were no white turkeys to be found.



The house into which the family moved was a two-room house, with a long porch facing north toward the mill and the sawdust pile. A small spring off the northeast corner of the porch provided the drinking water. In this "little" spring, the cold, clear water ran out of cracks in the rocks. When the family arrived, the water off the northwest corner tended to pool up. So Grandpa and the boys dug out a large hole so the water could collect and run into a ditch which ran north past the sawmill and provided the water for the steam boiler. It was also Grandma's "cooler." This was always referred to as the "big" spring.

In the large kitchen and dining room of the main house, the most obvious feature was the cookstove. It was a large stove, which boasted a 15 gallon reservoir—when there was a fire in the stove, the family had lots of hot water. This was filled, of course, from one of the springs. There was never running water piped into that house, or any of the houses (shacks, really) built then or later.

The kitchen and dining room took up the entire north half of the house; there was an opening between the two rooms, but no door to shut. The south half (or back half) of the house was divided about  $\frac{2}{3}$  and  $\frac{1}{3}$ . The smaller room had a double wall which had been packed with sawdust for insulation and was apparently used as a storage room before the Goodmans arrived. This was the room in which Grandpa and Grandma and Fern and Beulah slept. The larger room was used as a bedroom for the boys. It was plenty large for several beds.

When the Goodmans moved into the Main house (as it came to be called), it was pitch dark. They found there were no window panes in the window openings. The previous family had made hinged shutters which could be opened during the day and closed at night. Car windshields came in two flat pieces of glass in those days (not curved like our are today), so Grandpa put one of those halves in the opening in the northeast corner of the living room.

In those mill houses, where there were beds, there were bedbugs. (Actually, bedbugs plagued people in most homes of that time.) This probably accounts for the little ditty repeated in many homes of an evening: *Good night, sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite.* And when Lloyd's and Ruth's house burned, one of Lloyd's first comments was "That's one good way to get rid of the bedbugs." Grandma even set the legs of the beds in cans filled with kerosene, but the little varmints always found a way to get into bed with everyone and get their daily dose of blood.

Except for the smaller of the two bedrooms which was double-walled, the rest of the house had only one layer of boards. A narrow strip of lumber had been nailed over each "seam" (where two boards fitted together), so the house was tight and no wind blew through the cracks. However, when asked how they kept warm during winter nights, both Donald and Beulah said it was darn hard to keep warm. Grandma would pile mountains of quilts on each bed, but on many mornings there would be ice on the bed covers where the sleeper had



breathed during the night. Beulah remembers that the kitchen/dining room had a ceiling, but in the sleeping area, the room extended clear on up to the roof.

The floors were wood floors, made with tongue and groove lumber. They were nicely planed, but still had to be scrubbed on hands and knees with a scrub brush.

Grandma was an excellent cook, but the crew at the sawmill would test her (and other's) abilities over the next 20 years. She cooked for the men who worked there (unless they had families living at the mill), plus her own large family. Her own boys were mostly grown with adult appetites. All she had to look forward to was cooking three large meals and baking a big batch of bread each day, with only two adolescent girls to help. There wasn't much to cook with in those days, and no conveniences to help her, but her children remember the delicious meals she prepared. In the summer when the mill was running, it wasn't unusual to have 16 to 21 people around the long dining room table at mealtime.

Fern recalls that 'Mama cooked for everyone, and our days started at four o'clock in the mornings in the summer. In the wintertime they couldn't run the mill because of too much snow—and it really snowed in those days. The men couldn't log until it thawed in the spring. They'd wait until the snow melted, but the ground was still frozen. But when they started logging, it was three meals a day, and they were hungry!. Mama baked bread almost every day. She always made baking powder biscuits for breakfast. Sometimes she'd make biscuits for dinner (the noon meal in those days), and big batches of cornbread at night for supper. But it wasn't just bread and milk; the men had to have something else, a real he-man's meal. But we had very little meat, because there was no way to keep it from spoiling in the summertime. (A decade or so later, Lloyd would built the icehouse.) Mama had her garden down by Pancho Springs, but didn't really raise enough vegetables out there to feed these men. Meals were mostly potatoes and beans, potatoes and gravy, and fried potatoes. We'd use hundreds and hundreds of pounds of potatoes; Papa would bring them up from Holbrook. We didn't have fresh fruit around here, but at that time we could get dried fruit in big boxes—apples, peaches, apricots, raisins and stuff like that, so Mama used to cook those. I can also remember her macaroni and cheese. We'd get cheese in the big horns; we'd have a couple of those a year.

'Mama didn't always fix dessert, but occasionally she'd make dumplings or a cake. But she couldn't do that every day for two meals, so we just ate lots of bread. We didn't use as much butter then. We didn't think we had to have butter on our bread like we do now. Generally, if we had hot biscuits, sometimes we'd have butter. We did have one little cow up there named Pet, and sometimes Mama would make buttermilk or sour milk biscuits. But I never heard even one man complain about her cooking. In fact, they ate until you'd have thought they'd burst wide open.

'Now, in the wintertime, we'd have some meat because it was so cold then, they could butcher a beef or go out and get a deer. They'd hang it on the north side of the house and



wrap a sheet around it. It would freeze and never thaw out. We'd bring those quarters of meat in and slice off what we wanted to use and take it back out and hang it up again. It was just like cutting a piece of ice. This was always used as steaks. But Mama would make some stews out of the bones. Then in the spring when the meat would start to thaw, and she knew she wasn't going to be able to keep it, she'd cut it all into steaks and fry them just enough to brown 'em good and put them in 2-quart bottles. She had a pressure cooker by that time, and she'd pressure that meat. I'll tell you what, that was the most delicious stuff when we opened it up—all that rich gravy. I can taste it yet."

The family also butchered a couple of pigs each fall. Those provided meat during the winter, as well as lard for Grandma's soap.



Grandpa and Pet

Even though Grandma's boys didn't help cook during the summer, they had to learn to cook. There were no girls in the family between Frances and Fern, so all the boys became good cooks (a fact much appreciated by their future wives and children). In fact, one summer when Grandma was ill, Donald took over the kitchen. He tells the amusing story of how he stewed raisins and the mill hands just wrinkled up their noses. The next night he poured those raisins in a crust, and everyone ate raisin pie.

At one time Grandpa decided to grow a big bunch of potatoes up at Cecil Naegle's on the old Kraft place. He and John went up there and plowed up a big area where they were going to plant those potatoes. When it was all plowed, Grandpa wouldn't plant the potatoes. He told John that the moon wasn't right. John wanted to get the potatoes planted, so he said, "I don't plant my potatoes in the moonlight anyway; I plant them in the ground." But Grandpa made him wait until the moon was just right. Beulah said she never saw so many potatoes or such huge ones.

Grandpa always had to have something to drink with his meals, even if it was just a cup of warm water. Once, as he got up to get a cup of coffee, the diners heard a terrible



racket. Grandma asked what the matter was. "Oh," he replied, "the damn cat got mixed up between my teeth." He meant to say "feet," and this became a lasting family joke.

It was up to Fern and Beulah to do the dishes, and, as they got older, to help cook. But, on one day when they were still little, Beulah rebelled and climbed a tree to get out of helping with the dishes. She didn't think Fern would climb up after her. To her amazement, however, Fern climbed right up there and then spanked her all the way down that tree.

Grandma made all the girls' clothes, and was an excellent seamstress. She was undoubtedly taught to sew by Grandma McNeil. And as she had to make clothes for herself and the kids, she perfected her skills. There were no unfinished seams in the clothes she made—they were either double-seamed, or she turned the raw edges under and finished them off. Someone once said that, "all those McNeil girls liked to get gussied up." It's wonderful that they had personal pride in spite of the trouble it took.

Fern also talked about her clothes as a young girl. "We never wore pants then. We wore dresses and we wore stockings. We kept them up with supporters. It was a deal that came up over your shoulders, sort of like suspenders, with a strip of cloth that went between them in the front and in the back to keep them from sliding off your shoulders. They came clear down the fronts and backs of your legs and had sort of a rubber button on them with a hook that went over the button. We had both cotton and wool stockings—wool in the winter and cotton in the summer. We also had to wear long-handled underwear then. How I hated those as a little girl! We didn't have underclothes that we could change into every day. If we had two suits, we bathed once a week. If we were lucky, we had three suits—long legs and long sleeves, even in the summer. Lots of times in the summer, we might go bare-footed and not wear stockings. But when we got old enough that we didn't want to go bare-footed, we had to wear those stockings.

"Finally, silk stockings became available, but I don't remember Mama ever wearing any. She'd always buy cotton stockings, and she'd wear them for everything. She'd have maybe a couple of pair that she'd save for Sunday best. I guess I was about 14 when I got my first silk stockings." (And, it wasn't until World War II that nylon stockings became available.)

Unfortunately, all those clothes had to be washed. According to Fern: "It was a long day on the washboards for a long time. Shirts by the dozens, and the men wore long-handled underwear all the time then—woolen ones in the winter and cotton in the summer. Then it got to where they started wearing what they called BVD's. The laundry would take all day long to wash for that many people. It was hard, and it was outside during the summers and inside during the winter months. Mama had a big old black cast iron kettle outside the house. She also had a big copper wash boiler on the stove in the house. The cast iron kettle had three legs and was put on big rocks and a fire built under it. That's where we'd wash on the washboards. After everything had been washed, we'd also use it to boil the white clothes in



so as to take out all the stains. Of course, we didn't have bleaches, but we used lye. The lye was a powder and it would help bring the stains out, but it was different from bleach. It didn't take the color out of clothes like the bleach does. Her white clothes had to be white as snow. She took a lot of pride in her white clothes." (And everyone used bluing in their rinse water in those days.)



Grandma's cast iron kettle

This copper wash boiler held about 20 gallon of water. Although the cookstove had a 15 gallon reservoir, that was not enough hot water for wash days.

The black cast iron kettle outside sitting on the rocks was what Grandma used to make her soap in. She made most of her own soap from grease rendered from pigs slaughtered by the family. Game animals usually didn't have enough fat on them to help with Grandma's collection of grease. But she'd save bacon drippings and

every other little bit of grease she could collect for her summer soap-making project. The recipe for homemade soap is really quite simple: Lots of lard, some water, and some lye. Those women who had some sort of scent, like rosemary, would also add some of that; Grandma never had anything that fancy.

Grandma would mix her lard, water, and lye in the kettle and bring it to a slow boil. She had a large wooden paddle with which she stirred the mixture. This had to boil slowly for several hours, and she kept testing it by lifting her paddle out of the mixture to test its consistency. When most of the water had been boiled out, and it looked sort of stringy like taffy candy, she declared it done. This would then cool for awhile in the kettle, probably until she could handle the kettle without getting burned. The thick mixture would then be poured out on a board, and sort of shaped up with the paddle. When fully cool, Grandma would cut it into small bars or cubes—nothing fancy, just so she could hold it in her hand and cut off little shavings to be dissolved in the wash water.

Fern and Beulah remember that the boys didn't like their Levis washed; they didn't want them to shrink or fade. So, they'd wear them until they were so stiff with grease and pitch and dirt that they'd stand by themselves in the corner of the bedroom. But not so with shirts. Both girls remember the endless ironings for their five brothers and their dad.



It was not possible in those days to buy clothes that didn't wrinkle; there were no blends or permanent-press clothes. All those shirts worn by all those brothers and Grandpa had to be ironed. The ironing was done with stove irons (sometimes called "sad" irons). The family had four or five of these to keep heating on the stove because they cooled off so quickly. Whoever was ironing would unlatch the handle from the cool iron and click it onto a hot one and go right on ironing. (Sometimes a pan would be placed over the irons on the stove to help them heat up faster.) After clicking onto a fresh iron, however, it was best to run it first over another piece of fabric to make sure there was nothing on the bottom of the iron which would stain the clean article being ironed.

The family didn't have a lot of time for family outings, but Fern remembers a couple. "There was just a big flatbed on the back of the truck, and we all piled on that thing and went way up on Gooseberry and Black River and went fishing. Mama fried the fish in a dutch oven. Another time, we went down to Floy to a big lake there that had a lot of carp in it. They used a seine (like they used in the days of the Savior when they were fishing). It was a net attached to sticks; one would hang on to each end, and wade out into that old muddy water and bring those fish out of there. Lloyd was too young, but the older boys did that. Then we all piled back on the truck and came home on that flatbed, with the wind whipping around us. We could almost go 25 miles an hour, but more like 15 to 20. All we had in those days were dirt roads, really just wagon tracks, not graded or anything.

"That was about all our family outings. People worked so hard. They worked six days a week on the mill, and would go to work at 6 o'clock in the morning and work until noon. They'd have an hour off for lunch and then work until 6 that evening. So we didn't have too many outings. Oh, sometimes, we'd take Saturdays off and go do something.

"I started going to dances when I was about 15. I'm not going to tell you who my first boy friend was—that's getting too personal. My first dances were in the old Vernon school house. But my brothers were good brothers. They took good care of us girls. After I got old enough to go to dances, I'd go with them in to Show Low to dances and things. They were always happy to take me. They never said they didn't want to be bothered with me. We'd leave the mill and go up through McNary and down to Show Low. There'd be lots of snow and no graded roads. We'd push snow in front of the radiator, and my feet would be so cold. Depending on how much snow there was, it could take a couple of hours to get to McNary. We'd try to leave like 6 o'clock and maybe sometimes earlier than that if the snow was bad. Sometimes, we'd stay in Show Low at Aunt Sarah Mills', and sometimes I'd go to Grandma McNeil's to stay. And the boys would go over there and stay with Aunt Sarah's boys. When it wasn't bad weather, we'd go back home. Sometimes it would be 3 o'clock in the morning when we got home. And sometimes the boys had to get up at 6 o'clock and go to work during the summer if the mill was running. But we all had good times."



Cecil Naegle (who was John's age) talked about going to the dances with the Goodman boys. "We used to gang up and go to the dances—the Naegle boys and the Goodman boys—and we were at the mill one night waiting for the Goodmans to get ready, and directly Brother Goodman came out of the bedroom, threw up his hands and said, 'What do you know, kicked out of my own bedroom.' He'd been drinking a little, and your Grandma had kicked him out. But he was a great person; he'd give his last dime to someone in need.

"One night we were all at a dance in Vernon, and Walter shook hands with a kid. They jerked each other and fell, and the kid fell across Walter's leg and broke it. Brother Goodman set his leg right there. After he got through, George Wilhelm was commenting on it, and said, 'Ceasars, but I wouldn't want to take a chance on it; I'd take him to a doctor.' Walter looked up at him and said, 'Yeah, but look who the hell you are, George.' Walter had great faith in his dad's skills and ability."<sup>4</sup>

Another favorite, and essential, activity for the Goodman boys was hunting. The deer and turkeys they shot provided much of the meat the family ate. Cecil continued: "I had several experiences with Alvin, mostly hunting. One day we went out and picked up turkey tracks and tracked them from the old mill site there over to just east of Pineyon, and there we found them going to roost. It got evening on us, and we got a couple of them and headed back. There were about 14 inches of snow on the ground. Before we got back to the mill, Alvin was carrying the turkey I shot and my gun; I was doing well to put one foot in front of the other. We left the turkeys there at the mill for Sister Goodman to cook for Thanksgiving. This was two days before Thanksgiving. The next day we'd come off the mountain and were going back up when we got stuck right there going up that hill to the mill. Walter came down and got us and took us in for dinner. Sister Goodman had the turkeys all cooked for Thanksgiving dinner, and the Naegles had been invited down for dinner. Walter went over to the big house and got one of those turkeys and brought it over to his house. I think your grandparents had gone to Holbrook that morning. We ate one of the turkeys there that night. They got back from Holbrook about twelve o'clock and found one of the turkeys had been eaten, so she went to work and cooked another one. I was about 28 at the time. This was just after Walter was married."

Cecil also mentioned that Walter stayed up at the Naegle place and farmed a farm for them for about two years—lived right there on the farm.

Gib Mills remembered his time at the sawmill: "Lloyd and I were about 12 years old when they moved to Vernon. But I went over to the mill quite a little bit. Lloyd had a little

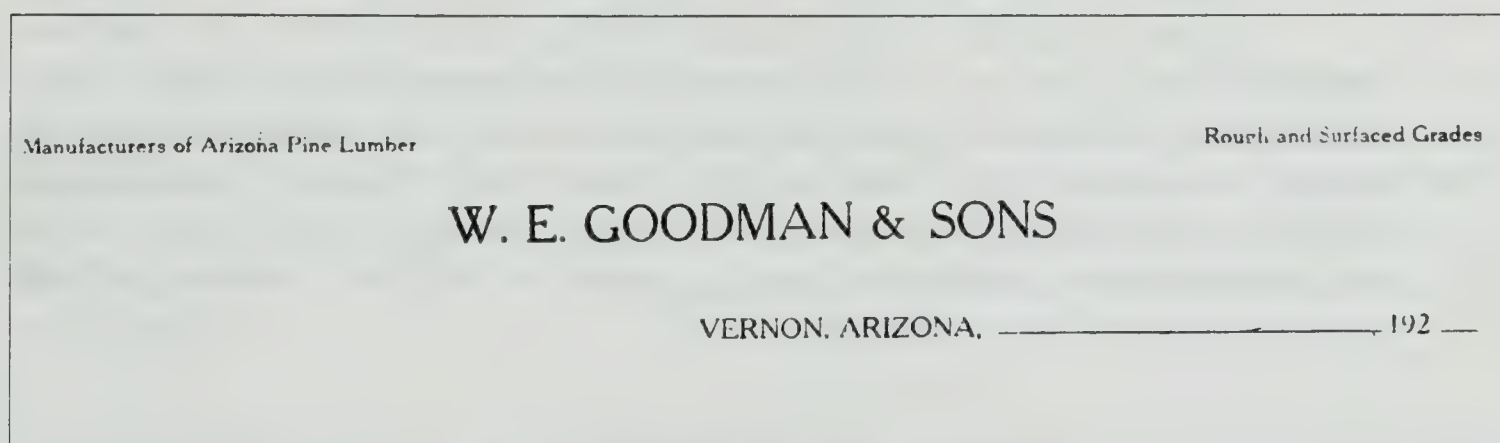
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<sup>4</sup>Oral interview between Cecil Naegle and Gloria Andrus, January 1993. Transcription in possession of Gloria Andrus. While Cecil Naegle is no blood relation to us, we grandkids always refer to him and his wife as Uncle Cecil and Aunt Mildred out of deep respect for them; the same respect we have for our own aunts and uncles. How we love them!



wagon to ride. We'd pull it out into the woods with a chuck box on it. We loved to catch chipmunks. They sure would bite you. I think they had teeth on both ends."

Lloyd also had rabbits when they first moved to the mill. The rabbit pens were in the "old" barn. It was about this time that crews were constructing the present road from Vernon to McNary<sup>5</sup>, and were using dynamite to break up some of the larger rocks. During one such blast, a large piece of rock flew through the air from the road site clear across the meadow. It fell through the roof of the barn, hit the rabbit pens, and killed several of Lloyd's rabbits.



W. E. Goodman & Sons letterhead

Let's now talk about the sawmill and answers questions relating to it and its operation. First, there had to be trees. One publication noted that:

There are more than a hundred different species of trees in Arizona, but the saw timber stand consists mainly of four—ponderosa or western yellow pine, Douglas fir, white fir, and Engelmann spruce. Of these, about 90 per cent is ponderosa pine, a soft fine-grained inexpensive wood in demand for sashes and doors, flooring, and general millwork. The largest forest of this pine, about three hundred miles long and between twenty and sixty miles wide, begins north of the Grand Canyon and extends through the central part of the state into New Mexico. The most important logging operations are concentrated in this area, with the biggest lumber mills located at Williams, Flagstaff, and McNary.<sup>6</sup>

Grandpa's cutting allotment from the Forest Service was known as the Wolf Mountain Logging Unit, and was part of the Black River Working Circle. Joseph Hereford wrote:

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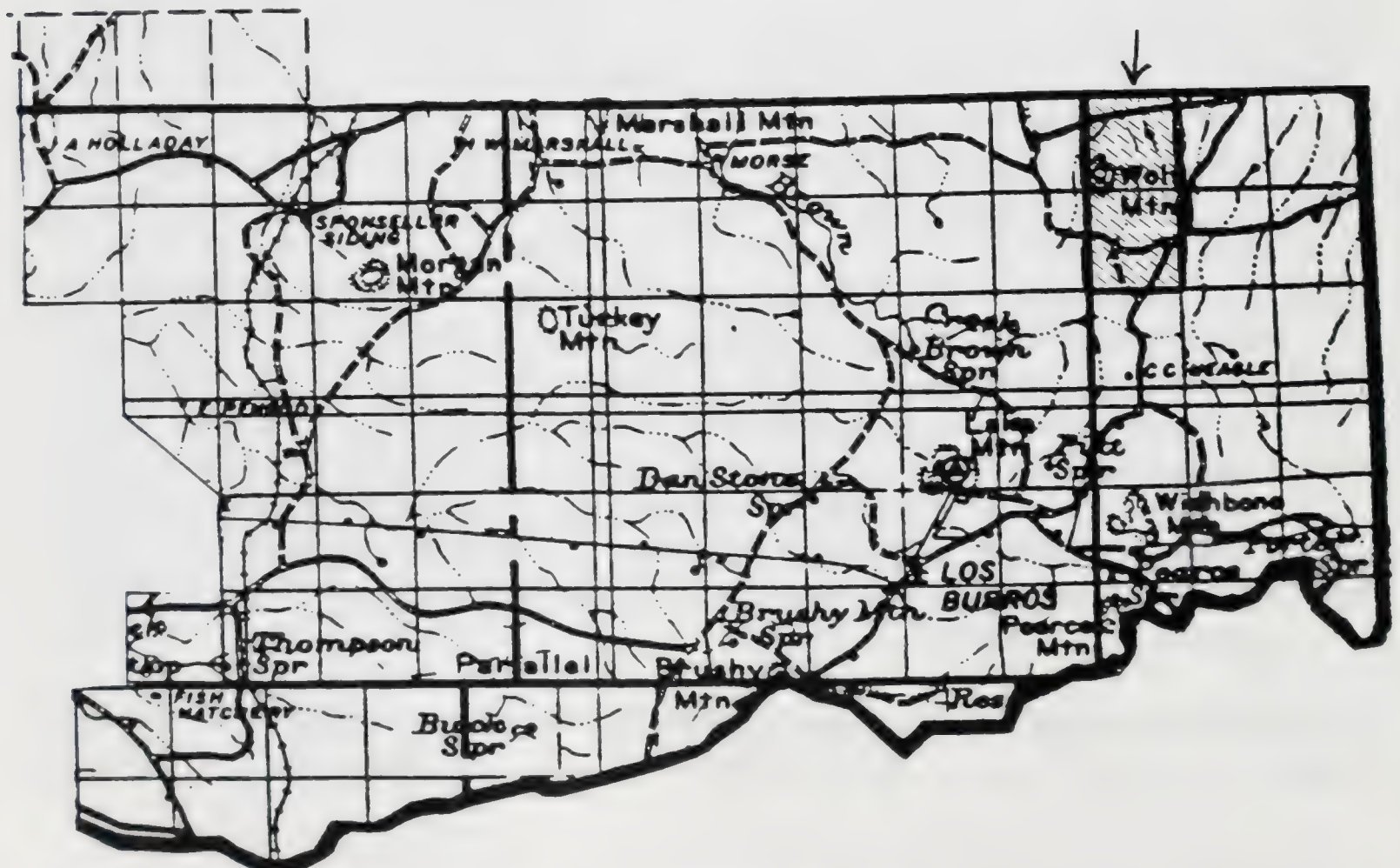
<sup>5</sup>When the Goodmans first moved to the sawmill, the road to Vernon ran straight north from the mill, past Willow Springs and connected with the Lakehole/Vernon road near Ojo Bonito Springs. Uncle Donald mentioned many trips to the Bannon store.

<sup>6</sup>*Arizona, A State Guide*, Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of Arizona. New York: Hastings House, MCMXLI, p. 94.



I have very little information about any of the sawmill operations other than the one at McNary, which has been the focus of my research (on the Apache Railroad). Occasionally, I've run across some incidental information concerning some of the small mills which operated in the area. For example, a summary of the timber management plan for the Black River Working Circle as of January 1936, mentions the Wolf Mountain Logging Unit as one of the logging units on that part of the Sitgreaves National Forest within the Working Circle. The Wolf Mountain Unit was identified as being "Reserved for local mill." The estimated gross volume of timber on the unit was 12,399,000 board feet.

I've marked the apparent location of the Wolf Mountain Unit on the enclosed map, which is a copy of part of a 1940 map of the Sitgreaves National Forest. I don't know whether the Wolf Mountain Unit occupied the entire two sections indicated on the map, or whether it was limited to those two sections. The blue line on the map shows the boundaries of the 1917 timber sale to the Apache Lumber Co., so the exclusion of the two sections indicated suggests that the Wolf Mountain Unit was comprised more or less of that area.<sup>7</sup>



Map of Wolf Mountain Unit

<sup>7</sup>Joseph P. Hereford, Jr., letter dated October 12, 1994 to Gloria Andrus.



Larger operators such as the mill at McNary didn't especially like small independent sawmills. However, Forest Service policy was that everyone should be allowed to make a living, so was fair about reserving an allotment for independent operators.

To ensure that timber stands would be perpetuated and not overcut (as, unfortunately, had happened in the Chama, New Mexico area where Grandpa learned sawmilling), Forest Service officers marked each tree that could be cut.<sup>8</sup> The timber in this area consisted of those wonderful yellow Ponderosa pines. (Its pitch makes the most incredible pine gum. Better than "store-bought" gum, any day.)

Grandpa paid so much per thousand board feet for the permit to cut trees. Forest Service officers would first just estimate how much they had marked, but would later do an accurate scaling (measuring) and make any adjustments needed—either in favor of Grandpa or the Forest Service. Donald remembers the cost at about \$2.50 per thousand board-feet. The Forest Service also paid 25¢ for snag. Snags were the dead trees which they wanted out of the forest.

The profit at the sawmill came from whatever Grandpa could make over what he paid the Forest Service, what he paid the men who worked for him, and what he had to pay on the mortgage for the mill equipment. Don remembers that it was a very slim margin.

Donald recalled that "The mill was built when we bought it, but Alvin and Walter and Dad, they re-done the whole thing. The first truck at the sawmill was just a chassis, steering wheel, and an engine. Didn't even have a seat nor a bed. We built the bed. I may have even built a cab over the damn thing out of lumber."

Don also mentioned that "All our payments and everything were mailed to New Mexico. I don't remember what bank, but I remember one time, they came up there to the mill, to see how the mill was going, I guess. Alvin and Laura and I were standing there when they came up in their big car, and Alvin says, 'There's the fellows you're working for.' We didn't have the damn thing paid off."

The family never shut down just to take a vacation like we do now—there was usually something to be done around the place. But they never, ever worked on Sunday.

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<sup>8</sup>*Timeless Heritage: A History of the Forest Service in the Southwest*, United States Department of Agriculture, Forest Service Publication, FS-409, p. 80. Several of the pictures used herein are taken from this non-copyrighted publication.



Over the years, to keep things afloat, Grandpa had to take out chattel mortgages on various items of personal property. Here are some dates of mortgage and items mortgaged<sup>9</sup>:

March 31, 1926, from Wm. E. Goodman and W. F. Goodman, and A. E. Goodman, to Southwestern Sash and Door Company, in the sum of \$600.00, to be paid by June 30, 1926. Property mortgaged was "60,000 board feet of Arizona Pine lumber stacked and piled in the Sitgreaves National Forest." (This mortgage was released on January 21, 1927.)

August 27, 1926, from Wm. Goodman to The Round Valley Bank, in the sum of \$400.00, to be paid by October 27, 1926. Property mortgaged was "One Chevrolet Truck (gives ID numbers), one work horse branded *RL*, one work horse branded *FB*, one work horse branded *G*, one work horse branded *RL*." (This mortgage was released on September 3, 1929.)

March 12, 1928, from Wm. E. Goodman to Round Valley Bank, in the sum of \$350.00, to be paid by September 10, 1928. Property mortgaged was (the same property as the August 27 note, but with One Planer added). (This mortgage was released on September 10, 1929.)

The economic collapse which resulted in the Great Depression occurred on October 17, 1929. Money became tight and the dollar's value increased as noted by the following transactions. Whereas in 1926 Grandpa mortgaged 60,000 board feet of lumber and received \$600, he would now be required to mortgage the entire mill and receive only \$200, as noted in the following transactions:

March 27, 1930, from W. E. Goodman to First National Bank of Holbrook, in the sum of \$200.00, to be paid by May 23, 1930. Property mortgaged was "One saw mill consisting of engine, boiler, planer, and edger, together with all equipment, utensils and tools used in connection with and being a part of said sawmill."

December 6, 1930, from Wm. E. Goodman, to The First National Bank of Holbrook, in the sum of \$300.00, to be paid by March 6, 1931. Property mortgaged was "One saw-mill consisting of one engine, fifty H.P. - steam, one boiler — sixty H.P.; saw husk complete consisting of carriage, saw frame, saw; planer and all other equipment."

July 22, 1931, from William E. Goodman, to The First National Bank of Holbrook, in the sum of \$200.00, to be paid by July 22, 1931. Property mortgaged was "The

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<sup>9</sup>These are all documents from the office of the County Recorder, Apache County, in St. Johns, researched by Dale and Norma Goodman. Photocopies are in the possession of Gloria Goodman Andrus.



Goodman Saw Mill located on Section Seven, Township 9N, Range 25E, Apache County, Arizona, located seven miles South of Vernon, Arizona. Said saw mill consisting of: engine, boiler, planes, saw carriage, saws, and other equipment used in connection with the mill."

September 18, 1937, from W. E. Goodman, to First National Bank, in the sum of \$125.00, to be paid by December 17, 1937. Property mortgaged was "All cattle branded as follows, which consist of three cows branded on the left side: one branded on the left side, one branded on the left side; and one branded *AV* on the left side, and two horses branded on the left side as follows *DG*, and also one horse unbranded known as Rowdy, together with said brands and the right to use thereof and together with all increase therefrom of the cattle and the horses."

Two of the boys also filed chattel mortgages as they purchased cars:

April 19, 1928, Walter F. Goodman to Joy B. Patterson, in the sum of \$600.00 to be paid by September 19, 1928. Property mortgaged was "One new 1928 Chevrolet Carbrolet (with ID numbers)."

June 9, 1934, John Goodman to James M. Buckelew, in the sum of \$100.00, to be paid by December 9, 1934. Property mortgaged was "One Plymouth Sedan (with ID numbers)." (The mortgage was released on December 8, 1934.)

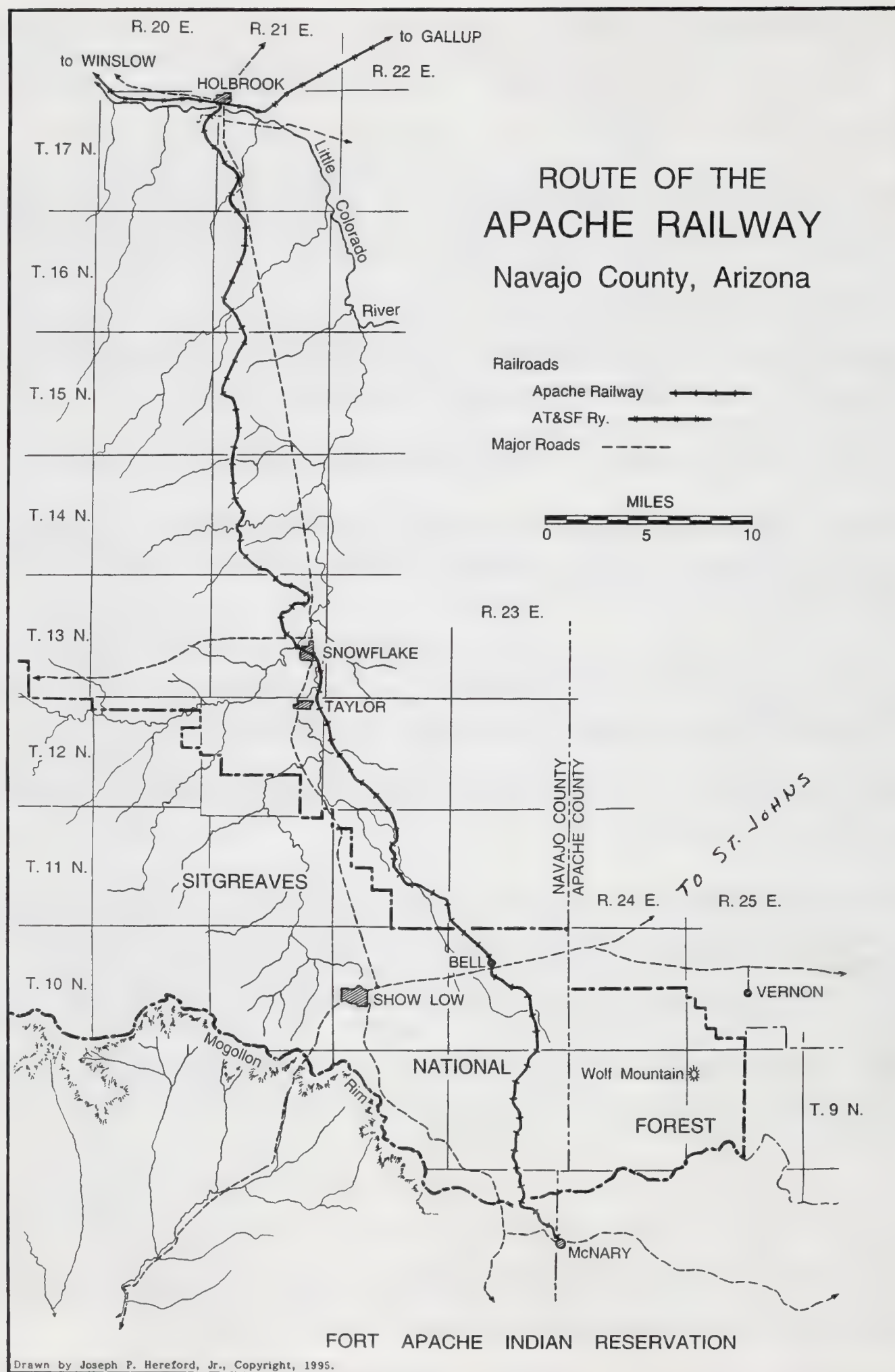
Now, they all had to go to work to pay off these chattel mortgages. One source of income was sawing railroad ties.

Dolf Treat was the tie inspector for the Santa Fe Railroad. The railroad ties couldn't have a spot of rot anywhere on them, or they'd be rejected. One day Mr. Treat and John were visiting about Grandpa, and he told John that, "There's just no man like him. They broke the mold when they made Bill Goodman." (We suspect Mr. Treat meant that Grandpa was so honest and caring about other people.) Grandpa's contract with the Santa Fe Railroad stipulated that they'd take all the ties the mill could produce; at least, all that Dolf Treat would approve during his inspection. (In addition to railroad ties, Lloyd would also cut mining ties later on during World War II.)

The railroad spur from Holbrook to Maverick was called the Apache Railroad. This railroad was designed primarily to haul lumber out of the forests of the Mogollon Rim country. Joseph P. Hereford, of Albuquerque, has spent much of his life researching the Apache Railway. He has drawn a map for a book he will publish in the future, showing the location of Bell Siding. He has given his permission for us to use this map.

At Bell Siding, these heavy ties were unloaded from the truck by hand and loaded onto a waiting railroad car.



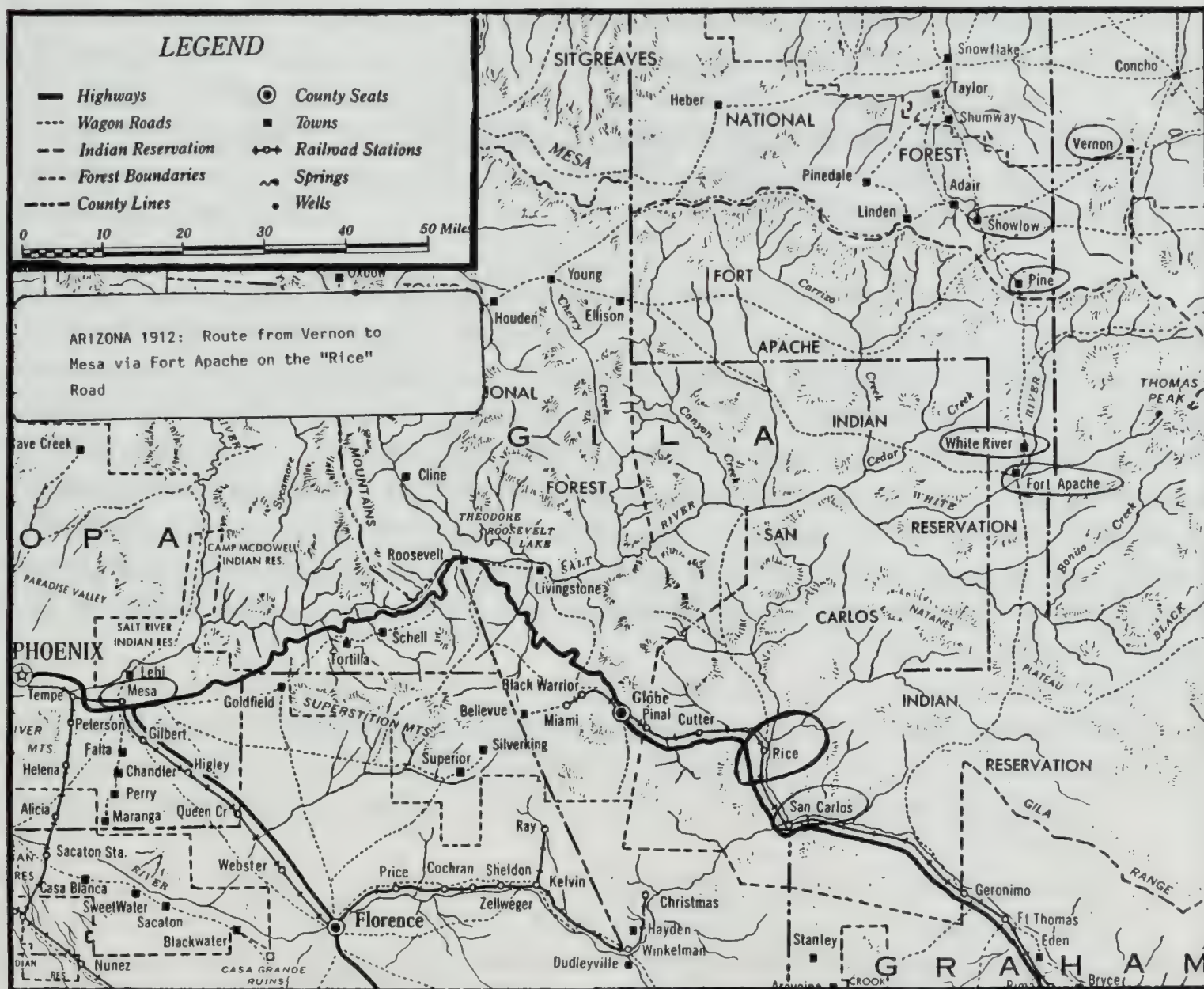




The smaller trees were used for railroad ties if they could be squared up 6 x 8 inches, which was what the tie specifications were. The rest would all go into 1-inch, 2-inch, anything up to 12 inches. The clear stuff would be cut as wide as it would go, but common lumber would be 1 x 12, or 2 x 12's.

Cut lumber was taken out onto the yard and separated there. It would be categorized and stacked into first class on one area, then second class, and so on down to number 5. Number 5 was all the rotten stuff. Lumber was also stacked by size—1 x 12, 1 x 10, 1 x 8 and so on.

Much of the other cut lumber went to the Pierce and O'Malley Lumber Company in Phoenix. Some of it went to Concho or Holbrook to be traded for groceries and other necessary goods.



Old Rice Road route to Phoenix



When Grandpa hauled lumber to Phoenix, he took the Old Rice Road. This was well before the Salt River Canyon Road was completed. Lloyd used to tell his kids about going to the valley (Phoenix) over the Rice Road. He bought groceries while down there, and loaded them on the back of the truck. By the time he'd made the trip over those bumpy washboard roads, white flour covered everything, and the flour sack was empty.

Back at the mill, whoever fired the boiler on a given day had to be up at 4 am to get up a good head of steam ready for the crew who came a couple of hours later. John Perkins (Beth's husband) told of working for Grandpa as a boilerman. In his opinion, the cold water from the spring was more advantageous in producing steam than warmer water used by sawmills which didn't have a cold spring. He said it was faster to reach the correct pressure and easier to control the pressure because of the cold water.

The minimum number of workers in the sawmill was 7; in fact, if they had just 7, they felt they were a little short-handed. The best number for the crew was 10 men. Apparently, a lot of people from Vernon over the years would go up to the mill to work: Ed Rothlisberger, Charley Gillespie, Teb Whiting, Guy Gillespie, Elmer Whiting, an occasional Apache, and a lot of others. According to Don, the normal wage in those days was 35 cents an hour if the man was a good worker.

One man, passing through the area during the depression days, stopped to get work. Kent remembers that he didn't have any laces in his shoes. About that time, they needed to move a cookstove, so they put a guy on each corner, and this newcomer was on one of the corners. As they approached the other house, this man stepped in a mud puddle and walked right out of his shoes. They stayed in that old black sticky mud. It was really pitiful, but funny at the same time. He didn't say a word, just kept walking; apparently he felt he had to work for his dinner, and he wanted to keep his part of the bargain. This was the same man who kept saying he wanted to see "those Mormons with horns." Finally, Lloyd had enough, and told him that he was right among those Mormons, and that they had no horns, and then jerked off his hat to prove it.

The actual mill crew consisted roughly of the following workers:

- One man on the skidway
- The sawyer
- The boilerman
- One that tailed the saw and ran the edger
- One that ran the cut-off
- One that tailed the edger
- Several yardmen

As long as we're making lists, here's a listing of the smaller equipment and tools needed to successfully operate a sawmill:



Two-man crosscut saw  
 One-man crosscut saw  
 Double-bit felling ax  
 Cant hook  
 Skidding tongs  
 Chains and hooks  
 Cable  
 Harnesses and double-trees  
 Log scales

The skidding tongs were clamped onto a log. A chain would be attached to the shackle on top, and when pulled would cause the points of the tongs to set themselves into the log. The tongs could also be used for lifting the logs. The skidding tongs fastened with a chain or cable onto the double-tree attached to the horses' collars.

The felling ax (or axe) had a sharp knife-edge to chop into a tree. These could be single-bit or double-bit tools.

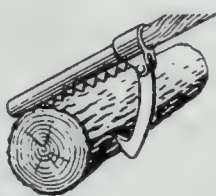


Ax

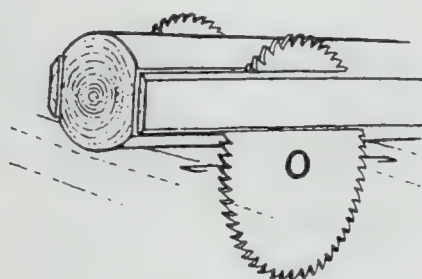


Two-man Crosscut Saw

The two-man crosscut saw had a pattern of four cutting teeth and two raker teeth, to shave the wood out of the cut. The one-man saw had a pattern of four cutting teeth and one raker tooth.



Cant Hook



Circular Saw

#### Various sawmilling tools

A log scaler helped determine the board feet in a log. This was a wooden instrument with one stationary leg at the bottom and one adjustable leg which slid along a calibrated rod. The scaler measured diameter inside the bark. This dimension and log length were the two most important variables used to determine the board feet (or volume) of a log.

The cant hook was used to roll logs or to pry logs out of a jam.

Now, back at the Goodman sawmill. The large circular saw was 60 inches in diameter and had replaceable teeth. (We don't know if the Goodmans always had two circular saws, but at the time of Grandpa's passing, the estate inventory included one 60 inch saw and one 56 inch saw.) Grandpa had the reputation of being an excellent millwright. It took a good millwright to keep the saws in line. Grandpa would take the flat side of a ballpeen hammer, and go around and around tapping on the saw to get it back in line. The main saw was the





Forest Service Officer scaling a log.  
Photo from *Timeless Heritage*

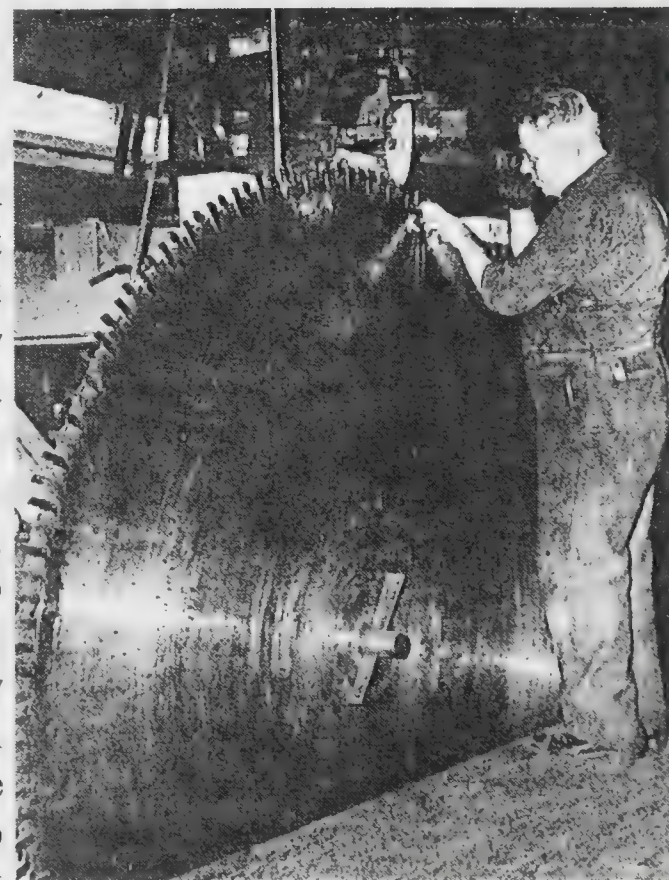
The circular saw at the Goodman sawmill ran east and west, and created all that wonderful sawdust which was blown through a pipe out to the sawdust pile. The sawdust which came from the cut-off saw and edger had to be taken out in wheel barrows and dumped on the pile.

In addition to being an excellent millwright, Grandpa had many other abilities when it came to running a sawmill. One was his mathematical skills. Individual people would come up to the mill to buy lumber for barns or homes, and so on. Fern remembered that when someone would come up to the mill to buy lumber, they'd tell Grandpa they wanted to build a house or a barn such and such a size and ask him how much lumber it would take. Grandpa would sit there working it out in his mind, never picking up a pencil, and in 10 or 15 minutes, could tell them almost exactly to the board-foot how many feet it would take to build that house.

The next saw was the cut-off saw which ran north-south, and was used to cut the 16-foot boards into 8-foot boards, and to square off the ends of the boards.

The edger was the last set of saws, and ran east and west. A board would be run through the edgers to get rid of the bark and still make it as wide as it could be. The edger really consisted of three saws—one permanent, stationary saw, and two adjustable saws. The man who ran the edger would set one edge of the board where it would go through the solid

only one with replaceable teeth; the remainder of the saws used in the milling operation had to be sharpened by hand. The invention of replaceable teeth greatly increased the saw's life expectancy, since teeth break when striking large spikes or other hard objects embedded in a log.

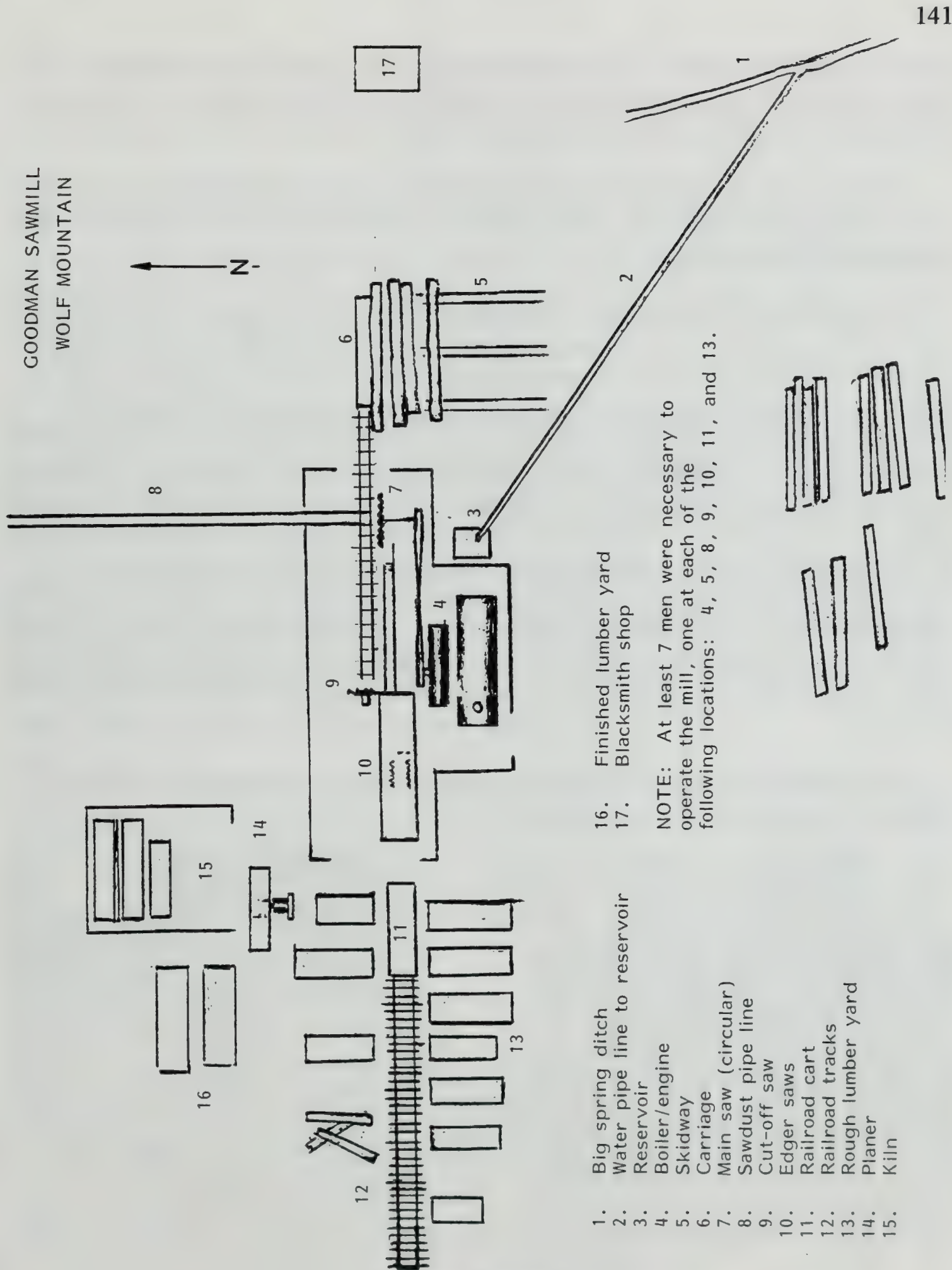


A worker sharpens the replaceable teeth of a circular saw. Forest History Society Photo



GOODMAN SAWMILL  
WOLF MOUNTAIN

N



1. Big spring ditch
2. Water pipe line to reservoir
3. Reservoir
4. Boiler/engine
5. Skidway
6. Carriage
7. Main saw (circular)
8. Sawdust pipe line
9. Cut-off saw
10. Edger saws
11. Railroad cart
12. Railroad tracks
13. Rough lumber yard
14. Planer
15. Kiln

16. Finished lumber yard  
17. Blacksmith shop

NOTE: At least 7 men were necessary to operate the mill, one at each of the following locations: 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 13.

Sawmill Layout



saw, and set one adjustable saw if they wanted a 12 inch board, and the second adjustable saw if they wanted an 8 inch board (or whatever combination of sizes they could get out of a particular board). Two boards could be cut at the same time this way.

The man who "tailed" the edger, grabbed the piece of cut lumber and put it on a small cart which ran on narrow rails out to the stacks where the yard crew would pile them according to different widths.

There was a difference between the "green" rough lumber and the planed, kiln-dried lumber. The latter was Grandpa's pride and joy. About six years after the family moved to the mill, Grandpa heard that Pierce and O'Malley Lumber Company, in Phoenix, were upgrading their planer. He bought the used planer from them. Planed, or finished, lumber sold for twice the amount of unfinished lumber. When lumber was planed at the Goodman sawmill, it received first class treatment—there could be no rough handling of those boards. Grandpa wanted no nicks or scratches in the planed lumber. The kiln was located just outside the mill proper, and the planer sat between the two. When the kiln was filled with lumber to be dried, the mill was shut down, and steam from the boiler was forced into the kiln shack. It took a couple of days to completely dry the lumber, so the boiler had to be kept up to the right temperature and pressure around the clock. When the lumber was completely dried, each board was then planed, and declared "finished." More than once, Grandpa handed Don (or someone else) a shovel, and instructed him to go shovel the snow off the precious planed lumber.

But before trees could be milled, they had to be cut and brought to the mill area. This involved log cutters and those who hauled the cut trees to the mill.



At work in the log woods



Photos taken from *Timless Heritage*



A good crosscut sawing team was hard to come by. On one occasion, Alvin was cutting logs with somebody who kept dragging back on the saw. Finally, Alvin stopped and stood up and said, "You know, I don't mind carrying you, but for hell sakes, lift up your feet!"

And Don remembers cutting with Uncle Dan McNeil one winter. "Dan told our mother one day, 'Just watch, I'm going to work that old kid (Don) into the ground today.' During the day, he was really riding the saw, and I'd keep jumping on him, saying, 'Quit a'riding that damn saw all the time.' Anyway, when we got home that night, Dan went to bed and didn't get up the next morning. So when I came in for breakfast, my mother came in a'giggling, and she told me what he had said the day before."

Actually, the operation in the log woods was more than just cutting down a tree. Each tree had to be "bucked up" (meaning that the limbs were all trimmed off and the tree was cut into approximately 16-foot lengths—this would result in boards which were 8 feet in length, the standard at the time). The brush would be piled and burned at a later time.

One excellent tree cutting team consisted of Alma and Laurel Bigler, of Heber. These two men would begin at 4 o'clock in the morning and cut until 11 o'clock at night. Each man had his own crosscut saw; he used a strip of rubber innertube as his partner. He tied one end of this excellent, springy rubber (not like the synthetic rubber we have today) to the saw, while the other end was tied to a pole which was propped against the tree in sort of a pyramid shape. Their reputation was that they were "tough" guys.

At first the family brought the logs in on horse-drawn wagons, and then trucks; but the horses were still needed to skid the logs around. Later still, the skidding was done with small caterpillar tractors and loaded with a small crane. But that was after Grandpa's time. As has been mentioned, the horses were Alvin's domain. No one could work with the horses as well as Alvin. He was extremely kind and patient with them, and they responded. When

he asked them to lean into their collars and pull, they did—either the log moved or something on the harness broke.



Uncle Chet skidding logs with Rowdy and Don from the log yard to the skidway to feed the mill

Horses mentioned in connection with the sawmill are Dick, Rowdy, Don, Dutch, Silver, Rock, Clyde, and Mollie. (Rowdy and Silver weighed about 2200 pounds each. Dutch was not as large as Rowdy, but could out-pull him any day



of the week—unless the person working with the team happened to pick up a small branch and slap the side of his leg with it; Rowdy responded with vigor when that happened.) Chet's team were called Woodrow and Brownie, and Alvin's personal team were Maude and Bess.

The ideal situation was for the logging wagon (or later, logging trucks) to dump the logs right on the skidway. However, if they got ahead of the sawmill, they'd dump their logs out in the logging yard—maybe 50 to 100 yards from the skidway. Then, on those times when the mill ran out of logs on the skidway, the logging crew, when they came in with another load, would take their lead team and skid a bunch of logs up onto the skidway. (When the family eventually went to using logging trucks, a team of horses was kept at the mill for skidding logs around the log yard and onto the skidway.)



Usually two teams of horses were used when skidding logs.  
Photo taken from *Timeless Heritage*



Hauling logs on the log wagon at the Goodman Sawmill

At first it was easy to cut trees rather close to the sawmill. After several years, however, it was necessary to cut further away. They cut all the knolls (such as Antelope Knoll), around Wolf Mountain, and even cut some on the side of Wolf Mountain. Don thinks about the farthest away they got and remained in their allotment was 2 or 3 miles.

This brings to mind another odd job that had to be done. As mentioned earlier, when the mill hands had nothing else to do, they had to stack brush. All brush from the log woods had to be stacked out in a clearing where it could be burned without burning any other trees. Don hated stacking brush, and was glad when the "little buttons" like Dale and Kent were old enough to do that chore.



Here is a brief recap the sawmilling operation:

Logs were cut, skidded, brought to the mill area and unloaded on the skidway or in the log yard.

Logs were controlled on the skidway by blocks.

The sawyer controlled the sawing of logs into boards or ties on the carriage.

Boards were run through the cut-off saw.

Boards were run thorough the edger.

Boards were stacked in the lumber yard or taken to the kiln.

Kiln-dried boards were planed.

In the early days of the sawmill, it was mainly Alvin and Walter who helped Grandpa run the mill. As Lloyd got older, he fell right into line. Over the years, one or more of these three boys seemed always to be at the mill. Don said it seemed that if one of them left, the other seemed to come in and take over. It just seemed to work that way, but probably most of the time it was done on purpose just to have someone there to help the folks. Chet Penrod was the good old stand-by. Bill, John, and Don were in and out of the operation as they found other things to do to make a living.

Don's first love, of course, was cows. Cecil Naegle mentioned that "Don didn't come with the family when they first moved up there (Wolf Mountain). He was working for a ranch down there around Clay



Chet with the horses and logs



Lloyd on Lad

Notice the stacks of lumber in the right background and Grandma's cast iron kettle in the clearing



Springs or somewhere. When he came up there, he decided he didn't like sawmilling. So he'd get up in the morning and walk from the mill to the ranch. We'd be putting up hay or something; he'd pitch in and pitch hay all morning, and we'd go in for dinner, but he wouldn't eat with us. He'd walk back down to the mill, eat dinner, and then walk back to the ranch."

Walter was usually the ramrod of the sawmill part of the operation, and Alvin worked in the woods. Alvin could run the mill, but he drove the horses; he was better with the horses than anyone else in the family.

Sometimes they did stop working during the winter, but if they could get logs in, they would. They hauled on a dray (a double sled) during the winter. The snow would be a couple of feet deep. One year when Alvin and Don were cutting logs, they'd have to shovel the snow out from around the tree before they could get the crosscut saws down low enough. To haul them in, they used the dray, which was just a double sled, "made out of railroad ties as runners, with a bunk on—a part of it in back and a part of it in front, just kinda like an old wagon."



L to R: Dorothy Jean, Sonny, Wayne and Don  
on Uncle Chet's horse

They sawed logs in the winter only when they needed to replenish their groceries. Otherwise, they stockpiled logs so they could get an early start in the spring. It was easier to haul the logs when the ground was frozen than when it was soft and muddy.

Leone Gillespie and Nellie Rothlisberger (Ruth's and Bert's sister) were married in the fall of 1938.

They spent that winter living with Lloyd and Ruth at the sawmill. Leone and his brother, Guy, helped Walter in his shingle mill, part of their pay being shingles for their own homes in Vernon. During those months when the mill was shut down, Leone and Nell and Lloyd and Ruth played a lot of rummy. And when they got hungry, Lloyd and Leone would get John Stewart and another person, and, with Don and Rowdy, cut down trees, which they sawed into lumber.

"Old Man" Parring had a grocery store in Concho and would take cut lumber in exchange for groceries. But to actually get to Concho during the winter months when snow was deep was an exercise in patience and endurance. During the winter months, the old red truck was parked on the north side of Vernon Creek. (Vernon Creek is the creek which



meanders from east to west about halfway between Vernon and Midway Crossroads. It eventually feeds into Little Ortega Lake.) The sawed lumber would be loaded on the sled at the mill and pulled by Don and Rowdy to the south bank of Vernon Creek. The men would unload the lumber from the sled, cross the creek, and load it onto the truck. The Old County Road ran directly north from Midway Crossroads, on the east side of Floy/Plenty, and joined Highway 61 south of Concho. After making the lumber-for-food exchange in Concho, the exercise was repeated again at Vernon Creek. Usually, the men would tie up Don and Rowdy, leaving them enough hay to last until the men got back from Concho. One time, however, when the men had to stay overnight in Concho, the horses managed to get free and headed for the sawmill and their warm barn.



Goodman sawmill. The smokestack is to the left in front of a tall tree. The kiln and planer shed is to the right and back of mill behind the shorter tree. Jordan truck is in the foreground.

When Ruth saw them there, she knew what had to be done. She simply hopped on Don and took both of them back down to Vernon Creek so they'd be there when the men returned from Concho.

Walter was one of the first that started working out as a mechanic. He worked for Rogers Brothers Construction on the Lone Pine Dam, between Show Low and Shumway. At that time, construction was still being done with mules and horses. Bill was also an excellent mechanic. Later, but while his kids were still young, he was repairing a cat for Tanner Brothers; the cat fell on him and broke his back.

Alvin's wife, Bertha (Bert), recalls with pride the boys working for Tanners. "They were all told that any time they wanted a job with Tanners, they had it. Walter and Alvin had the reputation of being the best welders in the State of Arizona. They didn't ever go out of the state, but they'd have been the best welders there, too." Actually, Walter did leave the state when he went to California to work in the shipyards during Second World War.

The one thing we Goodman descendants need to remember about the sawmill is that it more or less kept the family together and fed during the

Depression. Even when lumber wasn't selling during those years, Grandpa could always take a load of lumber to Concho or Holbrook and trade it for groceries. That and a deer, or an elk, or several turkeys kept the family fed and going.



Even when no one had money to buy lumber, no one ever came to the mill for lumber and went away with an empty truck. Grandpa always trusted them to pay him for it later. Bishop Charlie Whiting said at Grandpa's funeral that he would have been a rich man if everyone had paid him what they owed him. Beulah remembers when John Rothlisberger came up and got a load of lumber and said to Grandpa, "Now, Brother Goodman, if I don't pay you in dis world, I'll pay you double in da next." But he was one who always paid his bills.

Dale has written an excellent narrative of life at the mill—full of memories, history, and emotions. Here it is in its entirety:



Logs on the skidway at the Goodman Sawmill

### The Meadow and The Mill

I've always loved that little green meadow, with its robins singing out over by the trees, spring frogs croaking, and golden-yellow dandelions and blue-purple flags so bright and cheery, waving in the cool mountain breeze. Woven in and out of the dandelions and lilies, like asymmetrical pick-up sticks, were walkways of bleached-out boards, gleaming in the sun, that connected the 2 two-room houses east of Grandma's house and all its residents. Butterflies of every color flitted across the walkways, across the spring and along the porch of Grandma's house and out across the meadow: a little meadow with good rich black earth that would grow most anything. Of course, a meadow is a meadow because it is sub-irrigated, and this meadow had its springs. One of several bubbled and flowed, like a meadowlark's song, out of the ground from under a small group of rocks—water so clear and cold it seemed you just couldn't drink enough of it, and sometimes so cold you couldn't drink any. Another seeped out of the ground for a hundred yards before it formed the big spring, then went on to join the watercress-lined stream that supplied water for the mill. This spring also served as a refrigerator for the butter and a ten-pound lard bucket or two, full of milk.



These were secured by a wire to the big weathered 3"x 12" board plank that spanned the spring. Occasionally a watermelon or cantaloupe graced the spring. One time we even had a honeydew melon; we thought it was scrumptious. When Dad first opened that thing and handed us each a piece, we looked at him a little wild-eyed—after all we had eaten green cantaloupe before and it didn't taste too good! But he and Mom laughingly took a bite and said, "No, go on, try it." We used to like to play on the board and bounce the bobbing melons up and down in the water to see if we could push them clear to the bottom of the five foot deep spring. We used to have some good fights on that board; the adults, too, would splash all the water out of the spring as they threw each other in. Someone asked who all had been thrown into the spring and the retort was, "I don't know that there was any one at the mill who didn't have their turn," although it was mildly forbidden.



Beulah, Don, and Fern in front of the boiler shed. The whistle and pop-off are just to the right of Don's head.

At the center of this meadow, and right between the above-mentioned springs, both geographically and socially, was Grandma and Grandpa's house. It was a two-room house that faced north. It had a full length porch with four steps on the west end and three steps on the east end down to the ground. On the back of the house were two add-on bedrooms or storerooms, whatever was needed.

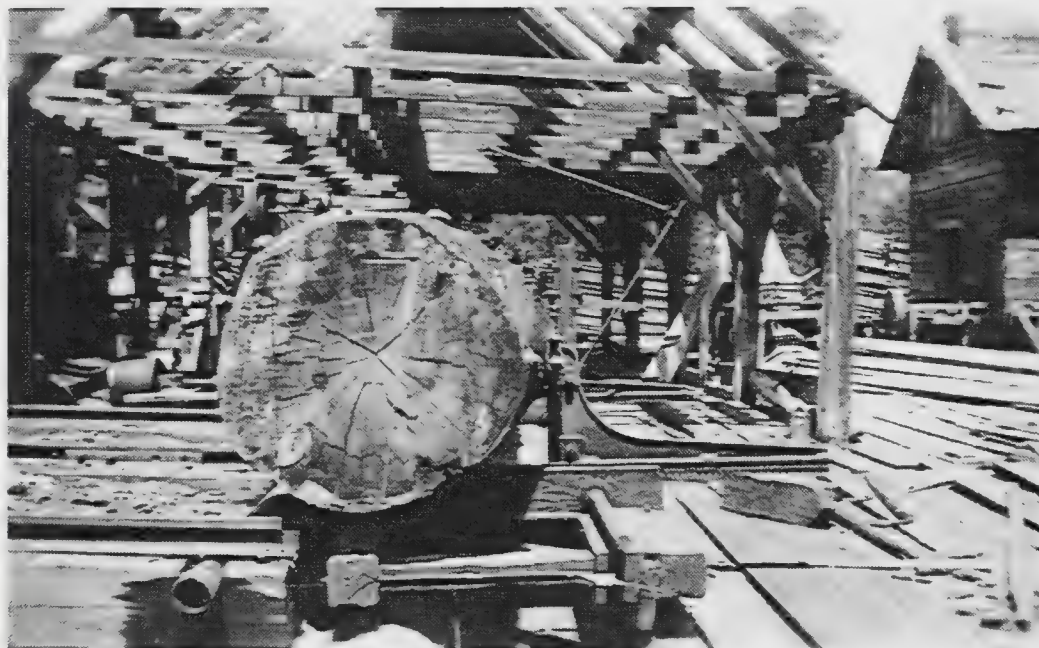
When Grandpa bought pants, he'd always buy them about six inches too long, and he wanted Grandma to cut them off and then use the extra for patching. One day he bought a pair of pants and had to go some place real quick. Instead of saying, "Hem them up," he'd say, "Take a tuck in these." Well, this day he told her to take a tuck in them, and she did. When he put them on, he said, "Well, look at this, Hannah." She had gathered each leg up just below the knee in a three-inch tuck, and run a seam around it. "You said to take a tuck in them," she replied, with a grin. Occasionally, Grandma's sense of humor would come through.

Fern and Beulah remember that at the west side of Grandma's house were four or five ponderosa pines. Between two of the pines was a swing that, when at its highest arc, allowed them to see over the roof tops.

Close to this and by the spring and under one pine was a big cast-iron cauldron that served double duty. Grandma and the girls used it not only to make the soap, but to boil water and wash clothes in it, with the aid of a laundry stick and scrub-board. Beulah said they



later had a more modern washing machine that belonged to Frances before she died. Her and Horace's children came to the mill to live for a while in 1926-27, and he brought the washer for them to use. This washer, as everyone described it, had a wooden tub with straight wooden stays and a light-weight rod around them to keep them in place. (In fact, when the washer was not in use, it still had to be filled with water, to keep the wood from drying out and shrinking.) It had an agitator that was controlled with a lever which oscillated the agitator one way, and a foot pedal that oscillated it the other. So, pull the lever and step on the pedal, pull the lever and step on the pedal, and away we go. Chet asked Fern if she remembered running the oil can spout into her foot by another washer. "Oh, yes I do," she said with wide-eyed pleasure. "I took the oil can and oiled the agitator and around under the washer. I didn't realize, when I set the oil can down, it was so close to the cranking pedal; so I stepped hard on it, to start the motor on that Maytag.



Interior of the Goodman Sawmill. The boiler is to the left and the kiln to the right. The spidery-looking lever to the right of the log was used to ratchet the log forward to make a 1", 2", 3" or whatever size board was wanted or 6" for mine timbers or ties for the railroad. The handle sticking straight out to the right of the log controlled the dog that held the log in place. The cable in the bottom center of the picture is the one Dale got his fingers smashed in.

The can spout went through my shoe and into my foot. It was sore for two or three days. Bill and Mary came for a visit about then and asked me what was wrong. I told them what had happened and that I was sure it would get better, but Bill put me in his car and took me to the doctor anyhow. When the doctor cleaned out the wound, there was a piece of my shoe the oil spout had cut out and deposited in my foot. After that, by soaking it every three hours or so, it got better."

In about 1929 or 1930, Grandpa was able to buy Grandma a washing machine with a gas engine. What a marvelous day for the women of the family. Beulah remembers this washing machine well—it tried to scalp her. At one time, it sat behind the door in the large dining room. As she was helping with the wash one day, her long hair got caught in the wringer, and she was fast being pulled toward disaster. She tried to find the switch to stop or reverse the wringer action, or to turn the engine off completely, but couldn't maneuver just right. Finally, she started hollering. Grandpa had been sitting in a chair reading his book or newspaper, not paying a lot of attention to the drama in the room, but when he heard Beulah





Grandpa is reaching across the log and carriage to pull the lever to adjust the size or cut he wants to make. It's a nice size log so he'll probably make 1x12's or 2x12's out of it. Notice that this log may have been cut in two, the other part is seen in the center of the picture. Gene is watching.

scream, he sprang out of the chair, jumped over a small heater in the center of the room, and reached the washer just in time to allow Aunt Beulah to keep her tresses. (This same, or another, washing machine would play the same trick on Alvena in later years.)

Oh, the joys of modern inventions: namely, the Coleman lantern. Besides its giving off more light than a kerosene lamp, Dad was so tickled when he could turn it off and get in bed before the light went out. Aunt Beulah said, "He got so familiar with it, that one evening he adjusted it, slid into bed, adjusted his pillows and settled down to read, and that's when the light went out."

As long as the light is out, and it's dark, let me tell how pleasant the evenings were in that little meadow with everything so still. The crickets and frogs quietly sang out their songs, there was an occasional sound of Pet's bell as she moved her horned head, while standing and chewing her cud, and a thump of a horse hoof on the side of the barn. As you can see, I'm trying to set up an ambience.



Log yard with railroad tracks in foreground

There might be a light intruding into the quiet as a door was opened momentarily to throw out some dish water. And then between me and the millions of stars so bright and shiny, "like diamonds in the sky" were the night hawks darting around. Now throw in the metallic sounds of someone down at the blacksmith shop fixing a part, in the glow of a lantern, so the mill



would run the next day; and you have one pleasant summer evening. Very, very nice. Oops, don't close this scene yet. There are quiet voices on over at the mill; Aunts Fern and Beulah are between the boiler and the skidway where the big tank—reservoir—of water is which the boiler draws from to maintain its water level. They have turned steam into it to warm up the water and they are taking baths.

When I was a boy, Dad told me that when he was young, 10 or there about, Grandpa took them to an Apache gathering. (I don't know if it was ceremonial or not). Dad said he would go up to Chief Alchesey over and over again and ask him what time it was. The Chief would look up at the stars and tell him, then Dad would run and find Grandpa or someone with a watch and listen in amazement as they agreed with the chief. I myself wondered all my life how he did it. It wasn't until I was fifty or so, and was running in the early mornings and watching the Big Dipper, that I caught on.

One more night story. Dad said, he, Aunt Fern and Aunt Beulah were riding their little mare, Peewee, home. It was just after dark when of a sudden the scream of a black panther filled the night air.



L to R: Grandma, Grandpa, Fern, Beulah, and Donald

It sounded just like a woman's high-pitched scream, as the panther followed them through the forest. They were quite young and it was scary in the dark wondering what he was going to do.

Uncle Chet said they didn't know where the goat came from, what he had been, or what he had done in life. (Aunt Beulah remembered that Grandpa brought it home—he was always dragging home some lost animal or lost person.) Perhaps as he got older and wiser and waxed stronger, he began to exercise unrighteous dominion and had been exiled to a foreign land. In any case, he wound up at the Goodman Sawmill situated under Wolf Mountain—perhaps the name “wolf” had something to do with where he was cast. Be that as it may, time, as it heals all wounds, magnifies also other traits. O how brave he got. He, as goats will, would eat anything, and was looking for something when Uncle Walter arrived in his brand new

roadster. The goat scrambled up the shiny new paint of the trunk and into the rumble seat with its spanking new upholstery, then on up to the convertible's rag top roof. According to Aunt Beulah, “Someone hollered to Uncle Walter, ‘The goat's on top of your car!’ When we looked out from Grandma's window, the darned old thing was going around in circles.



Before Walter could get out there, the goat with his sharp feet had fallen through." That was very nearly, and should have been, the end of the goat. However, he survived that one.

As time went on, he would glare at us dourly, or simply lower his arrogant head—which he did with increased frequency—and put us to flight. He trapped Grandma in the outhouse one day, and every time she'd try to come out he'd hit the door with his head. According to Uncle Don, he kept her in there half the day. He survived that one, too.

But the crowning blow came when, towards noon one day, the men at the mill heard a commotion from Grandma's house—which served as cook shack and dining hall—and screams for help. As they all rushed up the steps and on to the porch, they could see, through the door, Grandma and Mom (pregnant as usual) on the big, long table, and the goat circling around. Grandma and Mom had been fixing dinner for the mill crew—all sixteen of them—when the goat came up on the porch and into the kitchen. As they tried to shoo him back out the door, he just shook his big horned head, lowered it, and with clattering hooves chased them round and finally up on to the table. It didn't do any good for the men to come to the rescue, it seemed, for the goat put them all back out the door as fast as they came in. Finally, enough was enough; Dad got his gun, and I suppose they had goat stew for supper.



Lloyd

From the sawmill to the main road, ruts like black ribbons were mute evidence of the instability of the good rich earth, especially in rainy season, when trucks and cars alike were stuck from one end of the beautiful little meadow to the other. After we reached the main road it was a different story, however. Now we were only stuck from the mill to Vernon. In the dry season and in the white frozen dead of winter, the road was great.

The little black '36 four-door Chevy, with its heavy load, was swaying like a drunken cowboy as it made its way through the darkening forest. Snow was clinging to the trees, and was two feet deep on the level. With an overcast sky, it looked and felt like it might snow more any minute.

In the road ahead could be seen the trail where the rear differential ran between the deep, icy ruts. The car, I'm sure, had the steering wheel been turned loose, would have driven itself on to the sawmill and probably right up to the door of one of our houses. Certainly no one could have come from McNary to make frozen tracks that would lead it astray.





Gene and Bill in log yard



More log sitting

Also in this exact setting, in my mind's eye I can look up the road and see the draft horses, Dick and Rock, pulling the big heavy sleigh we kids used to play on, coming around the bend, with Grandpa flipping the reins to urge them on. He probably had a load of lumber or ties for the Santa Fe Railroad on the sleigh. At Vernon he would load it by hand onto the truck—in the winter they often left their cars and trucks at Vernon and used the sleigh—and take it to one of the towns around, or to Holbrook to ship on the railroad. Then again, one of the boys might have all the folks from the mill on board, taking them to Vernon for church or the Saturday night dance.

I almost forget I was traveling up the frozen road in this drunken Chevy. Well, in the car with its frosted-up side windows were more bodies than you could shake a stick at. Mom was driving and she had all her kids along. Aunt Mary was in the middle. I think she just had Jimmy and maybe Edward with her. Aunt Bert was by the passenger side door. All of her children were in the back seat, with all of the rest of us kids. You don't think the Chevy's differential wasn't making new tracks in the snow as it bumped and swayed along those frozen ruts with 10 or 12 of us in the car?

Five miles after leaving Vernon, the noise level had reached new heights, with us kids playing around, and everyone talking a little louder so they could be heard. Kent, sitting by the driver's side door during all the laughing and playing, had his arm on the door's arm rest and was maybe unconsciously playing with the door handle. Suddenly, the door opened and the air caught it. We were only going 25 or 30 mph so maybe all those little bodies—not too little, Kent was probably 7 and maybe that was an average age—had some influence on it.



As the snow caught the bottom of the forward-opening door, it really slammed open and threw Kent out. I mean he literally vanished. Now the door was open and channeling snow in on us. All the kids began shouting at once, trying to get Mamma stopped. However, they in the front seat, trying to laugh and talk over the din in the back, didn't distinguish between panic shouting and fooling around shouting, and on we went.



Grandma and winter at the mill

I had been sitting by Kent so the snow was really peppering me good; I couldn't see a thing. I don't remember if it was Alvena or Gwen who got a chance, through the flying snow, to see Kent, and I've never figured out how it came about, but there he was hanging on to the outside door handle. Then we really set up a clamor! It still didn't faze those in the front seat. Between the snow coming in and the snow being kicked up by the door and Kent's legs and feet, there was quite a snow storm going on. Then I remembered all those big rocks along the bar ditch on that stretch of road. I could see the door catching one, and Kent...well, so much for the imagination.

I don't know how long that went on with Kent bouncing, flailing like a rag doll. But he would not turn loose. It seemed forever before we got Mom stopped. In the movies, Kent, as we stopped, would have fallen limp in the snow, and we would have lifted him up with every one weeping and wailing, and put him in the back seat. Not Kent. He jumped up, brushed himself off, and got back in the car before Mom could even get out, and away we went. When Kent read this, he said he did, indeed, get into the gravel and he had shoes worn out on the toes and sore shin bones and knees. He swears he picked gravel out of them for a month.

It was cold one frosty morning—the kind of morning where, when you take your nose out from under the covers and breathe, your breath frosts up. When we lived in the big house where Grandma and daughters cooked for the men, sleeping in an add-on portion of the house, we kids would wake up with snow on our beds. Would we ever make a run for the living room and the nice warm fire!

Dad jumped out of bed, lit the fire and dove back under the covers again. As the two-room house warmed a little, we kids got up to stand by the fire. Kent was standing at the





The mill is snow-covered but the smoke stack is visible. The log yard and lumber yard are beyond the trees. The blacksmith shop is on the right.

front of the little pot-belly stove when the wind caused it to puff backwards. Flames shot out of the damper control and caught the seat end of his pajamas on fire. Boy, he started jumping up and down and then took off. I don't know where he thought he was going! Fortunately, the route he chose took him by Dad and Mom's bed. Dad reached out with one big hand (his hand wasn't all that big, it did, however, cover the seat of Kent's PJs), and swatted that little seat and, "whoosh," out went the fire.

Besides Kent, Dad caught on fire one time when he, Uncle Alvin, and Uncle Bill worked in Texas Canyon. He was using a cutting torch. He was working on equipment, with maybe a little gas and oil on his clothes, and they flared up. He also started dancing around and started to run. One of the other mechanics tackled him, rolling him over and over in the sand, smothering the flames. Other than needing a new set of clothes, he was all right.

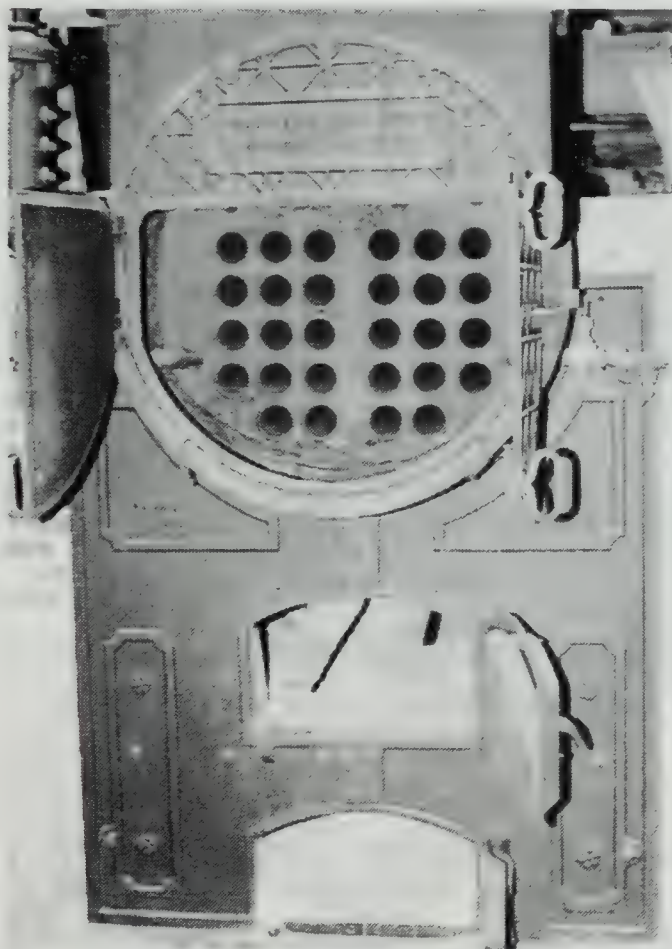
Some of the most pleasant memories of my childhood are of Mom and Dad singing together at home, but mostly while we were traveling along. We kids would lean, with arms folded on the back of the front seat, and they would happily sing *Blue Moon* or perhaps *Silvery Moon*. My particular favorite though, was *That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine*. It didn't matter whether it was summer with the windows all down, whipping along at a grand 45 mph, or in winter in competition with the heater that was keeping the snow's cold at bay, they would sing church songs, cowboy songs (we could usually con them into *Home on the Range*), any song; boy, they could really harmonize.

We were coming home from a movie in McNary. (I don't think we still had to go clear to White River to go to the movies at this time. One time going to a movie down there, we had seven flats on the way down and back. There was no singing that night.) At any rate, on this particular night, Dad and Mom were singing, and even though it was 10:30 at night and the thick forest left and right was dark, the car was warm and it was fun. All of a sudden, near the reservation line, we rounded a bend and there were about thirty horses standing in the road. There was absolutely nowhere to go! I don't remember what Dad did at that moment but, whatever it was, it wasn't enough for Mom. For that matter, I don't know what she did. All I know is she gave a scream, the lights went out, the car's engine revved up, its wheels spun on the graveled road, and we took off in the dark. I guess except for hitting the gas pedal as she reached for the brake, 'cause Dad's foot was already there, the best thing she

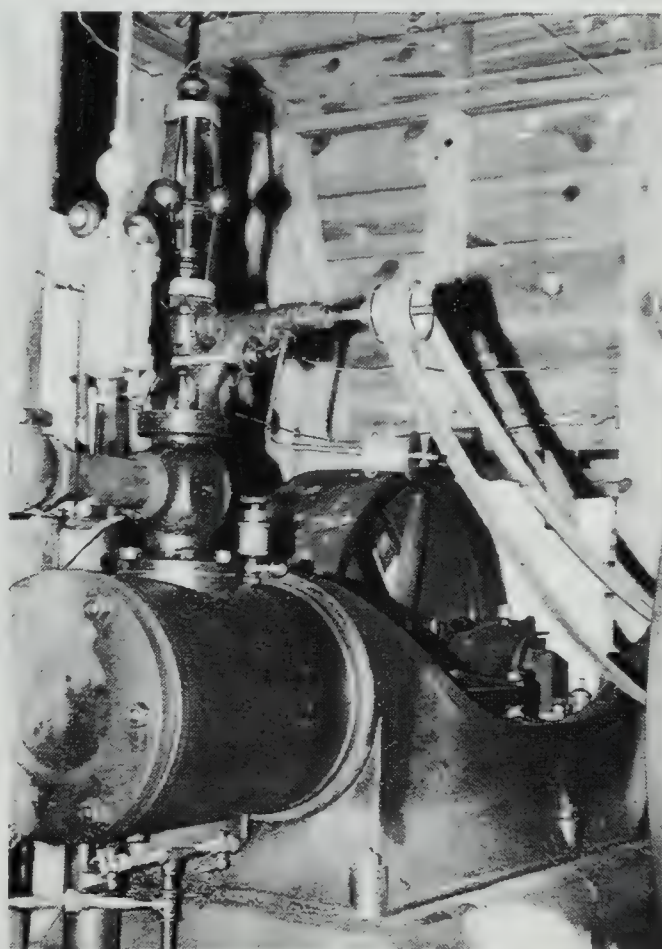


did in her effort to stop the car was in reaching for the ignition switch. She missed, and turned off the lights. Both switches were side by side in front of her in those days. Even at my young age I realized we had missed the horses, because we traveled in the dark too fast and too far.

I'll never know how Dad kept us in one piece but when he finally got us slowed down and the lights turned back on, the car was in the middle of the road, traveling along as if nothing had taken place. Then everyone started talking at once. What happened? Where did the horses go? Why did we speed up? We knew why Mom screamed! How did we keep from hitting the trees? All this amidst happy laughter and, after the fact, tears. Dad speculated that when the lights went out the horses could see this little, black, '36 Chevrolet coming at them at high velocity, and had made good their escape. Mom and Dad didn't sing anymore that night as we made our way home to the sawmill. All of us were, however, extremely happy.

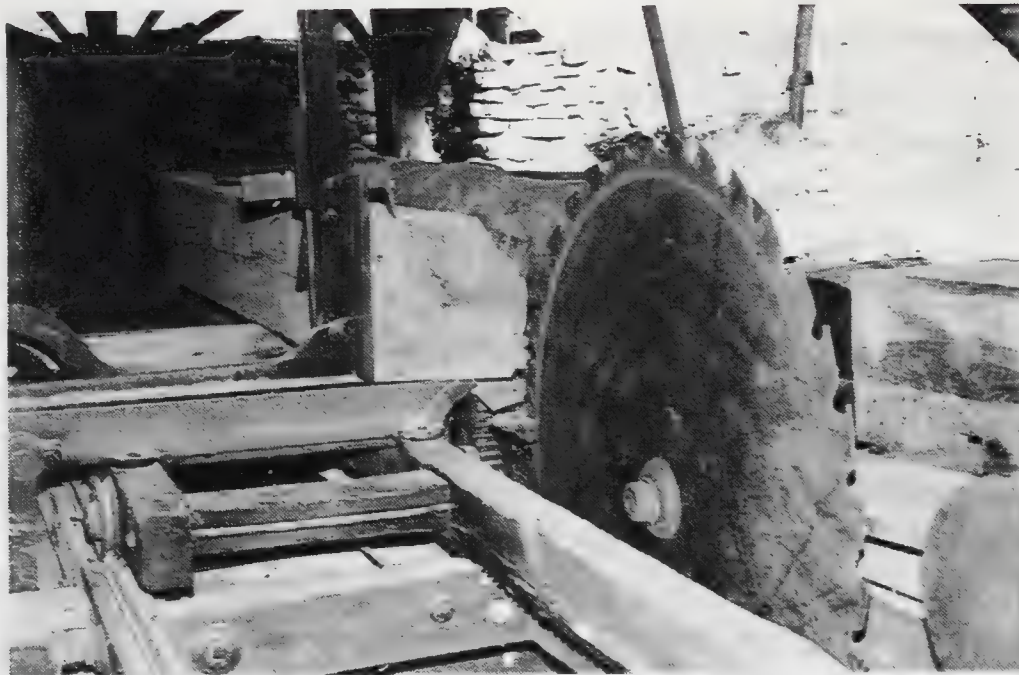


Boiler in a small Georgia sawmill similar to the Goodman sawmill

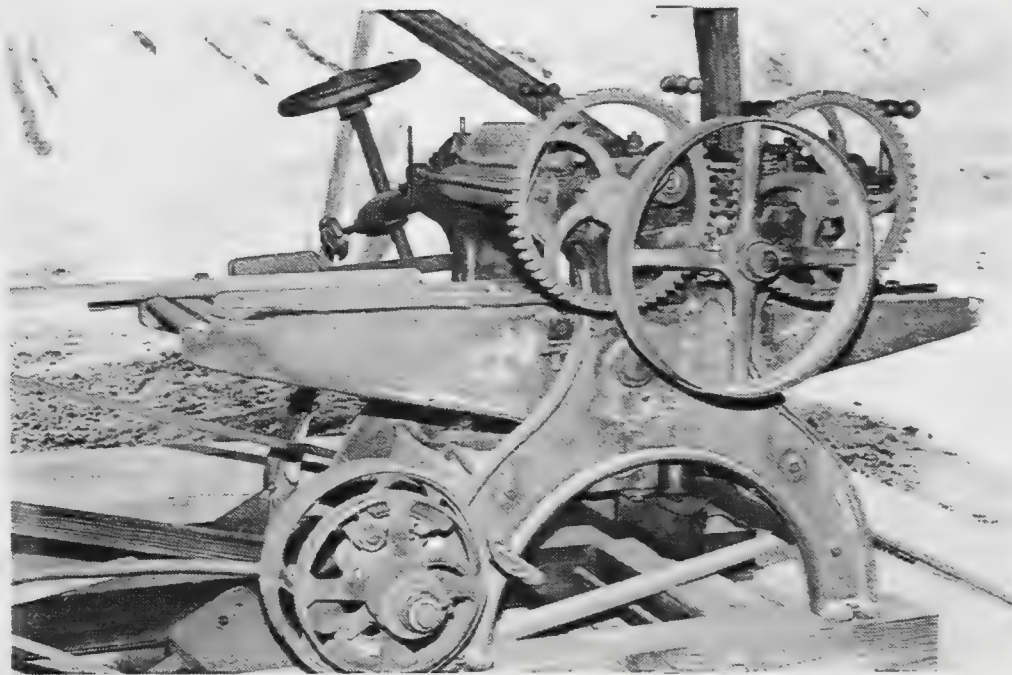


Steam engine in Georgia mill. Note the governor with 4 steel balls in the upper-left corner.





Circular saw in Georgia mill



Planer in Georgia mill

One morning, Dad woke us kids up with, "Let's go fishing!" Boy, that brought us out of bed. After catching some grasshoppers and digging worms, we were off. As we drove up past the sawmill site, on past the reservation line, and through McNary towards Snake Creek, Dad told us this story:

It seems when Dad was 15 or 16, Grandpa Goodman and a family named Johnson heard of some Spanish gold buried up in Smith's Park under Baldy—Mt. Ord to be precise. After a little investigation and a lot of imagination, the two families loaded up their horses and mules and set out after this fortune in treasure. As the story went, the Spanish had had trouble with the Apache and had to abandon this gold—whether it was a whole pack train or some gold on a couple of horses was not clear to me. Anyway, up on the side of Mt. Ord was an arrow blazoned on a fir tree, said arrow pointing down into a meadow right at the spot



where the gold was purported to be. Dad said they found the arrow—or an arrow pointing down into a meadow; however, all their searching and digging proved futile, and after three weeks or so their coffee and tobacco ran out, leaving frayed nerves and short tempers. After a few days of this, Grandpa threw back the covers of his bedroll one morning to find the Johnsons gone, and so were all the horses and mules. It didn't take much assessing to see that a long walk was ahead of them. So they hid everything they didn't need or couldn't carry and headed down Ord Creek 'till it turned west; then they kept going north for home.

As we, some 20-25 years later, left Snake Creek and started up the trail—a trail covered with leaves and carpeted with large patches of moss, shadowed by spruce, fir and quakie—and down into Ord Creek, Dad rehearsed the story over and over again for our many questions. By the time we reached Ord, we knew the story by heart and wanted to find some treasure of our own, so Dad just kind of fished and walked us through a couple of meadows, then said, "This is it." With a flourish of his hand, he pointed up along the grass-covered crest of a long, low ridge and said, "We buried everything up there." Well, we set out like a covey of flushed grouse, turning over the light gray rocks here and there till it looked like a hungry Grizzly had hit that slope.

Every time we would scour a clump of rocks and holler at Dad that there wasn't anything up there, he would wave his arm and point at another place, "Not there? Try over there." Next time, "How about back over there," then, "Try closer to those trees." All the time he was pulling out one fish after another, and we were beginning to suspect him of keeping us off the stream and hollered to tell him so. He just laughed and said, "No, try that group of rocks right over there," and pulled out another fish.

Well, we couldn't believe it when we came to one big flat rock with a few smaller rocks stuck around the sides. With a concerted effort on our part, we lifted the rock up and over and there was our treasure. Cans of flour and rancid grease, dutch ovens full of different things—knives, forks and spoons, salt and pepper. As the excitement of our initial find subsided, we then looked around and found more treasure—pots, pans, cups, a piece of canvas or two under different rocks.

I think Dad and Mom were just as astonished and excited as we were. Astonished because of the excellent condition everything was in, and excited that we found it at all.

We left that little park that spring day with memories few families get to carry for a life time. Also, we left, just as Grandpa and family had years before, with only what we could carry. The rest is still there. Even though we've been back this half century later, we can't for the life of us find that long, low ridge of light gray rock where we carefully put the rocks back, protecting everything for who knows how long now, apparently for longer than we figured.





Lloyd and Gene with red '32 Chevy truck loaded with logs



Lloyd and Grant getting ready to move Ed Rothlisberger's house from Bannon to Vernon, same red Chevy

Mayhaps I'll quit telling stories and get back to the meadow. In the meadow just north of the main house and the springs, on an outcropping of rocks, stood the icehouse, chucked full of game in the fall and filled to the rafters with ice by spring. I don't remember much about the beef, deer, elk or turkey that came out of it, through the collective efforts of everyone. But the pork; the pork they cured was so good. I could hardly wait for breakfast, or the pork out of a big pot of pinto beans. Just inside of the icehouse was a bag of pork cure. I learned real quick that I couldn't take much of it in my mouth; it was too strong. Just a grain or two was enough to get the flavor and taste. And the aroma of it and a box of apples or two as I opened the heavy door was wonderful.

Down past this and a little east was Dad and Mom's house; on north and into the trees was a bunk house for men to stay in. One day Dad and Mom (heavily pregnant with Gloria) went hunting over to Porter Springs and then back towards Lake Mountain. From the Lake Mountain fire look-out station, they could see smoke, and the man in the tower said it looked like it was at the mill. Sure enough it was; in fact, it was their home. Mom said, "I'm sure glad I didn't do those dishes." Dad spoke up, "That's one way to get rid of bedbugs."





Ruth by red Chevy carrying  
hay



Dale and Johnny

The blacksmith shop was situated on the bank of the little creek, between our (burnt) house and the sawmill. Uncle Alvin would lead the log horses across the creek and up to the blacksmith where he would heat and shape the horse shoes for the horses. On the northwest side of this little meadow was the sawmill itself. I was telling Norma Lee how it worked and she said it sounded like perpetual motion. It very nearly was, I guess. On the very first day of its existence, they had to scurry out and around for wood to start the fire, and build up a head of steam to get the mill going. After that, an interminable line of green slabs from the logs was used to fuel the boiler. Speaking of which, they also had, on the first day, to fill the boiler with 1,000 gallons of water from the spring—by hand.

Every time I think of the mill, the first things I can see in my mind's eye are two little steel balls, whirling around and around. They were part of the governor, which sat on top of the steam engine. They hung down on six inch rods. As steam was sent to the engine and it started to rev up, it turned the governor and the gravitational forces started to act on the two balls—weights—throwing them outward. As the steam engine gained RPM, the weight of the whirling balls forced them to stand straight out, at that point governing the amount of steam to the engine, forcing it to stabilize at a pre-set RPM. Consequently, the whole mill would speed up or slow down according to the desire of those two little whirling steel balls. Idella says that's also what she sees first in her mind when she thinks of the mill—the two little whirling balls.

Gwennie remembers the whistle they blew at noon, and I suppose at starting and quitting time. One time, as the whistle had blown, Dad and Mom had been fighting. As Dad left to walk back over to the mill, she threw a rock at him. She thought, to her horror, that the rock was



going to hit him. She called out, "Lloyd, watch out!" He turned around to see what was the matter, and the rock hit him right between the eyes. She said, "If I hadn't called out, the rock would probably have missed!"

Then there was the big belt, driven by the steam engine's four-foot drive wheel. It, in turn, drove a foot-and-a-half wheel that drove the whole mill. This belt and wheel were about seven inches wide and the belt must have been thirty-five or forty feet long. Of course, when they doubled it back and laced it together, it was then in the neighborhood of sixteen feet. I remember one belt ripped apart; it had six or seven sections of belting spliced in with metal lacing where it had broken before, and each splice had to be perfectly square. If they were, then the belt ran true. (Each of those twelve or fourteen sets of metal lacing, as they contacted the metal drive wheels, really set up a clicking sound. Add to this the sound of the trimmer saws, the cut-off saw, the big saw as it sat whining or as it bit into a log, and the carriage as it carried its log back and forth on its miniature train track. Besides all this and the small sounds of steam escaping, if the fireman let the boiler pressure get too high, the safety pop-off would turn loose, and then a blast of steam as it escaped would tear our ears off. Aunt Beulah mentioned this the other day. I suppose more than one woman dropped a bowl or cut herself when that blast went off. Noisy, but I loved it. John Perkins told me that Grandpa didn't allow any steam leaks. If any broke out, they would fix it then and there, or at the end of the day if the mill ran that long.)

Anyway, back to the belt, Uncle Alvin and Dad and a couple of helpers wrestled the new belt up against the smaller wheel, and as Uncle Chet or Donald—I can't quite picture which—engaged the drive wheel, the belt went on nicely and ran as pretty as you please.

Let's follow a day's operation of the mill for a while. Uncle Donald said he had to get up at four o'clock every morning to get that (a few descriptive grimaces left out here) boiler steam up in time for work. As in Robert Service's *Cremation of Sam McGee*, "such a blaze you seldom see." There should be logs on the skidway already, but let's take the truck and go get a load of logs and follow a ponderosa pine log through the mill.

Grandpa and the boys had this nice Chevy log truck, at least I sure thought it was great. Maybe I'd better tell about the wagon before I begin on the truck. Uncle Don and Aunt Beulah and Aunt Fern confirmed that, yes, they logged with a wagon in the early days of the mill. They used two teams of horses on this four-axle, eight-wheeled, low-to-the-ground wagon. It had four wheels on the rear and four on the front. Uncle Don said the wheels were only about four feet high, and wider than average for more purchase on the ground. They would use the front team to load the wagon. They could haul an average of 6 logs to the mill. Uncle Chet said they used to log with a sleigh in the winter time. The sleigh had a bunk with short, sharp pins sticking up across it. They'd get the logs up on there and then boom them down with a chain, and to the mill they went.

Back to the Chevy truck. It had a single axle on the rear, and mechanical brakes. It was a pole trailer, in that the trailer didn't ever load onto the truck. It was some years before Dad and



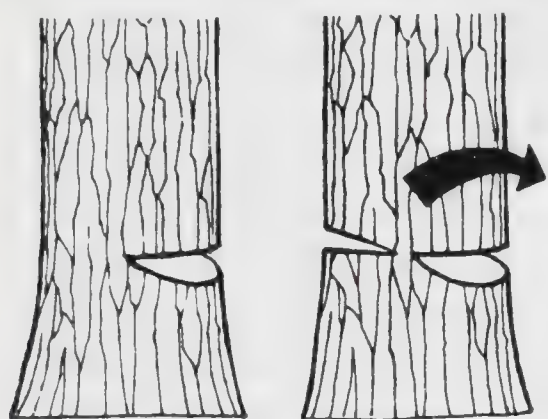
Uncle Alvin fixed the trailer so it would slide on the tongue—the connecting pipe. They dug a hole in the ground just right, with the dirt from the hole thrown back up so the truck could drive up over the hump and down into the hole and on out until the trailer was on the hump and blocked. They would pull the trailer pin, and then back the truck up, with the tongue sliding through the trailer body, until the truck was at the bottom of the hole. Then, everything being equal, they would simply pin the trailer and drive off with it all loaded up. Of course, the tongue was then sticking out the back about ten feet, and up in the air the same amount, so watch out when backing up.

Anyway, that was later on. This day, as with other days, Fred Raybal was driving, pulling the pole trailer. He made a wide swing, and pulled up to the log landing. Everyone heard him coming and they were ready. When he stopped, they all fell to work. Uncle Chet put skids at the bunks on the truck and trailer. Then he hooked one end of the bottom chain to the truck bunk and the other end hooked onto the trailer bunk. Then the middle of the chain was pulled towards the log landing and a log was rolled over the middle of the chain and against the skids. Uncle Alvin took the skid horses to the off side of the truck and stretched a chain over the trailer tongue. Uncle Chet passed it on over the log to Dad, and he hooked it to the apex of the bottom chain. With a slight flip of the reins and a click of the tongue, Uncle Alvin moved the horses forward. (Boy, right now, even as I write this, I can smell the forest, the cut logs, the cut brush nearby, and the team. I can still hear the horses as they move forward; the grunting kind of sound they make as they lean into their traces. I hear the chain as it bites into the bark of the ponderosa log when it starts to roll, first up against, then on up the skids, with bark falling and pitch dripping.) With magnificent strength, the horses—Don and Rowdy, Dutch or Dick—pulled, and the changing arc of the chain bit into the log, forcing it at last onto the bunks of the truck. After the first bunk of logs was full, then the chain was moved up to the second and third tier; sometimes they could go to a fourth tier if the logs weren't too big. This was when the horses really had to work. They had to work especially hard if it was a one-log load, first to skid it, then load it.

On this particular day, after the truck was loaded and tied down, Dad sent Kent and me to help Fred over the little hill that was just before the sawmill. Fred ground up the hill as far as he could go. When the truck powered out, he slammed on the brakes, and Kent and I each put a big rock under each back wheel. Then Fred wound the engine up and let out the clutch and went charging up the hill 8 or 10 feet, and we ran with the rocks and crammed them under the tires when the truck came to rest. About half way up the hill, Kent was on the driver's side wheel, and when the truck came to rest on the rocks, he let out a howl. I went charging around the other side of the truck, and there was Kent's gloved hand between the rock and the loaded truck's wheel. Fred threw open his door and hit the ground running, his face full of anguish. By the time Fred reached him, Kent couldn't hold it any longer. He started laughing and pulled his hand out of his glove. Kent always was quick on his feet (hands). As the truck settled down, it was coming back on his hand. He yelped and jerked his hand back, leaving the glove stuck. In that moment he could see he was free, and he had already squalled, so he stuck his fist back in the glove. It was a good joke—after we quit beating on him.



I forgot to say that the trees were cut down with a crosscut saw. The two guys felling the trees would walk up to a mature tree that the Forest Service had marked for harvest, carrying their lunches, files, hammer, wedges (to force the tree to fall if it rocked back on their saw, or if it was too balanced to fall) and a gallon jug of kerosene. From this big bottle of kerosene, they would fill a 5th of whiskey bottle. They also had a double-bit axe. As they walked up to the tree, they'd look to see which way it was leaning (wanting to fall), then they'd look down the path it was going to fall. If it were going to hit another tree or trees, they'd try to pull it around to a better, softer path. Finding the path they wanted, a notch (a V-shaped under-cut) would be made about 9 or 10 inches deep and at 90 degrees to the path they had chosen for the tree. Then they'd start cutting 4 inches higher around on the back side (a back-cut).



Under cut and back cut

Pulling the crosscut saw back and forth took a good marriage of partners to keep it sawing smoothly. Now the whisky bottle of kerosene came into play. The bottle had a bunch of pine needles pushed down its throat, and as the pitch-sap of the tree bound up the crosscut, they would throw a spray of kerosene along both sides of the saw to cut the pitch. Kent and I finally reached the age where we wanted to try crosscutting. Boy, I would be pushing when he was supposed be pulling, or he would be helping me when I was supposed to be pulling. One day, Kent and I

were cutting a log, and were getting pretty good. When he worked he always had his tongue sticking out the corner of his mouth a little. We were really getting with it, and I pulled and pushed down on the handle of the saw at the same time, to be more productive I guess. Surely I didn't do it on purpose. You're right, the handle of the saw came up and hit Kent under the chin and the blood flew!

Sometimes the men in the woods were busy at other things, then Kent and I in our small way could skid with the horses. We'd take the horses out into the brush and swing them up to the end of a log and set the tongs and drag the log back to the landing. At times we had to back them up to the end of a log. This backing was not easy; we had to grab the tongs and drag them backwards along with the double-trees and traces, at the same time holding onto the reins and backing the horses. If there was a stump involved we would set the tongs, putting one tong back under the log and on the ground so that when we slammed the other tong into the top side of the log they both bit deep, and didn't pull out when Dutch and Rowdy laid into their harnesses. Kent had the reins this time, and the twist we put in the tongs rolled the log out and away from the stump. In throwing some brush out of the way one time, we learned that Rowdy got a little white-eyed and took notice of what was going on. So one of us would stand where he could see us and gently slapped the side of our britches with a pine branch. Then he would really get down and pulled with Dutch. Aunt Beulah said when she would ride the horses as Uncle Alvin worked, that Rowdy was a little lazy and had to be urged on now and then. Aunt's Beulah, Fern and Uncle Donald can't seem to stress enough Uncle Alvin's skill and ability—and gentleness—with horses.



The kids at the mill earned 5 or 6 cents a day piling brush—limbs that were left after the trees had been limbed. Grandpa Rothlisberger, or whoever contracted it, did it for 25 cents a pile; we kids got a penny.

At the mill, the skidway is made up of 3 or 4 sets of two logs acting as runners and at a slight angle, so when logs are skidded up on to them with a team of horses, or are dropped off the truck, they can then be rolled down into the mill by hand. As the truck pulls up to the end of the skidway, the driver and the person at the skidway run back to the belly chains on the logs and knock the hooks off the chains, and let each chain slide through its ringed end. With big dust-raising thumps, the logs roll—all trying to get off at once—off the truck and drop onto the skidway. As Grandma Goodman and Arlo Wayne go out across the meadow to feed the chickens, the morning sun comes through and over the trees, hitting the meadow and the skidway; dust and bark fill the air and turn it golden amber. Men with cant hooks move in this golden aura to straighten out the logs and move them on down toward the carriage.

The sawyer pulls on his lever to shoot the carriage back on its tracks, and the big saw quits cutting and settles down to a steady whine. As the carriage comes to a stop at the skidway, the carriage operator undoes the "dogs" and the man on the skidway, with cant hook in hand, turns the log to its flat side. The dogs are set once more and the log is ratcheted forward for "squaring up," with as little waste as possible.

One day, Kent and I got a little bored and finally wound up at the mill, at the off-side of the carriage to be more correct. We played in the sawdust for a while; maybe this is what threw Dad off. He didn't see our attraction to the cable that the sawyer controls to move the carriage back and forth. We moved over to it and were letting it run back and forth through our fingers. I guess I was mesmerized by the cable and didn't notice how close my fingers were to the cable sheave. Into the sheave they went. Boy, it was pulling me down into the trough that the cable ran in! Dad either saw what was happening or heard me yell. He threw the carriage lever forward; the sudden reverse thrust almost threw the carriage operator off. Dad jumped over the carriage cables, grabbed me up, and to the doctor we went. I still don't know why we went on through McNary and on to Lakeside, but that is where the doctor fixed up my smashed fingers and thumb. On the way home, right in the middle of the road was this—it looked brand new—little rubber-band driven balsa airplane. Oh, how it could fly—good medicine for a sick puppy.

The carriage moves forward, and the saw bites into the log as the sawyer controls the amount of feed so as not to bog the saw down. A blower was built in under the saw to blow the sawdust out to the sawdust pile.

Uncle Alvin grabbed Alvena by an arm and Gwen by a leg and threw them over the cliff. Don jumped onto Uncle Alvin's back, and what with Kent and me holding on to each leg and Gloria and Wayne pushing, one would think we could push him over the cliff, too. Not so, not Uncle Alvin. With a few muscular shakes, turns and twists, he sent us all sailing out and over the



ledge and down to join Allie and Gwennie at the bottom of the sawdust pile. Disappearing into the soft sawdust, we came up spitting and sputtering. Wiping sawdust out of our mouths and eyes (it's not easy keeping sawdust out of your mouth when you're laughing so hard), we crawled back up the slope to the bottom of the 10 foot cliff. We just had to live with sawdust down our clothes and in our shoes. Anytime anyone mentions the sawdust pile, they talk of losing shoes. We must have lost a bodacious amount of them in that loose sawdust.

As Uncle Alvin stood laughing, with hands on his hips up on top, we all huddled together—still spitting and coughing—for just a minute to make more serious and devious plans on how to topple the “King of the Mountain.” Then, dividing our group in two, we charged up and around both ends of the ledge and hit him all at the same time, only to find ourselves back at the bottom, laughing and sputtering all over again.

The cliff we were thrown over was cut by the wind, and was hard packed. The kids of the mill considered it one of their favorite playgrounds. We had caves in it you wouldn't believe. Not big enough for our little bodies for sure, but for our occasional store-bought cars and trucks and sawmill-generated vehicles—pounded together with nails, or carved out of cut-off ends—the caves were wonderful. We did try to make caves big enough to crawl into once in a while, but we sensed it was a little dangerous. Especially when the other kids tried to cave them in on us. Aunt Fern mentioned standing in front of the sawdust pipe as sawdust was being blown up to the pile. It brought back memories of us doing it in my generation. We couldn't stand very close or it would really pepper us.

As the carriage clears the saw and zips back to repeat its process, the slab off the log is thrown to the floor beside the boiler to feed it. Two more slabs come by, and then a nice square piece of lumber comes through for the cut-off man/fireman to cut the ends square, or to cut out any waste and send it on. While a log is being put onto the carriage, the fireman grabs a slab, throws open the doors of the boiler and throws it into the coals and intense heat, then slams the doors and stands back, red faced. If he still has time, he'll pack the slabs he doesn't need outside to throw on a waste (surge) pile. Few of the slabs were wasted. People from around would get them to build sheds and different things with, or to use for fire wood.

There was a big steam gauge on the side of the boiler and the steam pressure had to be kept at 180 lbs. I don't know how hot the fire was—1000 or 1500 degrees? All I know is when I looked into that scarlet-red, white-hot, yellow fire box under the boiler I sure had to throw up my arm to protect my face and eyes. I enjoyed looking in just as we are mesmerized by a fireplace or campfire. There was also a sight glass on the side of the boiler where the water level had to be kept constant. Years later, Dad worked as a fireman on the railroad out of Winslow for a spell. The engineer on the train told Dad he held the steam pressure more steady than any other fireman he had known. I suppose Dad told of his apprenticeship at their steam-driven mill in the White Mountains.



Lumber, too, has been moving, down along the length of the green chain (as in green lumber) where the guys pull it off and stack it according to size and length.

About Grandpa's Jordan truck that Uncles Alvin, Walter and Donald built up out of an old touring car, Uncle Don said, "We bought that old Jordan touring car. It was as long as this room I guess, a big old thing. It had six cylinders. Alvin and Walter and I worked most all of one winter building that dang thing. We never had a cutting torch or anything. On all the things we put together, we used a little old hand drill. I did most of the hand drilling on that old frame. Walter and Alvin did the laying out. We got a worm drive out of a ton-and-a-half Chevrolet truck for a rear drive. The differential was pretty big, and then up on top, it had that worm drive. After it was finished, it made a pulling son of a gun." After that, they put log bunks on the '25 Chevy and used it to log with.

Anyway, the Jordan truck was sitting at the green chain, and had been loaded from the kiln drying shed with clear-planed lumber by this time, and the load was tied down. Grandpa looked it over—Uncle Don said Grandpa was really jealous of his planed lumber; he didn't want any marks or scratches on it. He opened the door to the truck and pushed all his paper and tally sheets over and got in. He started the engine (for a week or so he has been irritable since he doesn't have any tobacco and tobacco papers. Grandson Wayne had, in an effort to force him to quit smoking, thrown all his makin's down the outhouse) and drove away from the lumber trolley rails at the end of the green chain, and out through the log yard. The truck bounced and swayed in the soft, black earth, as he went on out past the big skid wheels, and across the little green meadow. Then he hit the main road and headed for Holbrook. As he drove down the little slope east of the sawmill, dust trailing, he waved to the laughing, shouting kids and all their mothers (who were on their way down under the hill to work in the family garden located at Pancho Springs), and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

As our gentle, silver-haired, white-moustached Grandpa with his elastic arm band drove out, he passed, on the west side of the meadow, two cabins, a chicken coop, and the granary. The house on the north was where—when I was about eight or so—Henry Trueax lived for a season. I've heard some historians say the Apaches were a scrawny little people. They've got to be kidding! Henry Trueax was the finest example of manhood I've ever seen. He was about six feet tall, nice-looking, wide of shoulder and narrow at the hips. I used to follow him around when he wasn't



Lloyd by Bill's Ford touring car bought in California.  
Notice the outhouse to the right.



working. One morning as I came out of our house, I looked over to see if I could see Henry. He was outside alright, he and two other men, and they were building something this seven-year-old had never seen before. It turned out to be a sweat bath. They bent and lashed the saplings they had gathered into a small sort of wickiup and covered it with blankets, and to say that as I sat by the big spring and watched—I was enthralled, enchanted, mesmerized—was an understatement. Especially when one of them, I'll say Henry, now stripped down to a loin cloth, (they each took a turn), lifted a corner of a blanket and crawled in. Then, wonder of wonders, his two Apache friends, using sticks, took from the fire—and I had seen the fire off to the side and wondered curiously why they needed a fire in the summer time—rocks, hot rocks, very hot rocks, four or five, and placed them just inside the sweat bath. Then a jug of water was passed in to him. It took me a while to figure out that he was pouring water over the hot rocks to work up a steam, but when he came out after twenty minutes or so he was sweaty, shiny clean. I'm not sure whether a sweat bath is just to clean the body or whether it is to purify the soul, too, under other circumstances.



Grandpa stuck in the snow

South of Henry's house was the house Uncle Bill and Aunt Mary stayed in for a while. Then further south was the chicken coop. One day a wail was heard out across the meadow. Faces appeared at windows and doors, and the men at the mill looked around at the sound. Out at the chicken coop, the sound increased to a high pitch. A bobcat had been getting into the hen house, so Uncle Alvin had set a trap at the door of the chicken run, never expecting to catch anything but that chicken-loving bobcat. Mom, wanting to bake a cake for the noon meal, sent me out to get a couple of eggs. The latch to the door was a little high for me to get open, or maybe it was stuck. Whichever, I still couldn't get the door open. That's when I decided to slip through the chicken-run door. Was I surprised when that trap snapped on my wrist!

The granary was next to the chicken coop. Gene said he could remember it because he was with Uncle Bill when he skinned out one of the king's deer. I don't remember the granary, and I sure don't remember the big barn, with big doors and stalls down each side, that Uncle Donald said used to be next in line—close to the road to Wolf Mountain. The only barn I remember was the one over on the east side of our little meadow. Gene said that one, the new one, used to be a bunk house and I believe it. Let me tell another of my life stories.

I was born about six years of age. If that were the case, I was born on a wagon load of hay right in the midst of Dad, my brother Kent, Uncle Chet Penrod, and Uncle Cecil, who was not really our uncle at all, but we consider him such. Maybe he wasn't there at all and we were



just using his wagon, delivering hay to Grandpa's barn for the skid horses and milk cow. All of a sudden, the beautiful world around burst upon me, and I was here, and that's as far back as my memory will go.



Don on Uncle Alvin's Willis

The forked hay we were riding on was from Uncle Cecil's. The wagon was being pulled by Silver and Rowdy, our big logging horses. What splendid horses they were, with their shiny sorrel coats; Rowdy's mane and tail were on the dark side, guess what color Silver's were? My younger years seem to be measured in horses: Silver and Rowdy, Don and Rowdy, Dutch and Rowdy—their big legs and feet that flashed up and down; their manes flashing in the sun as they pulled the wagon on down to the barn.

As you can guess, I was impressed with those horses. The barn was just big enough for the horses and milk cow, and enough hay to feed them for the winter. There were no corrals at the mill. When the horses weren't working, they were locked in the barn. One time, out in the woods at the end of the day, Dad told me to take the horses back home to the barn. So I grabbed the harness on old Rowdy—we didn't have escalators in those days—and climbed up, and we were off. I remember a story told to me by Norma Lee's Uncle Dale. When he was young, his father told him to take the team home. He said, "But I don't know the way home." Grandpa Bigler told him, "The horses know the way home. You're just going along to open the gates." That's the way I was that day. At one point, I wanted to stop and watch a squirrel in an old oak tree—not on your life. They were going to the barn, and I knew if I wanted the same thing I'd better hang on. When they entered the meadow where the sawmill was, they broke into a lope. Now I really had to hang on! I grabbed the haines and cinched down tight. The harness, traces included, was flopping and flaying the air. Their great hooves pounding the grassy sod, the ring and snap-hook on the harness, sent out steel-against-steel sounds ringing out over the meadow—and the robins made way. As we closed in on the barn, I had a horrible thought: that door is just big enough for Rowdy. Right then I wished for a real barn like Uncle Cecil's, with big double doors. I don't know if I figured that if the haines would clear then so would I, or if there simply wasn't anything else to do but throw myself backwards, flat along Rowdy's back and hope for the best. I never have figured out how my legs and feet cleared. Well, he thundered up to the barn, made a right turn even as he entered the door, past that little door frame, on into the darkness of good-smelling hay and the nice smell of livestock, and up to his stall, with Silver crowding right behind him. When all the muscles, hooves, harnesses and manes of both horses



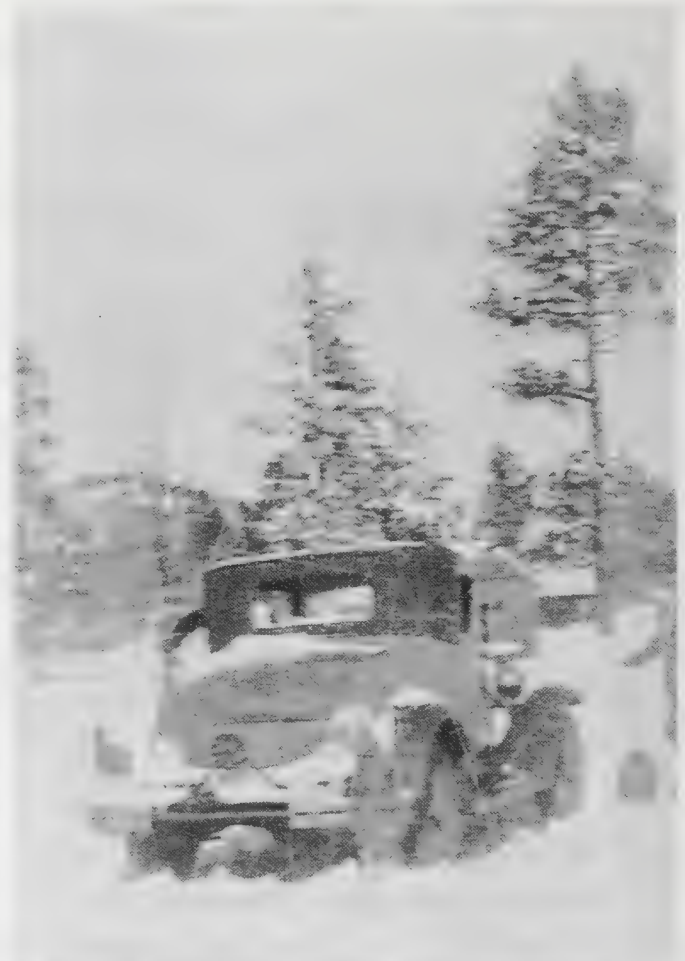
settled down, they turned and looked at me as if to say, "Well, where is our hay?" I guess that's what I was along for.

Uncle John told us about when the train hit him and his dog, Jigs, at the crossing on the road past McCormick Springs, as he went coon hunting. It hit the convertible right behind the front seat. According to Aunts Fern and Beulah, the train was traveling backwards and whether Uncle John thought he could beat it, or if he didn't even see it, they don't know. It hit him and carried him up the track 150 yards or so before kicking him off to the side. When the engine went by, the engineer saw him and stopped. They lifted the car off him, and he walked back down to the mill. Uncle Don said for years as he worked for Naegles, every time he rode by the wreck he wondered with amazement how in the world Uncle John came out of it alive—that thing was really beat up—let alone receiving nothing more than a scratch on the nose. I forgot to say Jigs wasn't so lucky.



Dale and Kent in front of the old Jordan touring car which was turned into a truck to haul lumber. Parked next to Lloyd's and Ruths's house. 1938

drove the eleven miles down to Grandpa's sawmill and asked him for a job. He said, "You bet," and everyone set to and built them a house on the south side of the little meadow by the McNary road. Geneva said, "The house was all built and 'Grandpa' (as they always called him) was in St. Johns getting tar paper for the roof, when a May shower hit, and water poured through the roof, soaking everything we owned except for baby Doris. I put her under the oilcloth-covered table and that kept her dry."



More snow at the mill. Grandpa on right with shovel. Probably Don in back of car

"Grandpa Goodman was a fine old man." Lonnie and Geneva Gillam left Arkansas in '30 during the Great Depression; they had all their earthly possessions in and on a Model A Ford pickup. Her uncle and brother were working for the mill in McNary—actually they were engineers on the railroad—and had written them, saying there might be a job for them if they would come to Arizona. They arrived just as the sawmill in McNary went on strike and shut down. Not knowing what else to do, they





L to R. Back row: Kent, Dale, Alvena  
Front row: Don, Gloria, Gwen  
Main house in background

One day Geneva was sitting outside nursing Doris when all of a sudden the baby let out a scream, and blood shot out and began to run down her face from a cut above her right eyebrow. Lonnie said, "The saw down at the mill hit a nail or a spike that had previously been driven into the log. Teeth from the saw shelled off, and one flew through the air clear across the meadow, flashed by Doris, nicking her, and the blood flew." Lonnie said, "Lloyd would have us all go out to the woods and log for a while until we had enough logs, then we would fire up the mill and cut them into lumber."

After delivering his load of lumber and picking up Grandma's grocery order for the whole mill, Grandpa was coming home from Holbrook one night and the lights on the truck went out. Not being able to fix them, he went on. In the faint glow of light, a pile of white rocks led him astray, and out through the grass and rocks he went, with the truck bouncing and twisting. When he finally got it stopped and everything settled down, he opened the door and got out to find groceries strung around everywhere. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "Humm, looks like someone else had a wreck here, too."



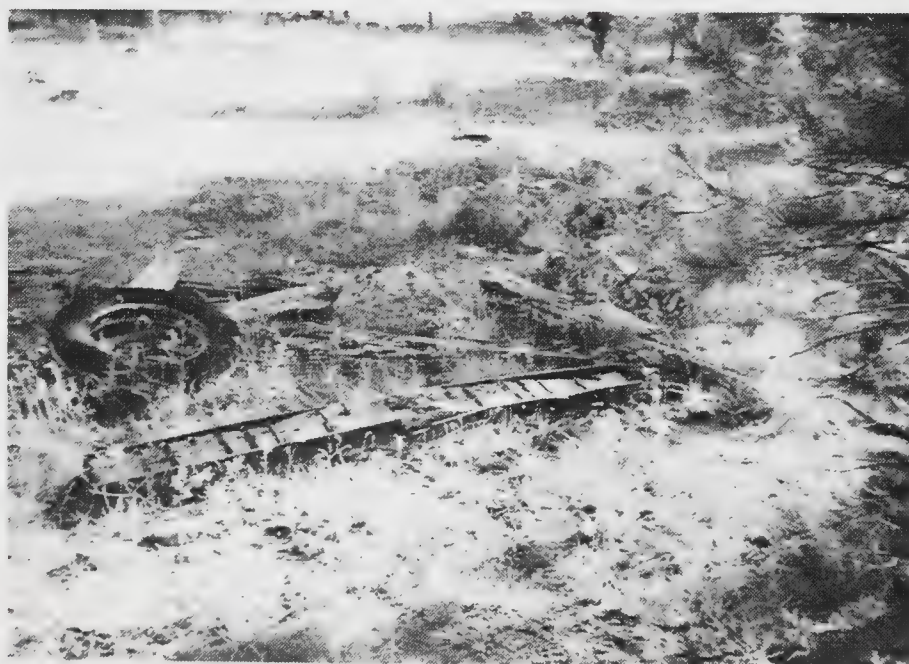
Grandpa, Grandma, and Lloyd  
Smokestack between Grandpa and Grandma  
The Chevy Bill gave to Grandpa if he'd shave his moustache



I remember Gib Mills saying that he and my Dad used to hunt wild horses. Uncle Don said he used to chase them once in a while, and had caught one. But this little ole horse he had called Lad, was one Uncle Bill had caught over on Chevelon. He was a good little ole horse. He was a two-year-old when Bill caught him, and he brought him over to Linden. Uncle Don said, "Uncle Bill told me if I would take care of him, and break him, I could have him. I had him all the time until someway or another I traded him to John after I went to work for Neagles. Then John and J.T. Smith were out chasing wild horses out by Clay Springs, and he ran this little ole horse over, and started to jump, kind of a little juniper tree. The little horse hit the juniper and flipped and broke his neck. Beulah has a picture of Lloyd on him. He rode him to Vernon to school all one winter from the sawmill. Fern and Beulah rode a little horse named Peewee till the weather got too bad."

So many good times, so many good memories happened in connection with that beautiful little meadow. It will be in our hearts and minds for a long, long time. The sawmill and houses are gone now. Removed to restore the meadow to its natural setting. Only a few artifacts are there to whisper our story if you listen close. "A bunk off one of the log wagons, a heavy cable—too heavy for the carriage cable, the pipe rising out of the ground that supplied feed water for the mill. . . . Hard times. Good times."

End of Dale's narrative

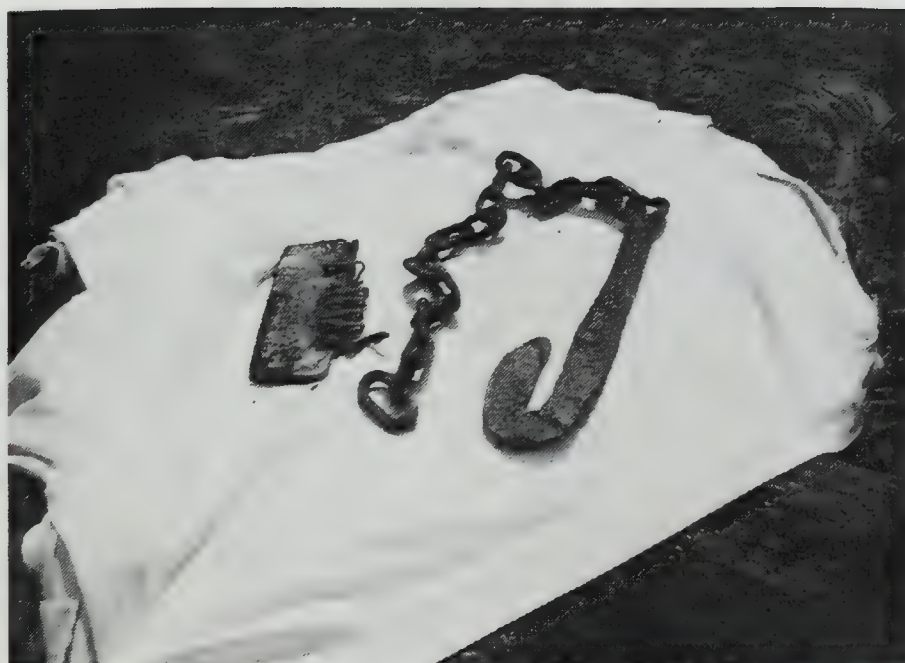


Memories: Bunk off the log wagon, 1994





Sawmill site, 1994



Piece of belt, chain and hook, 1994





Remains of Graham Paige auto; found north of  
remains of workers' cabins



Little Spring, 1994





Big Spring, 1994

The gospel and the Church were always important to Grandma. However, after the move to the mill, they didn't get to attend church meetings very often. Nevertheless, she saw that her children were taught the gospel, how to pray, and that each was baptized.

In the fall of 1924, four of the kids went to school in Vernon—John, Lloyd, Fern, and Beulah. As long as the weather was good, they rode horses from the mill to the school. When the weather turned cold and the snow became too deep, Grandpa rented a house on the western edge of Vernon from Lee Wilhelm. Grandma and the kids moved down there until spring returned to the White Mountains. That was the last year John attended school.

The next fall (1925), Lloyd was the only Goodman boy to attend school. Fern and Beulah agree it was a good thing John wasn't there when Mr. LaRue whipped Lloyd. One of the other students wrote a dirty note in class. When he got caught, he blamed in on Lloyd, and Lloyd wouldn't "rat" on him. Mr. LaRue whipped Lloyd with a double rope until his legs were "just jelly." He couldn't even get out of bed. Grandpa didn't do anything, even though Grandma wanted him to. Lloyd said, "When I grow to be a man, and if I see him, I'm going to give him the

same thing he gave me." (The post script to this story is that during a much later Vernon Day celebration, LaRue came back to visit and Lloyd walked up to him and shook hands with him.)



Old Vernon School House



That year, 1925, brought a special sorrow to the family. Frances died of acute nephritis in Gallup on December 6. When she became ill enough that Horace felt he had to get her to a hospital, Grandpa and Grandma went to Clay Springs to get the three children—Beth, 6½, Reece, 5, and Rose, 4. Frances died the day after Rose's fourth birthday. These children stayed with the Goodman family for about a year. That's when Horace brought the washing machine over to the sawmill. Again that winter, Grandma was in Vernon with her three youngest children, and Frances's children joined them in the Wilhelm house.

We don't know what the Goodmans were driving in 1925, probably a truck of some sort (an maybe they were still using nothing but their wagons), but Henry Ford's roadster was selling for \$260, and the Charleston dance and crossword puzzles became very popular.

Grandpa, Grandma, and Alvin registered to vote in Apache County in 1926. They wrote that they were sawmill men, and a housewife, and Democrats. Grandma alone had registered in 1924.

Ward clerks apparently were not so concerned with percentages in those days—it took the Goodman membership records a year and a half to get from Pinedale to Vernon. Sacrament Meeting minutes of January 31, 1926 show that the family was presented for recommendation: Hannah McNeil Goodman, William Edward, Alvin, Walter, Don, John, Lloyd, Fern, and Beulah.

On July 3, 1926, Beulah and Grandpa were baptized; she was 9 and he was 55. They were confirmed on July 4. That must have been a great joy for Grandma. Grandpa first bore his testimony on October 24; he said he knew that other churches do good, but believed this was the true Church. Subsequently, on September 25, 1927, Grandpa and Grandma went to Taylor and received their Patriarchal Blessings from John Hatch, Patriarch.

Here are several other entries in the Vernon Ward records which pertain to the Goodman family:<sup>1</sup>

Apr. 26, 1931:	Ella Goodman was blessed.
Oct. 4, 1931:	John LeRoy Goodman was blessed.
Nov. 6, 1932:	Alvin Goodman was ordained a Priest
Aug. 6, 1933:	(Banner Day) Lucy Alvena Goodman, Lloyd Dale Goodman, and Walter Ray Goodman were blessed.
Aug. 5, 1934:	Baby of Lloyd Goodman was blessed. (Kent?)
Jul. 8, 1934:	Sister Hannah Goodman was set apart as Chairman of the Genealogical Work of Vernon Ward.
Nov. 11, 1934:	William E. Goodman, Hannah M. Goodman, and John M. Goodman all gave reports on Quarterly Conference.

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<sup>1</sup>Church Historian's Office, LR 9751, Series 11-20, Reel 8051.



- Sep. 15, 1935: William E. Goodman was set apart as a member of the genealogical committee, and Sister Hannah Goodman told of her trip to California.
- Jun. 13, 1937: Sister Lahoma Goodman told of her gladness at meeting with the Vernon people again.
- Dec. 5, 1937: Baby of Alvin Goodman blessed (Wayne?)
- Jun. 4, 1939: Loretta Idella Penrod was confirmed; Sister Hannah Goodman spoke of the promises of the Lord.
- Jul. 7, 1940: Thomas Eugene Goodman was ordained a Deacon.

A note was added to the records on December 31, 1940: "To date we have had exceptionally warm weather with an unusual amount of rain and sleet, causing the creeks to run full, which is unusual for this time of year. The ground is full of water, and the lakes and reservoirs are filling up fast. The prospects for the new year in regard to the water situation are the best we have had for several years. Inasmuch as the people have prayed to the Lord for moisture, it looks as though the Lord has been good and our prayers have been answered."

- May 25, 1941: Ward Conference: Hannah Goodman was sustained as First Counselor in the Relief Society Presidency.
- Apr. 26, 1942: Sister Hannah Goodman gave the closing prayer.
- Jul. 5, 1942: (Another Banner Day) Gwen Goodman, James Lloyd Goodman, Kent Goodman, and Westlynn Riggs were confirmed. A note was added which stated that "These four children were the first to be confirmed in the new Church building." Sister Hannah Goodman bore her testimony.
- Aug. 23, 1942: Dedication of the Vernon Ward chapel in connection with Stake Quarterly Conference. (This would be the meeting where Grandma gave the closing prayer prematurely.)
- Oct. 3, 1942: (Bishopric Council Meeting). It was suggest that they appoint Brother Alvin Goodman as Chairman of a committee for building of house for light plant.
- Mar. 28, 1943: Elder Lloyd Goodman helped administer the Sacrament. The next part on the program was a quartet by Sisters Nellie and Maxine Gillespie, Brothers Leone Gillespie and Lloyd Goodman, accompanied by Ruth Goodman, *Redeemer of Israel*.
- May 30, 1943: Brother William Edward Goodman's name was presented before the congregation for ordination to the Aaronic Priesthood, and was accepted. Brother William E. Goodman spoke a few words of appreciation for the kindness extended to his family during his father's sickness. Brother William E. Goodman was ordained to the office of a Deacon by Bishop Cecil C. Naegle.



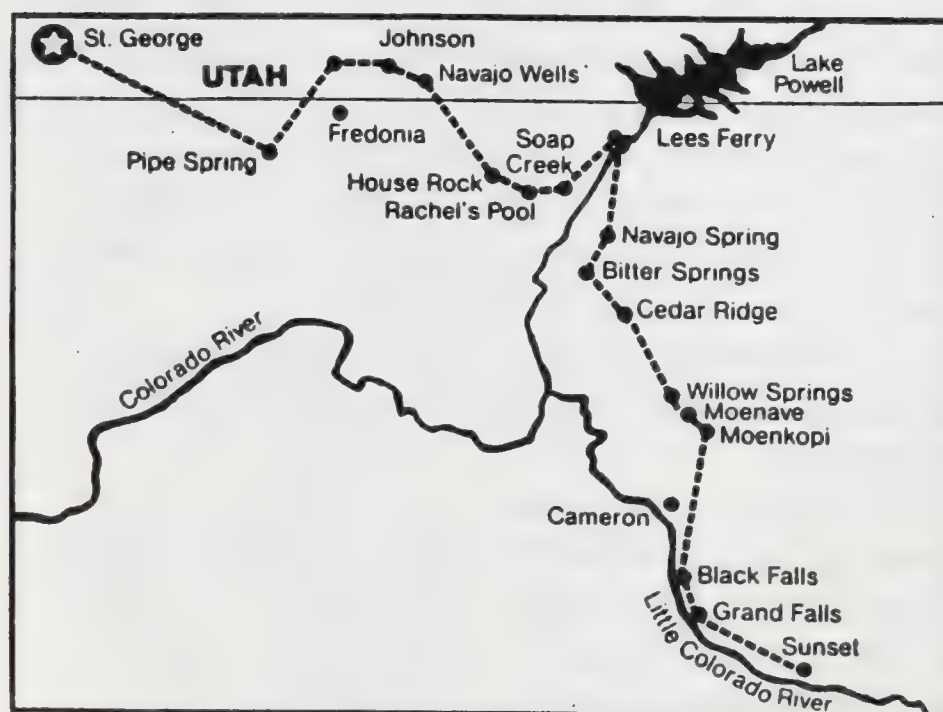
Mar. 5, 1944:

Testimonies were borne by Dale Goodman, Kent Goodman, Gloria Goodman, Venla Penrod, Dorothy Penrod, and Hannah Goodman.

These are just a few entries involving our family—there are many others documenting family church activity from 1926 until Grandma died. It appears, however, that the records are only as good as the current Ward Clerk. Many of our family members were born, blessed, baptized, and ordained, but not recorded here.

Now, back to 1926: These were the years of prohibition. Bootleg trade in the U.S. was estimated at \$3,600,000,000 for 1926 alone. The Word of Wisdom was not a commandment at the time, but simply a “word of wisdom” Grandpa continued to drink coffee and alcohol for several years.

On October 23, 1927 the Arizona Temple was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant.<sup>2</sup> This was a wonderful blessing for those Saints living on the south side of the Colorado River. Up until this time, couples wanting to be sealed in the temple had to take the train to San Francisco, then to Ogden, Utah, and down to Salt Lake. The other alternative was to go by wagon to St. George, Utah. This route was called “The Honeymoon Trail.” This trail had been used for several decades by couples making the journey from the Little Colorado River settlements to the nearest temple. This difficult trip could take weeks, but hundreds of couples, understanding the significance of temple sealings, made the journey willingly.



Honeymoon Trail

The major preparation for the trip came in procuring a hardy team and wagon. The couple also had to decide if they should be married civilly and then be sealed upon reaching the temple, or if they should invite chaperons to accompany them and be married in St. George.

The St. George Temple was completed in 1877, and the first trip made by Little Colorado Saints took place in 1881. The trail was over 400 miles through the desert, winding through steep canyons,

crossing barren plateaus, and passing by rivers and pools of undrinkable water. At Lee's Ferry,

<sup>2</sup>Many of the Church historical dates were taken from “The 1993-1994 Church Almanac,” published by Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah.



the trail crossed the Colorado River near the mouth of the Grand Canyon. Ironically, the worst problem in traveling the trail was water—lack of water, muddy water, salty water, or too much water. The “too much water” came when the couples crossed the Colorado at Lee's Ferry.

Also in 1927, the Mount Rushmore Memorial in Black Hills, South Dakota was begun by sculptor Gutzon Borghum, born in Paris, Idaho, and a member of the LDS church. It was also the year that Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight championship, and Babe Ruth set a home run record with 60 hits for the season.

On February 14, 1928—Valentine's Day (a bit of the romantic there)—Walter married Inez McNeil. Inez and Walter were first cousins—her father was Daniel McNeil, Grandma's brother, whose wife had died and left three daughters—Inez, Leah, and Esther. One or more of these girls occasionally stayed with the Goodmans earlier in Clay Springs and Linden, and again at the sawmill. The newly-weds continued to live and work at the sawmill with other family members.

Life went on at the mill: cutting, skidding, and sawing logs, trimming cut lumber, stacking, selling, and delivering lumber. Grandpa delivered a lot of that lumber himself. Gib told this experience involving Grandpa:

Uncle Bill came (to their house in Show Low) one day about ten o'clock in the morning, on his way home from Holbrook. When I went out to meet him, he said, “Hell fire, gosh damn, geemanently!” (This was Grandpa's favorite expression.) “I've lost my trailer.” So he asked me if I would go back with him and find his trailer. We went back down the road about 13 miles, and found it on a kind of a rocky hill. It was empty and had just bounced off the hitch. It was down about where the Willis Ranch is located. We got it hooked back on and came home. He had a Chevrolet truck, but it just had a cab and chassis. It was probably a four cylinder engine, too. I remember it had real small wheels on the front and bigger ones on the back. That's just the way trucks were made in those days; that's the way my dad had our truck, too.

Gib continued about Grandpa's trips to Holbrook with a load of lumber:

I worked at the Goodman sawmill for about three summers while I was a kid. One summer when I was working there, Uncle Bill went to Holbrook with a load of lumber to get some groceries, and was gone two weeks. Aunt Hannah was over here (Show Low) the night Uncle Bill stopped on his way back from Holbrook. Uncle Jess and Alvin had made some B-wine, but Aunt Hannah made Uncle Bill go to bed without any. Pretty soon he came out of the bedroom and said, “Gosh damn, geemanently, Hannah, I've got to go to the bathroom.”



And about a McNeil reunion held at the sawmill:

One summer we had a reunion up to the sawmill. Uncle Jess figured he was back down in Old Mexico so he barbecued a beef. He just dug a big hole, got plenty of coals in it, and put the beef in there, hide and all. That meat sure was tender. They had just planed some lumber, so we built a dance pavilion. They had some orchestra from Vernon come up there and play. It rained a little just after dark, and when people got on the floor with a little mud on their shoes, it would come off on those slick boards, and down they'd go.

Another cousin, LaVene Thompson Fenn (daughter of Aunt Annie McNeil Thompson), remembered that particular reunion:

We had gone up there from El Freda. I think Mom and Dad just decided on the spur of the moment that they were going to go, but it was a reunion or something. When we got up there, we stayed at Aunt Hannah's, in the old log cabin. Their being built out of logs fascinated me, too. I hadn't ever seen that, up there in the pines, pine gum on the pine trees. Uncle Will showed me how to get that. But mainly I played with Laura and Bud, because they lived there, too. I can remember Bud telling somebody that they had shot a deer which was out of season, but it didn't seem to bother anybody. Those mountain people had to live off the mountain and it wasn't anybody's business, I suppose. And then Beulah was old enough to play with me, and Bud, and Laura, and we'd bury ourselves in the sawdust. I guess Bud was the only boy we had there. Anyhow, when we'd go up there, that pile seemed like a mountain to me.

To decorate, Aunt Hannah told us to go get some ferns. So Uncle Will took all us kids—Fern, Beulah, Bud, Laura, and me—and we went down in a little gully. We carved our names on those white-barked trees. There was a whole area and the ferns were all over, so thick and beautiful under those quaken aspens. It was just like a fairy land. Of course, I was raised on the desert with mesquite trees and cactus.

I don't remember who was playing for the dance, but later what I can remember is Donald sitting there with his hat and whistling in his hat and then with his saw. I thought that saw music was the most beautiful thing in the world. I never did figure out how he did it.

On December 28, 1928, Horace Crandell had Frances' endowment work done by proxy in the Mesa Temple; they were then sealed, and their three children—Beth, Reece, and Rose—were sealed to them for time and eternity. She was the first member of the family to be endowed; others would soon follow.



Also in 1928, the nation's postwar prosperity approached its crest, and stocks were dangerously high. In fact, people were unwisely borrowing money to invest in stocks. The federal government committed itself to future participation in hydroelectric power production with the approval of the Boulder Dam (Hoover Dam) project. Herbert Hoover was elected President on the Republican ticket, and Walt Disney released the first Mickey Mouse cartoon, "Steamboat Willie."

An event in August of 1929 sent shock waves through the Goodman family—Fern eloped with Chet Penrod! She was the fourth child to be married, and wouldn't be 16 for another month. They were married in Holbrook on the 26th. Fern confided in Beulah what her plans were, then she surreptitiously removed clothing and other personal items and hid them near the Vernon-McNary road and waited for Chet to pick her up. It was left to Beulah to tell Grandma and Grandpa after Fern and Chet had left for Holbrook. Family members remember that Grandpa was "madder than hell." Being the loving, forgiving father he was, he undoubtedly got over his anger quickly. Chet and Fern settled in Piney on where the Penrods had homesteaded.

October 29, 1929 was the blackest day in stock market history, and a black day for the Country. On this day, the market collapsed and then continued to decline until November 13 when 30 billion dollars in capital values had been swept away. The country slipped into the greatest economic depression in its history. For many Americans, their way of life would be permanently altered. This is not to say that all Americans suffered during the Great Depression. Many wealthy families continued their annual trips to Europe, and life went on as usual for them. However, it was estimated that 60% of Americans had a yearly income under \$2,000; at one point unemployment climbed to 24% of the labor force.

In Arizona in 1930, the Coolidge Dam (southeast of Globe on the Gila River) was dedicated; and Pluto, the ninth planet, was discovered by scientists at the Lowell Observatory, in Flagstaff. Nationally, sliced bread was introduced. Now, toasters could be invented.

In the Church, the Centennial of the Church's organization was celebrated at April Conference in Salt Lake City. Heber J. Grant was still President of the Church.

John Goodman started the year of 1931 out right when he married Lahoma Bennett on January 28, 1931 in Holbrook. The marriage must have had Grandpa's and Grandma's blessings as Grandpa served as a witness at the ceremony.

The Depression deepened during 1931; unemployment was estimated between 4 and 5 million. Bank panic spread and hundreds of banks closed their doors after thousands of people across the nation rushed to close out their checking and savings accounts. Still, as Will Rogers commented, "We're the first nation to go to the poorhouse in an automobile."



Also in 1931, Grandpa celebrated his 60th birthday, the Empire State building was completed, and *The Star Spangled Banner* became the official national anthem by act of Congress.

The depth of the Depression was reached in 1932; unemployment reached 15 million by year's end. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was elected President on the Democratic ticket, said, "I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people."

Historian David A. Shannon wrote:

The first significant New Deal relief measure, and the one that evoked relatively little opposition, was the act of March 31, 1933, creating the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). The CCC quickly took 250,000 young men from relief families and put them to work under direction of the War Department at soil conservation and reforestation projects. The young men in "the C's" received board and room at the work camps and \$30 a month, of which \$25 automatically went home to their families. By 1940, when the CCC came to an end, more than 2,225,000 young men had worked in the program, and their labors had significantly improved the condition of the countryside.<sup>1</sup>

And about the WPA:

The Works Progress Administration (WPA—created by Executive Order in May 1935) was the biggest, most ambitious, and generally most successful relief program the federal government has ever undertaken. The average monthly wage of all classifications was \$52 in 1936. When one considers that, because of their poverty, the receivers of this money spent it quickly, the stimulation to the economy in general can be realized. Most of the money went for construction and conservation projects—highways, streets, levees, airports, schools, hospitals, and other public buildings.<sup>2</sup>

Apparently, no Goodman boys went to the CCC camps, even though there were C's in the area. However, Walter and John were both employed on adult WPA projects at various times. Other area boys on WPA were Johnnie, Cecil, and Alma Naegle. Each man was allowed to work approximately one year before he was released and another person signed up in his place.

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<sup>1</sup>Shannon, p. 330

<sup>2</sup>Shannon, p. 343.





Grandpa with Timberline girls' bed rolls going on their trip to Old Baldy. He's driving Slim Cambren's team of horses

One of these projects was opening a cinderpit between Vernon and the sawmill (below Willow Springs). The crews cindered the road from the reservation fence to Vernon and all the little side roads. Actually, they eventually cindered all the roads in Navajo and Apache Counties, but that involved other crews.

This work was pick and shovel power. The object was to create jobs for

people. There were no trucks used on these projects, just teams and about 22 to 28 wagons. These were provided by the Gillespies, Goodmans, Naegles, and Wilhelms, among others. The pay wasn't much for manpower, teams, and wagons, but it was better than nothing.

Another project was the construction of WPA (humorously interpreted "We Piddle Around") outhouses. These were one-seaters with a cement floor, and were actually quite sturdy. Individual families were the beneficiaries of these.

The most telling effect of the Depression on the Goodman family at the sawmill was that people simply did not have money to buy lumber. There were long intervals in which no lumber was cut because no lumber was being sold. The boys of the family looked for work wherever and whenever they could away from the mill. Life was not easy and food was not always plentiful, but they were able to survive.

Nature was not kind to farmers in the mid-west during the Depression decade. Beginning in 1931, western farmers were plagued with a succession of droughts. David Shannon, historian, wrote about the Dust Bowl:

Successive droughts and the steady winds that are characteristic on the Great Plains resulted in dust storms. The first serious dust storms began in 1933. A particularly hard-hit area in western Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, and eastern New Mexico and Colorado came to be known as the "Dust Bowl," but wind erosion was a serious problem as far north as North Dakota. One of the worst dust storms came in May 1934. The vital top soil of hundreds of farms was literally gone with the wind. Huge clouds of dust obscured the sun as far east as the Appalachians; nearer to the



Great Plains, the flying grit made breathing difficult, worked its way into automobile engines and other machinery, and was the despair of house-cleaning wives.<sup>3</sup>

More than 350,000 farm migrants from the Dust Bowl area trekked to California—the Golden State. A number of those migrating to California found their way to the Goodman sawmill. Family members remember that these unfortunate families were never sent on with empty stomachs. Grandpa and Grandma always shared with them what the family had to eat. Dale mentioned the Gillams and how Grandpa provided for them.

Evidently romance and love were not affected by a mere Depression. In July of 1932, Lloyd (age 20) married Ruth Rothlisberger, and Alvin (age 31) married Bertha Rothlisberger. Lloyd and Ruth eloped to Gallup on the 11th on Lloyd's motorcycle; Alvin and Bertha were married five days later (July 16) in Vernon.

Later that same year, on October 27 and 28, Grandpa and Grandma were endowed and sealed; Lloyd and Ruth were endowed and sealed; and Frances, Ray, Lloyd, and Beulah were sealed to their parents—Frances and Ray by proxy. What a grand day that must have been on earth *and* in heaven.



Double Wedding, 1933

L: Teb Whiting and Mildred Penrod

R: Len Penrod and Beulah Goodman

The year 1932 was a great year for travelers and for young boys; Route 66 opened from Chicago to Los Angeles—entering Arizona at Sanders and exiting at Needles, and the “Buck Rogers” radio show began on CBS.

In 1933, the last Goodman chick left the nest—Beulah married Len Penrod on November 30; she was 16. They were married in a double ceremony with Len's sister, in Vernon. Beulah, however, was not the last Goodman child to be married. Donald and Evelyn were not married until 1942 when he was 36, but he had been gone from home most of the time for many years.

The 21st Amendment to the Constitution was ratified on December 5, 1933, thereby eliminating the 18th Amendment—Prohibition. Thus, that “Noble Experiment” was repealed after 14 years. Americans were finding out, as

<sup>3</sup>Shannon, p. 372.



had their European cousins years before, that it's difficult to legislate morality. Statistics compiled on the effect of prohibition reveal interesting figures:

Before Prohibition, the average amount of alcohol consumed in the U.S. was 1.8 gallons per person per year. During Prohibition, that average jumped to 1.95 gallons per person per year. In the years following Prohibition, the average dropped to 1.7 gallons per person per year.<sup>4</sup>

Ending prohibition by repealing the 18th Amendment affected the Word of Wisdom as taught by the Church. Though the revelation on the Word of Wisdom was given to Joseph Smith in 1833, and good members were expected to live its principles, members of the Church had never voted it binding upon themselves. One hundred years after the revelation, in 1933, prohibition was rescinded. The Church, of course, had supported prohibition, so in General Conference in that same year, members voted unanimously to strictly adhere to the Word of Wisdom. The Church also held a 6-day commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Word of Wisdom revelation with special observances in every ward throughout the Church. A campaign against the use of tobacco had been launched by the Church a year earlier.

What the repeal of the prohibition amendment did locally was to put Mr. Stewart, of Plenty, out of the bootlegging business. Plenty was the little ranching/farming area between Vernon and Concho. It had originally been named "Floy," but because of confusion on the part of the Post Office with Eloy, Floy was asked to select another name. With tongue in cheek because the bootlegging business flourished there, it was called "Plenty." There's an interesting family story told about Lloyd and his famous ride to Plenty.

It seems that the community had gathered at Lakehole for a dance one night. Lloyd and Ruth had a little spat, so Lloyd gathered up all the money he could from his fellow male dancers. He then got on his horse and rode the 10-plus miles to Plenty, got a gallon of "shine" and rode back to the dance. The pleasure of drinking that gallon was not to be, for, as Lloyd slid off the horse, he dropped the jug and it broke apart, spilling the contents on the ground. His popularity slipped somewhat that night.



L to R: Fern, Beulah, Grandma McNeil, Alvin, Mary (Bill's wife)

<sup>4</sup>This quote is taken from Alyn Andrus' class notes from a history course taken at Idaho State University, 1965.



Lakehole was a favorite recreational spot for the people of the area. Situated at the foot of Timber Knoll west of Vernon, it was the site of many rodeos and other community celebrations, such as the 4th of July. The catfish were good eating and the kids could swim. People would come in their Model A's or T's, as well as wagons and buggies. Many fun, all-night dances were held at Lakehole and in Pineyon. The Goodman kids frequently attended these festivities.

In 1934, Walter and Inez divorced, and he married Laura Brownfield. Laura and Buddie were stepchildren of Uncle Jesse McNeil. Inez later married LeRoy Marble.

As the Depression began to ease during the mid-1930's, and with Grandpa's and Grandma's children gone from home and on their own, one would think that life became easier for Grandpa, but not so. Idella recalls the situation: "My fondest memories of Grandpa Goodman are when I was about 4 or 5 years old, and would go up there early in the morning to Grandpa and Grandma's. We just lived a few yards down the way from them there at the sawmill, and Grandpa would still be asleep. He would read most of the night, so he'd sleep in late every morning. Of course, he was semi-retired at that time. (In 1935, Grandpa would have been 64 years old.) I'd crawl up there in bed by him and snuggle down for awhile, and then I'd get tired of that, and I'd get out of bed and pound on the piano, and he'd never, ever tell me to get out of there and keep still or anything. I'd pound on that piano until he probably thought the keys were going to come off. For awhile he'd just cover his head up and let me go on. Then he'd finally get out of bed and meander out to the outhouse, taking his book with him. I'd follow him and sit on a rock and throw sticks and rocks at the outhouse until he'd



Grandma McNeil, Don, Beulah, Uncle Eph McNeil, Grandma



finally come out. Then we'd go back in and Grandma was mad at him for not getting up any earlier, but she'd have hot cereal and biscuits ready for him.

(Incidentally, bathroom tissue, as we know it today, did not exist in great quantities out West. People made do with what they had access to—in the outhouses, it was usually a Sears or 'Monkey' Wards catalog. Nor was there Kleenex. As one cousin so aptly put it, "we just picked our noses a lot.")

Idella continued: "The big thing I remember is Grandma harping at him all the time, and I would get so aggravated. Now I can see why she did, when I know a few more things.

"Grandpa read any book he could get his hands on. He was really a learned man. He would read everything. His comprehension was great, and he could talk about any subject at any time.

"In the family you hear people talk about Grandpa going off visiting and being gone for days. I know that had to be hard on Grandma and the family. On the other hand, around here (Show Low) where people have known him so much, I've never heard anybody say anything but good about him—only what a great man "Uncle Bill" was. I've heard so many people say he was as honest as the day is long; that he wouldn't cheat anyone out of anything, and that he would do anything for anybody, or give them anything he had.

"I know I just idolized him, and that's all there is to it. I was much closer to him than I was to Grandma. He was just a barrel of fun. Never would get out of patience with you. And he liked everybody. I don't think there was anyone he didn't like. He was so kind to everybody. He loved kids, and would babysit not only his grandkids, but others also. He might be there with his book, but he was there. We would climb all over him. He'd sit there with a book in one hand while we grandkids would be climbing on him and pulling his moustache and combing his white hair. He'd just sit there and read.

"I remember one time we were living in Vernon. The Old Blue Moon was out here in Show Low and we used to come in here roller-skating, and I wanted to come in roller-skating one night. Of course, Mom wouldn't let me come by myself on



L to R: Grandma McNeil, Aunt Sarah Mills, Aunt Bess McNeil, Grandma, Fern



the school bus, so Grandpa volunteered to come with me. Well, he came, but he got with one of his buddies in here, and they started drinking. He didn't make it home on the bus with me. So he was in trouble with Grandma again."



Five Generations: R to L: Grandma McNeil, Grandma Goodman, Fern, Beth Crandell Perkins, Frances Beth Perkins



L to R: Bert, Mary, Ruth



Laura at Dragoon, 1941

Grandpa's kid-tending was verified by Paul Rothlisberger, Ruth's young brother. "I'd like to tell you something about Grandpa Goodman, Lloyd's dad. It seems like he was always tending the kids on New Year's Eve while everyone else went to the dance. And he'd let us do pretty much what we wanted to do, and we always stayed up until midnight because we





Dale and Kent at the mill shack



Ruth, Lloyd, Gloria, Dale  
Old barn in background

wanted to see the New Year in." Nellie Rothlisberger Gillespie continued: "I might tell you about Grandpa Goodman, too. He taught me how to drive. He had an old white short-bed truck. He'd let me drive that old thing. We'd go over to Lakehole and all around. I think he let a lot of kids learn how to drive on that old truck. He was so patient."

Grandpa often defended the time he spent visiting with other people by telling his critics that if a man couldn't sit and visit awhile, life just wasn't worth living. He lived by that belief.

While we're still talking about Grandpa, here's what Gwen remembers: "Grandpa had that old car with the rumble seat in the back end, and when he'd leave the sawmill, he'd stuff all us kids in the rumble seat and some of us up in front and he'd let us take turns steering down the lane to Vernon. And I don't know if they made their own brew at the time or not, but Grandpa used to drink homemade brew, and he'd let us drink the foam off the top, but he wouldn't let us drink the rest of it."

Grandpa is also remembered as sleeping with his socks on, and his shirt, too, if Grandma would let him. He also liked the covers up over his head.



L to R: Kent, Wayne covered with rich, black mud, Bert, Gwen, Dale, part of Allie. Red Chevy truck, east end of Main house, and ice house behind Dale's head.



Most of his children and grandchildren mention Grandpa's love of reading. He had only a third grade education, so was a self-educated person. At the mill one day, while he was reading a newspaper, someone asked him if he read everything in the paper. He said, "Yes, I read everything in here from cover to cover. Why do you buy them if you aren't going to read them?"

Between 1935 and 1937, several New Deal benefits became available. In 1935, the REA (Rural Electrification Administration) was established; however, it would be a decade before it brought electricity to rural Apache County. The Social Security Act provided a system of old-age annuity and unemployment insurance, and the first Social Security payment in the U.S. was made in 1937.



Grandkids eating watermelon

In its early years, the Church urged its members to ignore Social Security and, in the event help was needed, to get that help from the Bishop. This was all well and good until actual cash was needed—the Church gave only commodities. If an elderly person needed money to pay the rent or an electricity bill, he or she was out of luck. So, many of these people felt better about taking Social Security than they did about taking Church welfare.

In 1936, Margaret Mitchell's novel, *Gone with the Wind*, sold 1 million copies in 6 months. And Benny Goodman (no known relationship) organized one of the first swing bands in America.

In 1938, Grandma celebrated her 60th birthday, and Grandpa was 67. Alvin and Bertha were endowed and sealed in the Mesa Temple on March 15; and on June 24, Walter was endowed. Two years later, on January 30, 1940, John and Lahoma were endowed and sealed, with Walter and Laura being sealed two days later, on February 1.

Even though the nation was slowly coming out of the Depression, the income at the mill must have still been rather marginal; on May 21, 1938 Grandpa filed a Declaration of Homestead at the court house in St. Johns. The Declaration read:

Know all Men by These Presents:

That I, Wm. Goodman, of Vernon, Apache County, State of Arizona, do hereby certify that I am a married man and the head of a family; that my family and



I reside within the State of Arizona; I do hereby declare and claim the exemption provided by law upon the following described lands:

The NE¼ of Section 7, Twp. 9 North of Range 28 East of the G & S.R.M., Arizona, and within the Wolf Mt, Unit #2, and all improvements thereon and all appurtenances and fixtures thereto belonging, including One Fairbanks-Morse steam engine of 40 H.P.; One Henry and Balthoff boiler of 60 H.P.; one saw husk complete; one small Curtiss planer; One Curtiss pony edger; one Sturtevant sawdust blower; One Curtiss Carriage; one Hall & Brown Planer #156; two Hoe & Company Circular saws; 100 feet of 10-inch blower pipe; belts & Pulleys; 4 lumber dwelling houses.

That I do by these presents claim the above described premises and the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging under and by virtue of a permit now in force with the United States Forest Service; that the above-described lands are in one compact body, and that the value thereof does not exceed the sum of \$4,000.00.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 21st. day of May 1938. /s/ Wm. E. Goodman.

No record can be found that they ever filed for bankruptcy, but this may have been a "just in case" declaration.

It was about this time that Grandpa and Grandma, already semi-retired from the active running of the sawmill, moved to Vernon to a little home owned by Teb Whiting. It was located on the same property where Fern's and Chet's home is now located, but the house ran east-west with the front door on the south. The structure was a small trailer house with a built-on room. As a child, Gloria remembers the steps up to the little porch at the front door, and the climbing vines; to her, it was an enchanting little place.

For some time, America had kept out of World War II, with a policy of non-intervention and isolation. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, however, brought America and Americans into full participation in the war. In the Goodman family, Donald enlisted in the Army, Gene enlisted in the Navy, and Walter and Laura moved to the West Coast to work in the shipyards—both as welders. Laura joined that cadre of women known as "Rosie, the Riveter." Rosie starred in a World War II poster to encourage women to support the war by working in factories.



Rosie





Sitting on rock, L to R: Venla, Ludean, Don, Fern holding Sonny  
Standing in front: Idella, Gwen, Alvena



Grandpa and 11 grandkids  
L to R, Back row: Ludean, Alvena bending over, Idella,  
Dale and Don. Middle row: Gloria, Gwen, and Kent.  
Front row: Grant, Wayne, Sonny





L to R, Back row: Edward, Donald, Jimmy, Gene. Front row: Don, Wayne, Alvena



L to R: Alvin, Grandpa, Lloyd, Bill, Ed Rothlisberger



Walter and Bill



Bill and Alvin

Lloyd stayed on at the mill, and, in partnership with Gib Mills, produced mine timbers for the copper mines in Globe and elsewhere. For all of the family, better days were dawning. The general economy of the nation was improving, and the production needed to provide war



materials created many well-paying jobs. The war also brought women out of the home and in to the factories and shipyards. They bobbed their hair to make it easier to care for, wore



Bill, Don, Beulah, Alvin

pants to work, and shortened their skirts. Women leaving the home to take up the slack caused by the absence of the fighting men would have an impact on future family life in America undreamed of at that time. But, at the time, they just knew there was a job to do and wanted to do their part.

Just before he reported for active duty, Donald married Evelyn Rostberg in Wickenburg on April 27, 1942. Evelyn went to stay with her people in North Dakota while Donald was overseas.

When asked about the effects of the war on their personal, every day lives, Fern, Chet and Beulah indicated that rationing was a nuisance, but overall they were not much affected by it. Of course, it was much different and trying for Donald and Evelyn, who were separated while Don served in the Army. It was also difficult for Bill and Mary, while Gene served in the Navy.

Cecil Naegle told a cute story about Grandma. When the first church house in Vernon was completed in 1942, it was decided to hold stake conference there in conjunction with the dedication. Albert Anderson was Stake President, and Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve Apostles, dedicated the building. It was not the local custom at that time to have a rest song between speakers, so on this day, before Elder Young was to give the last talk and dedication, it was announced that the congregation would sing a certain song. Grandma had been asked to give the closing prayer, so when the song was finished, she walked up to the pulpit and gave the closing prayer. Elder Young got up and thanked Grandma for the beautiful prayer, but said they had better continue with the dedication.

Incidentally, it was mentioned earlier that Walter had a shingle mill. Grandpa and his sons brought the shingle mill down to Vernon and set it up on the building site of the new church. All the shingles for the roof were made right there.

In the late winter of 1943, Grandpa and Teb Whiting were coming home from St. Johns. It had been snowing hard so all the windows were rolled up. When they were about three miles from Vernon, Teb said Grandpa started weaving from one side of the road to the other. Finally Teb asked him what was the matter. Grandpa replied that he couldn't see. He stopped the truck and as he got out, his knees buckled under him and he fell. As Teb got out to help Grandpa, he found he could hardly stand up. They realized then that they had been



gassed. Teb knew they needed help quickly, so he drove on to his dad's house (Uncle Charlie Whiting). He opened the door and fell on the floor and told his dad that Mr. Goodman needed help.



Singing Mothers of Vernon Ward. L to R, Back row: Mildred Naegle, Hannah Goodman, Luella Rothlisberger, Chloe Rothlisberger Harris (?). Middle row: Nell Gillespie, Rhet Gillespie, Ruth Goodman. Front row: Marvene Gillespie, Georgia Austen, Caddy Whiting.

Grandpa was never well after that, and that may have contributed to his stroke. Fern recalls a certain church meeting in February of that year: "I think I had to speak in church that day because I happened to be up on the stand. We were standing up singing the last song. Papa and Mama were on the first row of chairs, and I saw Papa kinda go over to the side, and Mama reached out and got hold of his arm and helped him steady himself, then he sat down. As soon as we had the closing prayer, I went down there and asked him what was the matter. He said he didn't know, that he just felt dizzy. The rest of the day he just didn't act right, but he wouldn't say much. We took him to McNary to the doctor the next morning. They said he'd had a stroke, but they didn't think it was very bad, that he'd gradually get better. But he didn't, he just gradually got worse, and passed away in May."

Grandpa died in Vernon on May 26, 1943, and was buried in the Pinedale Cemetery with his two children—Frances and Ray—previously buried there.

Alvin was appointed Administrator of Grandpa's estate. The Inventory and Appraisement listed the following property:



What is known as the "Goodman Sawmill" located southwest of Vernon Arizona, consisting of the following: One Boiler, One engine Fairbanks-Morse #3514, One 60 inch Circular Saw R. Hoe & Co., One 56 inch Circular saw, Hoe & Co., One Pony Edger, One Dixie Saw Mandril, One Sawdust Blower, and other various tools and equipment:

Appraised Value . . . . \$2,200.

One four-sided Planer:

Appraised Value . . . . \$1,000.



Grandma and Grandpa



Our Truly Beloved  
Grandfather

On August 13, 1943, all of Grandpa's estate was assigned to Grandma. In the meantime, Grandma had sold the mill to Joe Adams and Lloyd Rhoton. That was done on June 17, 1943, for \$2,200. Each of the children also signed the Bill of Sale.



Next, on August 28, Lloyd Rhoton sold his interest to Joe Adams; and then, on October 13, Joe Adams sold his interest to A. Louis Petersen and Foch Petersen.

Grandma, at age 65, apparently using the proceeds of the sale of the mill, bought the Clyde Wilhelm house in Vernon. The warranty deed was dated September 7, 1943. She lived there until just before her death in 1960, with the granddaughters taking turns staying with her at night as she got older. Water was piped into the kitchen, but the house did not have a bathroom, so Grandma never lived in a home with a flush toilet or a shower.

Bill and Mary had given Grandpa and Grandma a little roadster on condition that he shave his mustache. After Grandpa's death, Grandma moved back up to the sawmill for the summer; she used that little car to go back and forth to Vernon and Pineyon, and occasionally to Show Low. Beulah recalls that:

Mama probably hadn't driven a car much before Papa died, even though they had the car that Bill and Mary gave them for the price of Papa's mustache. After his death, she'd get in that car and go sputtering down the road. One day she was on her way home from Show Low and the engine died by the old railroad tracks. She hitched a ride to Pineyon, and Len got her car and fixed it for her. Venla decided to go back up to the sawmill with her. Everything went okay until they reached the little hill just below the mill, and Mama killed the engine. Back down the hill they rolled, with Mama stomping on the brakes and reaching for anything that might help slow them down. She did manage to keep it on the road until it stopped. Then she was able to get it started again, and up the hill they went. Venla was glad to finally see the sawmill.

On October 26, 1943, Fern and Chet were endowed and sealed in the Mesa Temple.

In May 1945, President Heber J. Grant died after serving as President of the Church for 27 years. George Albert Smith was sustained as the 8th president of the Church.

September 2, 1945 was a great day around the world as Japan formally surrendered. Germany had surrendered four months earlier. The soldiers were now free to return to their homes. After his discharge, Donald and Evelyn dropped by Vernon for a visit before returning to a job he had in Phoenix. They never left the Vernon area. Gene, in the Navy, had to serve another year after the war ended before his enlistment was completed.

Walter did not return to Arizona after the shipyards closed down. He and Laura were divorced, and he married Geraldine (Jerry) Scruggs. They settled in Dallas, Texas, and had a family of eleven children—ten girls and one son.

When FDR suddenly and unexpectedly died in April 1945, Harry Truman became President. He was re-elected in 1948 in a race not even his friends thought he could win.



In 1950, popular radio shows were *The Lone Ranger*, *Jack Armstrong*, *The All American Boy*, *Stella Dallis*, *Dragnet* and *You Bet Your Life*. Also, in July 1950, President Truman sent troops to Korea to help protect South Korea from a Communist take-over by North Korea. This war provided excellent material for the popular television show, *M\*A\*S\*H*, for the next four decades. A number of Grandpa's and Grandma's grandsons served in the Korean Police Action.

Grandma continued faithful in her church attendance; she felt it was a blessing to be able to attend meetings regularly. She was an avid genealogist, and used most of her meager Social Security check to hire researchers; in those days, that was about the only way to get any information. (Regional family history centers would come later.) She left her testimony and copies of some of these letters. She also continued to bake cookies for the grandkids as they dropped by.

The popular new TV program in 1951 was *I Love Lucy* with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. And CBS began commercial color tv programs.

President George Albert Smith died on April 4, 1951 after a short presidency of only six years, and David O. McKay was sustained as the 9th President of the Church. The Primary Children's Hospital was dedicated in Salt Lake City. Several members of our family have been treated in this facility:

Lloyd's son, Tevis  
Alvin's grandson, Roy  
Fern's great-granddaughter, Alysa

In 1952, Dwight D. Eisenhower, the hero of World War II, was elected President, with Richard M. Nixon as Vice-President, on the Republican ticket. Also in this year, the first U.S. atomic submarine, the *Nautilus*, was dedicated, and nuclear power became the wave of the future.

On May 28, 1953, Bill and Mary were endowed and sealed in the Mesa Temple. Later in that year, clerks at McDonalds began flipping hamburgers and those Golden Arches would become a familiar sight all over the world.

In the elections of 1956, Eisenhower and Nixon were re-elected, and Congress increased the minimum wage from 75¢ to \$1 per hour. American Express introduced credit cards in 1958; 500,000 were in use by the end of the year. The age of plastic money had begun.

In 1959, after almost 50 years of having only 48 stars on the flag, Alaska and Hawaii were admitted as states to the Union. Also, the Barbie doll was introduced, and the hula hoop was the new rage.



confirmed

I was born one cold morning Feb 18, 1878 in Bountiful Davis Co, Utah the house I came to was a one room brick with two windows and a one slope roof. situated on North Canyon Creek one and one half mile South East of the town. I was the fifth child and third daughter born to my mother...

Mary Ann Smith, My father is John C. McNeil

I was christened by my father John C McNeil March 1878.

After coming to Arizona we lived on a ranch about three miles from the nearest creek where we had to drive the milk cows to water, my brother Ben and I drove them sometimes together some times alone. we rode a black donkey and when one of the cows would lag behind we would poke the donkey in the shoulder with a sharp stick he would then run after the cow and bite her and believe me that cow would

Grammer schooling

I was baptized 6 May 1886 by Hans Hansen

confirmed by Hans Hansen on 7 May 1886.

I was Married 12 April 1896 to William Ezra Goodman at Pinedale Arizona.

Some of my greatest aims in life are to understand the gospel of Jesus Christ, have my children understand the gospel and be able to live up to its teaching.

To become an Ideal Saturday saint

To become a

Genealogist and a savior on Mount Zion



Vernon Arizona May 6, 1937

James Brewster Connecticut State  
Library Richard Goodman senior boys  
Richard and John <sup>of Hartley Mass</sup> removed to Hartford Conn  
the town their father helped to found and  
I understand their descendants still live  
there. is there any amount of Material of  
the Goodmans in the library I should like  
to get in touch with any of the Goodmans  
in Hartford or surrounding country who is  
interested in compiling genealogy if you  
should happen to know of any who does I  
though perhaps you might know of some  
one coming to the library to gather material  
on the Goodman lines will you please let  
me hear from you thanking you for any and  
all information you can give me



Vernon Ariz May 11, 1934

Dear Cousin Isabelle

From the time I was small that I liked to learn I have several cousins living in the State of Ariz. I have been writing to Mr. Pink of Douglas I of m who has been doing some research work for me in trying to trace my father's ancestral line. My father John Mc Kneel was born near Douglas, Ariz as far as I can learn he has been dead quite a number of years but when living he often expressed a wish to get and compile the genealogy of his people but never seemed to be able to get any of it done for some reason unknown. To me compiling genealogy was not as popular in his time as it is today so I am trying to carry out his wishes <sup>in that regard</sup> as well as I can.

Ms Kneen who so kindly sent me your address and also of your two sisters tells me you are the daughters of <sup>my Aunt</sup> Harriet Mc Kneel My father's own sister. I have sent a small photo of your Uncle John to your sisters Esther

In 1959, Grandma sold the Vernon property to Bill and Mary. She had begun to spend time staying with various children. In the winter, she expressed a desire to move to Mesa and live with Aunt Annie and Uncle Eph, her sister and brother, so she could attend the temple with Aunt Annie. But her health did not permit this, and she passed away on January



26, 1960, at age 81. Her funeral was held in Show Low and she was buried in the Pinedale Cemetery with Grandpa, Frances, Ray, and Aunt Julia (great-grandfather Edward's wife).

Nearly two years after Grandma's death, Beulah and Len were endowed and sealed in the Mesa Temple. That was on November 22, 1961.

Perhaps a fitting close to this chapter would be a tribute Lloyd composed to his beloved mother, and our grandmother.

### *A MOTHER'S LAST "FORGIVE"*

I was sitting in the therapy room in Dr. Alway's office at 1313 North 2nd, when a nurse in a neat, crisp uniform came in, and handing me a slip of paper said, "Mr. Goodman, will you call this number as soon as possible." The therapist said, "Use the phone in my office." Quickly I dialed the number. A quivering voice asked, "Lloyd?"

"Yes!"

"Your mother just passed away!"

It struck like a bombshell, everything blank. the spinning room collided with my reeling senses. I mumbled something inaudible to the therapist about Mother, and he said that I might go. Dazedly, I left the building. Insensible, we threaded our way through the heavy traffic to Mesa where the rest of the children were gathered, sitting quietly as if in a trance.

There were many decisions to make but no one seemed to be able to think clearly, the silence was broken by someone suggesting we go to the mortuary. There were funeral arrangements to be made, casket to pick out, relatives to call; tasks that at the moment seemed innumerable.

Somehow I found myself in the mortuary, answering questions to the mortician, wandering aimlessly among the caskets. All the while telling myself, trying to convince myself that it wasn't Mother—it just couldn't be! It was beyond the pale of realization—but what was I doing here if it wasn't?

As we started to leave, the mortician asked if we would like to see her before she was fixed up. He led us in to where she was lying on the bier. She looked so angelic lying there with snow white hair adorning a seemingly sleeping face, but to me it was a halo, a crown encircling her head, and she was a Queen among Queens.

I looked closer, at her finely chiseled features, a touch of grey in the lashes, the lines in her face; each one representing some deed, a daily task, a sacrifice made in my behalf. Suddenly they were pointing an accusing finger at me! I drooped my head, reliving my life in the next few minutes, because I knew the reason why.

I saw her young and strong; and me with chubby fists clenched tight around her out-stretched fingers, teaching my wobbly legs to walk. I saw her kneeling at my bedside teaching my infant lips to pray. I awoke at night from some horrible



nightmare to find myself held tightly in her arms, petting me and reassuring me everything was alright. The nights she sat up when sickness came. The lonely vigils she must have spent caring for me. The hurts from bumped heads and bruised shins kissed away. It didn't make any difference how many dishes there were to do, how many clothes to wash and iron, buttons to sew on, rips to mend, there was always time to bind up a cut and bleeding finger or bandage a skinned toe. The hours she spent in my youth teaching me, as I grew up, to be the kind of man I'm sure the Lord intended me to be.

Then the panorama changed. I was strong and she, after years of strife and toil, had become weak and feeble, but when she needed me most I wasn't there. I'll never realize the hours of pain and suffering she must have endured alone, the nights she hated to face—nights that turned into eternities, too sick and weak to get up for a glass of water to cool her parched lips. I wasn't there to lay my hand on her fevered brow and reassure her everything would be alright, and trying to make her comfortable. I wasn't there to gently put my arms around her shoulders, shoulders that were sagging under the weight of many yesterdays, or to guide her faltering steps to the emergency room.

It was I who was sleeping peacefully, while she, with her face enshrouded in an oxygen mask, lay fighting for the tiny spark of life that was left. Only those angels of mercy, the nurses in their neat, crisp uniforms, hovered hopefully and helpfully near.

I reached out for the last time and laid my hand on her once fevered brow, now cold, with no hope for recalescence. I stood there with a prayer in my heart, petitioning God in her behalf, and murmuring, "Mother, forgive me, forgive me."

Maybe it was just an optical illusion, maybe because I was looking through tear-dimmed eyes, trying to hold taut those quivering lips that were trying to choke back a heart-breaking sob. But that thin hand seemed to tremble as if to reach out with that reassuring pat, those once red lips seemed to part and say, "It's quite alright, Son. I forgive."





**Our Truly Beloved Grandmother**

## **Hannah Goodman Show Low Rites In Church Sat.**

**SHOW LOW** — Funeral services for Mrs. Hannah M. Goodman, 82, will be at 11 a.m. Saturday in the Show Low Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mrs. Goodman, a native of Bountiful, Utah, died yesterday in Mesa Southside District Hospital. A resident of the Show Low area 80 years, she had been an active member of the LDS Church all her life.

She is survived by six sons, William E. and Donald E., both of Vernon; Alvin E., Show Low; Walter F., Dallas, Tex.; John M., Woodruff; and Lloyd E., Kingman; two daughters, Mrs. Anna Penrod, Show Low, and Mrs. Beulah Penrod, Vernon; two brothers, two sisters, 53 grandchildren, 57 great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. Burial will be in Pinedale.



# Hannah Goodman

## Funeral Services

205

Funeral services were held in the Show Low Second Ward Chapel at 11 a.m. on January 30 for Hannah McNeil Goodman. She was born February 18, 1878 at Bountiful, Utah, and passed away January 26, 1960 in Mesa, Arizona. Bishop Elbert Lewis officiated at the services. The Ward Choir sang "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," the Invocation by Cecil Neagle, followed by a Biography by Gilber Mills. Mitchell Bushman and Elizabeth Nikolaus sang a duet "Shall We Meet." The first speaker was Bryant Whiting. "Whispering Hope" was sung by Milton Gillespie and Maxine Frost after which the next speaker was Bishop Lewis. The choir sang "Sometime We'll Understand" and Benediction followed by Ray Webb.

The Pall Bearers were John Goodman, Donovan Goodman, Eugene Penrod, Joe Goodman, Eugene Goodman, Dale Goodman, Floyd Penrod and Ray Goodman. Burial followed at the Pinedale Cemetery, the Dedication was given by James L. Goodman.

Mrs. Goodman is survived by eight living children, Bill, Alvin, Walter, Donald, John, Lloyd, Mrs. Fern Penrod and Beulah Penrod. She was also survived by 53 grand children, 57 great grand children and 4 great great grand children.

### IN MEMORY OF HANNAH MCNEIL GOODMAN

BORN

FEB. 18, 1878

BOUNTIFUL, UTAH

PASSED AWAY

JAN. 26, 1960

MESA, ARIZONA

SERVICES 11:00 A.M.

JAN. 30, 1960

SHOWLOW 2ND. WARD CHAPEL

BISHOP ELBERT LEWIS OFFICIATING

I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES WARD CHOIR

INVOCATION

CECIL NAEGLE

BIOGRAPHY

GILBER MILLS

SHALL WE MEET

MITCHELL BUSHMAN & ELIZABETH NIKOLAUS

SPEAKER

BRYANT WHITING

WHISPERING HOPE

MILTON GILLESPIE & MAXINE FROST

SPEAKER

BISHOP LEWIS

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND

WARD CHOIR

BENEDICTION

RAY WEBB

ORGANIST

ELIZABETH NIKOLAUS

BEARERS

JOHN GOODMAN

EUGENE GOODMAN

DONOVAN GOODMAN

DALE GOODMAN

EUGENE PENROD

FLOYD PENROD

JOE GOODMAN

RAY MARBLE

INTERMENT AT PINE DALE CEMETERY

DEDICATION

JAMES L. GOODMAN





Goodman children  
Fern, John, Walter, Bill, Alvin, Beulah, Donald, Lloyd





William Ezra and Hannah McNEIL GOODMAN Family



Horace  
CRANDELL



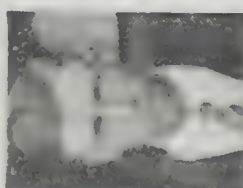
Francis  
Ellen  
GOODMAN



William  
Edward  
GOODMAN



Lula  
Mary  
GHOLSON



Alvin  
Ezra  
GOODMAN



Bertha  
ROTHLISBERGER



William  
Ezra  
GOODMAN



Walter  
Floyd  
GOODMAN



Inez  
McNEIL



Laura  
Louise  
BROWNFIELD



Geraldine  
Flora  
SCRUGGS



Hannah  
McNEIL



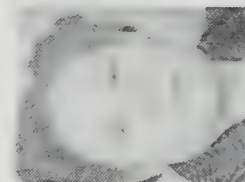
Donald  
Eugene  
GOODMAN



Evelyn  
ROSTBERG



John  
McNeil  
GOODMAN



Lahoma  
Lee  
BENNETT



Ora  
RISHTON



Lloyd  
Everette  
GOODMAN



Chester  
Alma  
PENROD



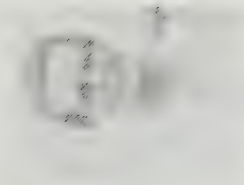
Leonard  
Lamar  
PENROD



Hannah  
Fern  
GOODMAN





Beulah  
GOODMAN



Emma  
Ruth  
ROTHLISBERGER



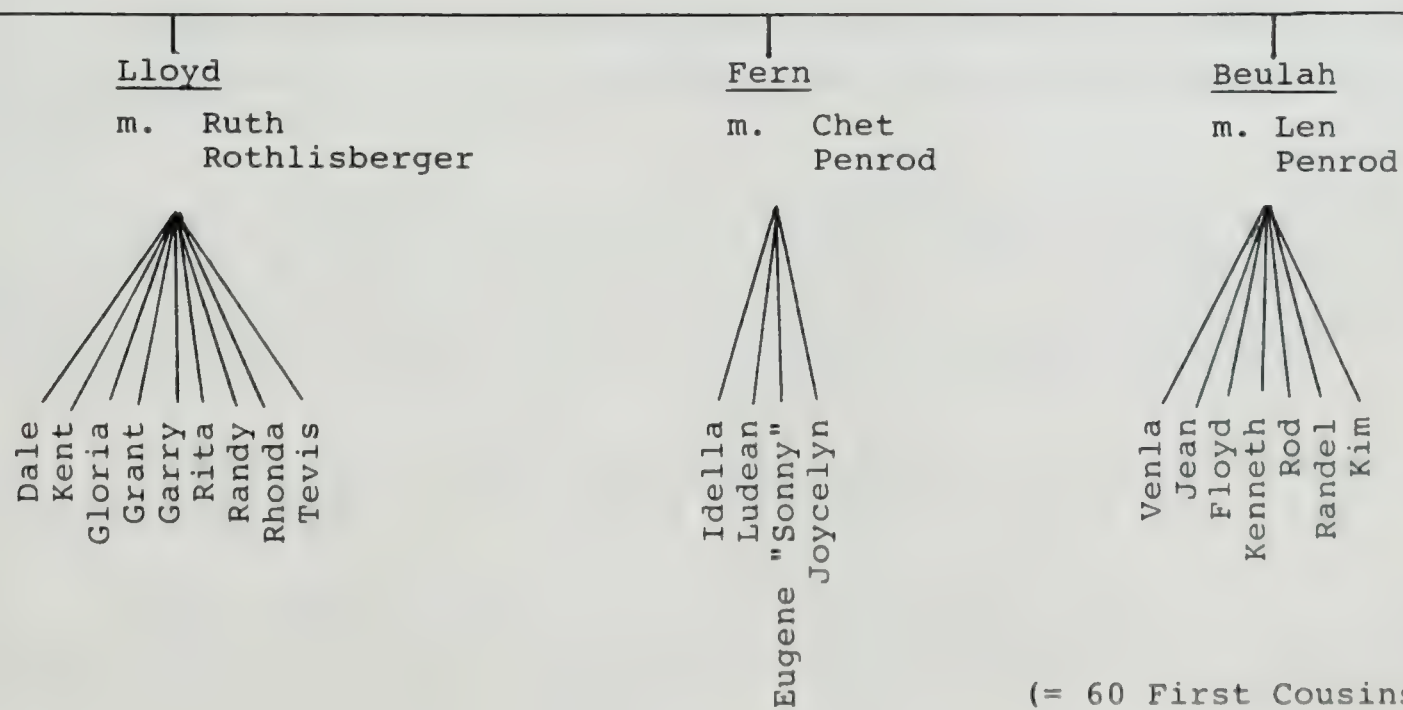
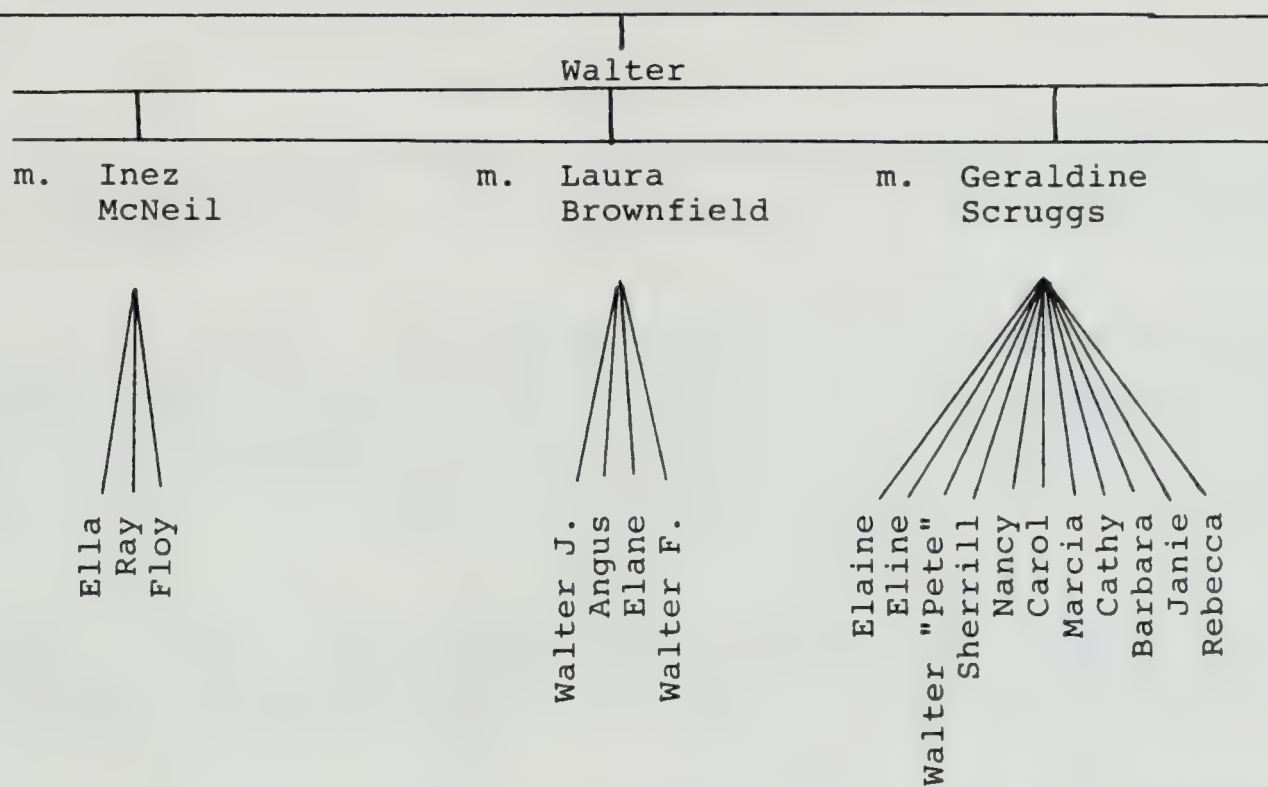
## WILLIAM EZRA GOODMAN

Francesm. Horace  
Crandall  
Beth  
Reese  
RoseBillm. Mary  
Gholson  
Eugene  
Edward  
JimAlvinm. Bertha  
Rothlisberger  
Alvena  
Gwen  
Don  
Wayne  
Patsy  
Lana  
TwilaDonaldm. Evelyn  
Rostberg  
Joe  
NancyJohnm. Lahoma  
Bennett  
Johnny  
Betty  
Glen  
Eva  
Leslie  
Jerry  
BennyRay

died as a child



and HANNAH McNEIL









## Chapter 7

### Frances Ellen Goodman Crandell

Frances was born on November 22, 1897—the first child of William and Hannah Goodman. She was named Frances after her grandmother, Frances Amelia Church Goodman, and Ellen after her father's sister.

Grandpa and Grandma were living with Grandpa's father and step-mother (Edward and Julia Goodman) in Linden at the time of her birth. We can only imagine the joy which the birth of this beautiful daughter brought to her parents, especially Grandpa, who had been deprived of the love and affection of his own mother. He was undoubtedly a very permissive and loving dad.

Frances would have seven brothers before another girl, Fern, was born; Beulah was only a few months old when Frances married Horace. Frances seemed more like a second mother than a sister to these young girls.

By the time she was old enough to start school, the family was living in Pinetop, where Grandpa ran a sawmill. She attended school in Fort Apache, Cibecue, Pinedale, and, finally, in Clay Springs (Walker School). She graduated from the eighth grade; Beth has her diploma. She and Bill also attended a year of high school at the Snowflake Academy.

Frances and Donald were baptized in Pinedale on the same day—August 1, 1914, at ages 16 and 8—by W. R. Brewer.

Frances fell in love with Horace Crandell. They were married at Walker on October 5, 1917; this could indicate they were married at the family home on the homestead near Clay Springs. She was 19 and he was 23.

Even though Europe had been embroiled in a war since 1914, the United States did not enter World War I until April 6, 1917. The Selective Service Act was passed in May of that year, and eventually about 4 million Americans entered the armed services, half of them being sent overseas.<sup>1</sup> The estimated number of American casualties was 125,000.

Within just a few months of their marriage, Horace was drafted to serve in the Army, leaving Frances, expecting their first baby, to live with her parents in Clay Springs.

The separation for these two during that time was difficult. Horace left for the service May 26, 1918. Beth has some of the letters they wrote to each other, and has extracted some of the interesting thoughts they exchanged.

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<sup>1</sup>*Encyclopedia International*: Grolier Press, New York, 1963, pp. 472-3.



1242 Harvard Blvd  
 Los Angeles, Calif.  
 July 28, 1916

Dear Namma: - In the letter  
 I wrote to you the other day  
 I forgot to tell you that I  
 wanted some money, I am  
 going down to ~~Long Beach~~ <sup>Huntington Beach</sup>  
 tomorrow night with  
 Gladys Mattison and her  
 father. I have only got two  
 dollars to live on. Will  
 Papa send me some tell  
 him to please send some  
 as soon as he can I haven't  
 got my teeth all fixed yet.

I have the one filled that had the  
 soft filling in, and have to go to  
 the dentist at nine o'clock tomorrow  
 morning. Esther said it would be  
 about two weeks after camp meeting  
 before she would ~~start~~ leave here  
 and that will make four weeks  
 before she leaves for Ariz. If I  
 stop at Winelow hadn't I ought to  
 leave about a week before she  
 does?

Letter from Frances in California to Grandma



I went to Long Beach yesterday  
to see Mrs. Larson I was sure  
glad to see her. Will close for  
this time as it is getting late.  
Good night  
Mamma dear

answer soon.

P.S. When I get back home to my dear  
parents I will never leave it  
again. Esther is starting up about  
the mormons and I want to come  
home I don't want to stay any  
longer. This is the first she has  
said and it was caused by what  
she heard a minister say about  
I will tell you about this when I get home

Dear Mother:- I wrote this letter last  
night at eleven o'clock so it would go  
off in the mail this morning. Esther took  
it and said she would take it up and  
mail it she went off and left it so I  
will write a little more. I went  
up to the dentist at nine o'clock  
this morning it is now twenty  
minutes to eleven I was up the  
about 2 hours and a half. I had

Teeth cleaned this morning. To get  
the two ~~crowns~~ <sup>bridges</sup> put in where the two  
teeth are out will cost sixteen dollars  
apiece. because he will have to  
grind the <sup>two</sup> back teeth off and put a  
gold crown on and fasten the bridge  
to the crown. He said the teeth  
were moving forward that is  
the ~~top~~ tooth is but the root isn't.



In one of his first letters home, Horace told Frances about the temptations which were present but affirmed that if he couldn't come home to her as clean and pure as he was when he left, he wouldn't be home at all.

June 19, 1918. Frances to Horace. "Sweetheart, when temptation comes, remember the one you left at home, who loves you and will always love you, is praying every day that you will be strong enough, with the help of the Lord, to overcome all temptations. Also remember the little one that will soon come to us. Besides, doesn't your patriarchal blessing tell you, 'if you continue to be humble and prayerful that you will be enabled to escape all snares and temptations that are laid at your feet and that you will be an honored father in Israel.' I have no doubt but that you will be strong enough to overcome all temptations and I know that some day you will be coming back to me as true and pure as you were when you left."

June 20, 1918, Frances wrote to Horace that the family went to church in Clay Springs, and as there were only three men present, Brother Perkins called on the women to do the preaching. She said that Grandma had to talk, but she hadn't. She also told Horace that her feet were swollen so badly, probably because of her advancing pregnancy, that she was wearing Alvin's shoes. It tells something of the crowded situation in the family home when she mentioned that if there was room, she would like a soft bed to lay her tired body on. In a return letter from Horace, he said he was going to see if his father would go to Snowflake and get a cot from Uncle Rufus Crandell for her to use, since it folded up and wouldn't take up too much room.

June 30, 1918, Horace to Frances. "It was one year ago tonight that I decided to try to get you to be my wife." For some reason he had to wait until the 4th of July before he could see her. He said he could hardly wait, and that he had been afraid she'd say "no." Apparently Frances had asked him in an earlier letter about her joining the Red Cross. He told her it was absolutely against his will, that the war might be over at any time and he wanted her home when he got there.

On July 26, Frances wrote that she hadn't been feeling very well, and had been having pains for two days. She didn't have all the sewing done for the baby's arrival, but she could only sit at the sewing machine for a little while at a time. She had just got some material for two quilts and she was going to make them in the next week.

As they were living on the dry farm at Clay Springs, it was hard to raise many vegetables, but Frances was hungry for something fresh. Grandma brought in a few radishes for her, and she wrote how good they tasted; that there were two tomatoes on the vine, but they were only as big as hens' eggs so she'd have to wait awhile. She mentioned to Horace that Lawrence Peterson hadn't passed his physical for the Army, he was too lightweight. When she told Grandpa that Horace was three pounds too light when he took his physical, Grandpa remarked that Horace was built more in proportion and that he wasn't split two-



thirds of the way up like Lawrence was. She also mentioned that Mr. Fillerup, the county farm agent, had come to look at the crops.

In her July 31 letter, Frances indicated that she had sent Horace a cake earlier and wanted to send him another, but they hadn't had any sugar for two weeks. Grandpa had gone to Pinedale, Linden, and to Hancock's store and couldn't get any. The stores had no idea when they would be receiving any. It was also impossible to get anything at those stores. Peas and corn were 20 cents a can, and salmon was 35 cents at Levi's and Hancock's stores. And, further, that some of the kids were sick and Grandma sent one of the older boys after some castor oil, and that a two ounce bottle was 25 cents.

Apparently, Horace's father hadn't been able to get to Snowflake to get the cot from his Uncle Rufus, so Grandpa and Grandma decided to go there to buy groceries and to bring the bed back. Frances also mentioned that she was making the new baby some nainsook dresses and all she had to trim them with was to crochet the trim on them. So she made a couple and crocheted yokes for them.

Her August 1 letter concerns money. It appears that Horace had a fence contract when he was drafted and he had put Ed Brewer in charge to finish it. Apparently Ed wasn't getting it done, so Grandpa Goodman wanted Horace to give him authority to take over the contract so he could finish the fence and provide Frances with a little money.

In her August 7 letter, Frances writes that she was making a baby quilt, but she couldn't finish it that day because her hips and legs hurt so bad. It seems she hadn't been very well for some time. (Horace later commented that she must have had rheumatism or maybe rheumatic fever and that they just didn't know what it was at that time.)

All this time Horace had been trying to get a furlough so he could be home when the baby was born, but it was denied. He told Frances when she started in labor to send a telegram and say that she was dangerously ill, then they might let him have a furlough. Apparently that didn't work either, so when Beth did arrive, he went AWOL for a few days to see her. He was afraid if he didn't, he might never see her. He went to Holbrook and then walked to Clay Springs, where he stayed a day and one night. He then walked back to Holbrook and got on the train to return to his unit. Something went wrong with the train or the track and there was a lay-over in New Mexico. When he finally arrived back at the base, his unit was getting on the train to go to New York to be sent overseas. As punishment, he was confined to the train for the trip and for several days after they arrived at Camp Upton in New York.

Horace wrote on the 26th of August and told Frances to take care of herself and to get well. He also told her he had signed papers so she would get a \$5 allotment for Beth, and that the Government would match it.



Apparently Horace went "across" in September.

November 29, 1918, Frances wrote that they had enjoyed a white Thanksgiving. Grandpa had killed two pigs and was going to cut them up the next day, but it was so cold they were frozen solid. She was trying to crochet, but it was hard to do with Beth in her arms. In fact, she and Grandma hadn't done much but sit by the heater and tend Beulah and Beth and try to keep warm; and that Donald had stayed in bed all day because it was too cold to get up. She told Horace that when he got home to build them a house, she didn't want a north kitchen. (Beth recalls that the house where they later lived in Clay Springs when her mother got sick did have a north kitchen.) Seemingly, Frances read to the family quite often in the evenings. At that time she was reading *Rolf in the Woods*. When she finished reading, Grandpa read the newspaper.



Frances and Baby Beth



Horace Crandell

In her December 8 letter, Frances mentioned a well-known quirk of Grandpa's. Grandma and Grandpa walked from their place over to see the Jacksons. When they came out of the Jackson's house, Grandpa was turned around. Grandma said she didn't know where he might have gone if she hadn't been with him. The whole family got a big bang out of his getting lost on his own ranch where he had lived for seven years. At four months, Beth was getting so cute and playing with everything, and that she was so fat, her arms and legs were hard. Frances also said that if the rain quit, she was going to walk over and visit with Edna Jackson the next day (a girl about her own age).



Even though Horace did go overseas, he probably did not remain there long as the armistice was signed on November 11, 1918; he was probably home for Christmas.

In a letter from Ellen Goodman Pennell, Grandpa's sister, written February 16, 1919, she wrote how pleased she was that Horace had gone through the war and was at home again. She also commented on Frances's position as eldest child. "You have been such a little mother to your mother's children, I suppose it was perfectly easy for you to care for a baby of your own. How I would like to see all of you again." She was delighted that the family had a War Baby (Beth) of their own that she could brag about.

Frances first registered to vote in 1920. She declared that she was a housewife and a Democrat, that she was 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighed 119 pounds. The same records indicate that Horace did not register until 1922. He wrote down that he was a Republican, 6 feet tall, and weighed 155 pounds.

The family moved to Pinedale when they were reunited. Reece was born there on April 26, 1920, and Rose on December 5, 1921.

Frances and Horace were both active in the Church. Even before their marriage, on May 27, 1917, Horace spoke in a Sacrament Meeting of the Walker Pastorate. The ward clerk recorded, "Horace Crandell spoke of his religious talks with people not of our faith. Translation of the Book of Mormon; stick of Judah and of Ephraim."<sup>2</sup>

In the Pinedale Ward record of officers as of December 31, 1919, Frances Goodman Crandell is listed as First Counselor in the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association; Horace as First Assistant to the Young Mens Mutual Improvement Association, and as chorister of the ward choir.

Back in Clay Springs in the summer of 1921, Horace gave the Sacrament thought, and led the singing practice. Beth wrote, "After Daddy got out of the service, they homesteaded 160 acres north of Clay Springs. I remember when we lived there. I don't remember when Daddy moved the house to town, but I remember when we lived in it."

There seems to be a lot of movement between Pinedale and Clay Springs for this little family. The Pinedale Ward sent their membership records to Clay Springs in 1924.

Under the Clay Spring Ward records, under "Records of Members Removed," the clerk entered the fact that Frances died on December 6, 1925 following an operation for a tumor. The death certificate indicates she had been under the care of a doctor at the St.

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<sup>2</sup>Church Historian's Office Film LR-1759#1, Series 11.



Mary's Hospital in Gallup from December 2 to December 6, and that death came at 8:00 pm. The cause of death listed on the certificate was "acute nephritis."<sup>3</sup>

Nephritis is simply the inflammation of the kidneys, and can be acute or chronic. Medical books indicate that nephritis is usually preceded by a strep infection elsewhere in the body, and can be successfully treated by penicillin or other antibiotics. The only problem for Frances was that at the time of her death, sulfa was the only known drug; penicillin would not be discovered until 1929 by Alexander Fleming.

The symptoms of nephritis may be mild or severe, and include headache, loss of appetite, nausea, and fever. The eyes and face may look puffy, and the ankles and other parts of the body may be swollen with accumulated fluid.<sup>4</sup>

Frances was buried in the Pinedale Cemetery beside her younger brother, Ray. She was dearly beloved by all who knew her. A neighbor, James Petersen, wrote the following poem and dedicated it to her memory.

#### Gems

Flowers of fair and fragrant hues  
Gladden the heart and the wide world thru  
And grow with care in rich profusion.  
But the rare and delicate kind  
That fill the soul with love divine  
Often in some ravine we find  
In the mountain's wild seclusion.

And, as upon life's rugged trail,  
In some obscure and frontier vale,  
The sweetest spirit has often grown,  
Struggling with the stubborn wild  
By decaying pleasures unbeguiled,  
But yielding with a pleasant smile  
Passes unapplauded and unknown.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Frances' death certificate describes the cause of death: "Acute Nephritis. Abdominal section tender, ether anaesthesia for retroverted uterus." I spoke to a medical doctor friend and he said it sounds like she died of kidney failure caused by a massive infection following an operation for a tumor or an abscess in her uterus.

<sup>4</sup>Benjamin E. Miller, M.D., *Family Health Guide*, Readers Digest, New York, 1976, p. 495.

<sup>5</sup>Petersen, *Sixty Years in the Saddle*



Beth has written about her memories of her mother.

I remember when we lived on the ranch below Clay Springs. One time Daddy was gone, and Mamma had to go to town after water. One of the horses just wouldn't let Mamma catch her until Mamma was give out from chasing it, then it stopped and let Mamma walk right up to it. I can't remember if was Jip or Daisy.

After we moved up to town, I remember Uncle Donald coming to see us and laying on the bed with us kids whistling down in his throat while he fanned his face with his hat. Jack Smith came with him.

We had the only washer in town. It had a wooden tub and was run by pulling a handle back and forth with your hand and foot. Aunt Beulah also remembers it. She said Daddy gave it to Grandma Goodman after Mamma got sick and she was taking care of us kids. I remember Mamma sitting on the corner of the table running it. Thinking back, I'm sure it was after she got to sick she couldn't stand.

I remember we would have company in the evenings and Mamma standing behind Daddy's chair with her arms around his neck while he played the violin. Daddy taught me to make Boston Cream candy for them.

One time I asked Mamma if we could go play, but she said, "No." I waited until I could hear her in the house singing and washing dishes, and I took Reece and Rose by the hand and away we went to play Indians. We all got seated in our little tepee, around a little fire, and the door went dark. I looked up and there was Mamma with a willow, and I got my legs switched every step of the way home. I don't remember if I was put to bed or not, but that was usually part of my punishment.

One day she put me to bed for going too close to a flooded wash. She had told me not to, but I got my hands dirty, and being a girl I had to wash them. The running water made me dizzy, and I fell in. I would have been long gone, but Reece had a rope around my waist playing like I was his horse. He and my cousin pulled me out. We were living in Standard at that time.



Frances' hair was cut before they left for Gallup. Her crocheted purse





Reese and Beth with Rose in front



Rose, Reese and Beth

After Mamma got so sick that she couldn't go to church with us, she usually had dinner ready. She usually had vinegar dumplings. I can still see how round they were and how neatly they were placed in the pan.

In the spring when there was a warm rain, she would go for a walk. She loved to walk in the rain.

For the Fourth of July before she died, Mamma bought some pink, blue, and lavender cloth. It was cotton with a rayon thread running through it to form half inch squares. She made us all dresses. Mine was pink. The night before the celebration, I could hear the rodeo cattle bawling, and I was so excited. Mamma had her dress and Rose's done. I just knew mine wouldn't be ready the next day, but it was. I guess she stayed up part of the night to finish it.

Mamma always went with Daddy to play for the dances, and I nearly always got to go. I felt so big. One night the moon was shining and I thought it made me look like I was all dressed in white. It was a real special feeling to think I was all in white.



I remember when Grandma and Grandpa moved from Linden to the sawmill above Vernon. We went up to see them one day, and Uncle John knew we were coming. He walked out toward McNary to meet us, and hid behind a big pine tree until we drove by. Then he jumped out and scared us kids.

Daddy took Mamma to the hospital the last of November. I remember Grandma and Grandpa came and got us in a big truck. I remember them standing with their arms around each other as we drove away in the truck. I'm sure they told us what was happening, but I don't remember. We were just excited to be going with Grandma and Grandpa.

Mamma passed away the 6th of December, 1925, one day after Rose's 4th birthday. I was 7, and Reece was almost 5. We stayed with our Goodman grandparents the rest of the winter. Daddy told Grandma to have my pretty long hair cut. Mamma always kept it in ringlets, but Grandma didn't have time to do it with all she had to do. Uncle John sat me in the door facing east, put something around me and proceeded to cut my hair. I will never forget the knot in my throat; it was so big it hurt and I couldn't swallow it, but I don't think I cried.

Uncle John turned 19 that spring. We kids chased him all day trying to catch him so we could spank him. He would almost let us catch him, then he would run and jump the fence. By the time we crawled under, he was gone.

One night we were all sitting around the heater when something went "POP" and liquid started running down the stove pipe. Uncle John was making corn liquor and had it stored in the ceiling.

When I was 14, I again went up and stayed awhile with Grandma and Grandpa. After Daddy married again, we didn't get to do much with either side of the family. I always felt cheated.

Anyway, the summer I did stay up there, I enjoyed it. Uncle Walter was doing chores for the Naegles. He had a motorcycle with a side car on it, and he took Aunt Beulah and me up there with him. We were going down the road and the side car came off and left us sitting in the middle of the road.

I don't remember this, but Aunt Beulah told me that Uncle Walter was just getting over a broken leg. It had been raining and was muddy and he was having trouble getting around, so I told him I'd milk the cow. I took the bucket and started milking with both hands when she kicked me over and almost buried me in the mucky corral.

All I remember about Uncle Lloyd is what a tease he was. He threw water from the spring on us where we were asleep and, man, it was cold. Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth had the cutest nicknames for each other. He called her "Button," and she called him "Two Bits."



I don't remember much about Aunt Fern, only the day she ran away to get married. Grandma and Grandpa usually went to the outdoor toilet to talk over their problems. The way I remember it, that's where they were when Aunt Fern left. Aunt Beulah went to the bedroom and came back to tell Grandma that Fern's clothes were all gone.

We used to have tea parties. We would cut Fleishman's Yeast in squares for cake and dissolve it in water for tea.



Rose, Horace, Beth, Reese

After we were married, John and I went to Vernon for Vernon Day. They were having a rodeo. Grandpa was drinking beer, and everything that came out of the chute, Grandpa would holler, 'Let Bud Butler have it, he can ride it.' Grandma got so embarrassed, she went and got him and was going to make him take her home, but just as they got to the truck, he pulled away from her and got in the judge's stand where she couldn't get him.

Aunt Beulah came down to see us one day. I looked out the window to see who it was. I told John it was Aunt Beulah, but I didn't know who the man was. It was Grandpa, but he had shaved his mustache off. He sure looked funny—all top lip. I guess the story behind it was Uncle Bill and Aunt Mary had a car they told him he could have, but he had to shave his mustache off first.

Our mother passed away in 1925. It doesn't seem quite fair, but who are we to judge. I have often wondered what mission she had more important than raising her family, but we aren't the only children left without a mother. I often wonder how much different our lives would have been."

Frances's endowment was given by proxy, and she was sealed to Horace and the children on December 28, 1928, and then sealed to her parents in 1932.

Horace was the Old Time Fiddlers Champion in Arizona for several years, and played at many Goodman reunions. His second wife, Linda, died in 1968. Then, when he was 78,



he met and married Norma Shupe Clarkson. They were very happy for 17 years. Everyone commented that Norma was so much like Frances.



Old Time Fiddlers Champion



Rose, Reese, Horace, Beth



### Frances Beth Crandell Perkins

I was born August 11, 1918 in Walker, now Clay Springs, on the old Goodman ranch. Mamma was living with her parents while my Dad was in the service. John Perkins and I were married October 5, 1934, in the Arizona Temple—the same day my parents would have been married 17 years.

We have been happily married for 59 years. We had 9 children and raised them all to maturity. Our oldest son passed away at the age of 28, just as my mother did, and left 3 children, the same ages as hers. I had them for 13 years. We have 53 grandchildren (another on the way), and 47 great-grandchildren (with 2 on the way), for a total of 100. The Lord told us to multiply and replenish the earth, but not for John and Beth Perkins to do it all.

I am the oldest grandchild on both sides of the family, and the oldest living Crandell on our line.

I went to school the first year and a half in Clay Springs. Laura Hunt was my teacher. The last half of the second year, I went in Vernon, and Mrs. Cardon was my teacher. My third year in Pinedale, Gilmor Jackson was my teacher. We were living with Daddy's sister, Etta Rogers, and those were the happiest years I can remember after Mamma died. My fifth grade was in Airpine, sixth grade in Snowflake with Mrs. Hill. Then back to Clay Springs for seventh and eighth grades, with Brown Capps as teacher. My graduating class included Gerald Pace and myself. We had lots of fun. Mr. Capps played the saxophone and his wife played the piano for our school dances.

I remember for years what a rough time I had going to Church on Mother's Day, seeing all the girls there with their mothers.





John and Beth Perkins family: L to R, Back row: Keith, Roy, Curt. Middle row: Wendell, Shauana, Joan. Front row: John with Sanza, Clella, Beth, and Frances





John and Beth's 50th Wedding Anniversary  
Wendell, Frances, Joan, Sanza, Clella, Roy



Jim and Bobbie Mendell family





Clinton and Frances Kartchner  
family

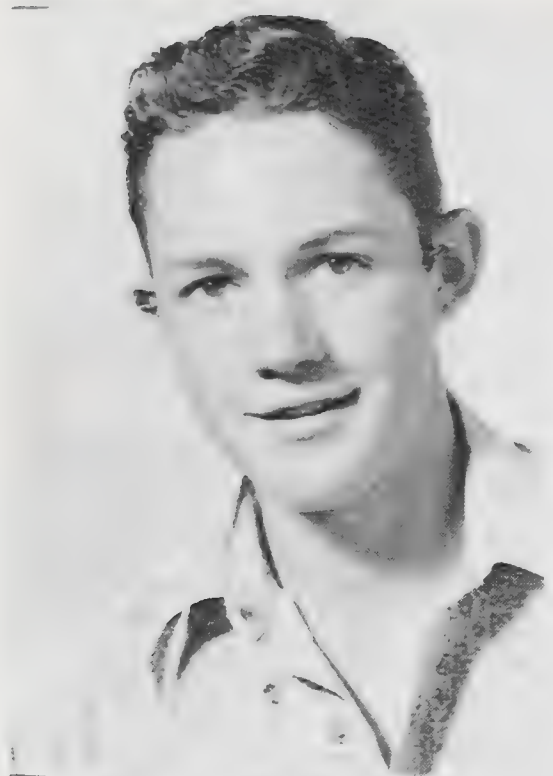


Monte and Sherylee  
Kartchner, with Brad, Brett,  
and Karson

Trent and Lucy Kartchner  
and Cameron







John Curtis Perkins II



Granddaughter Dianne



Grandson Curtis



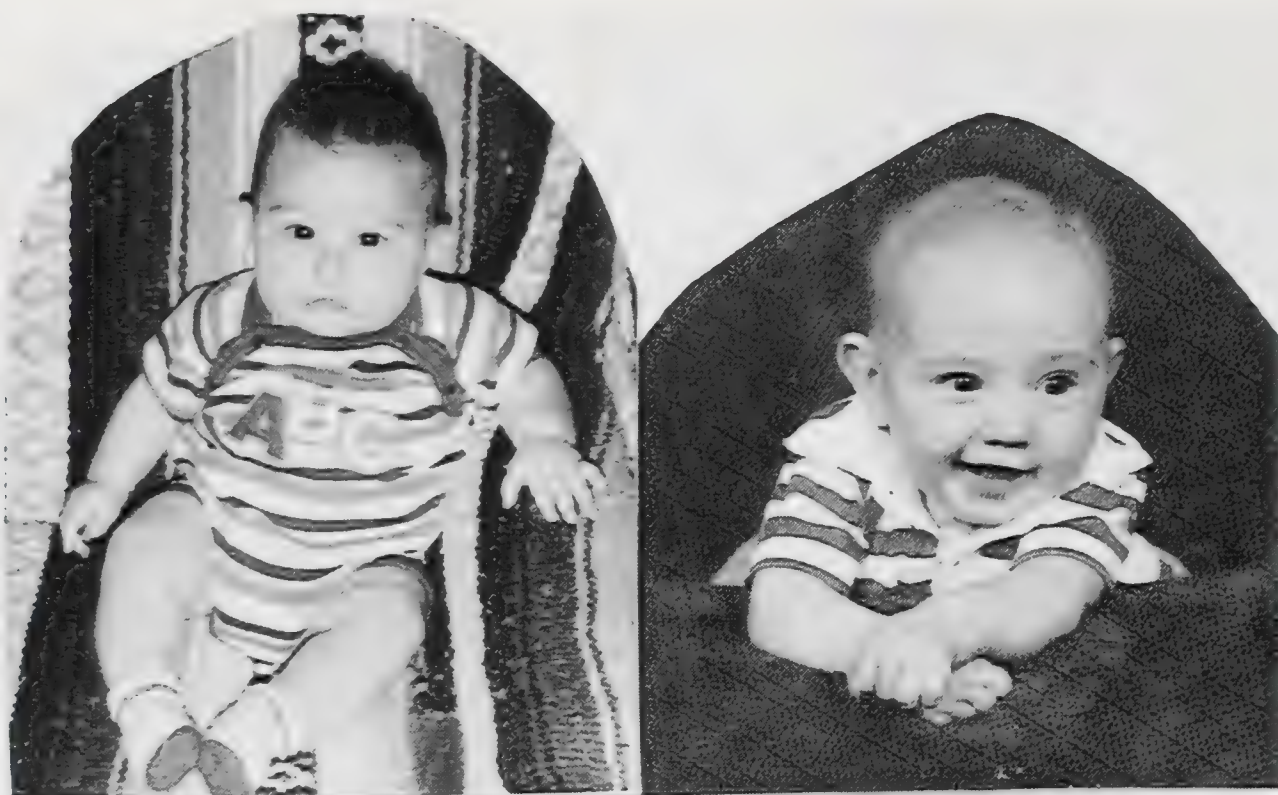


Curt's son: John and Craig



John' children, L to R: Paige, Paighton, Janelle





Craig' children: Christopher and Ragle



Boyd and Joan Gardner, and C.J.



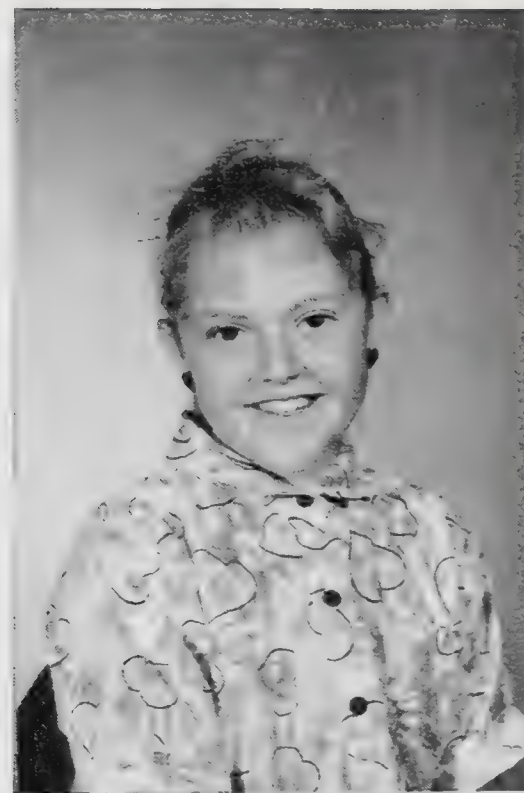


Tommy and Connie Richards  
Mary Beth, Sara, Amy





Amy, 1992



Sara, 1992



Mary, 1992



William Ezra, 1992





Clint and Marsha Gardner family  
Arinda, Russell, Tyler, and Baby Megan





Shanna's wedding. L to R: Kevin, Curt, Kerry Ray, Kerry, Shanna, Shauana, Jennie, Lorna, Cassie





Shauana's daughter, Jennie and Frank



Kayshia



Kody





Roy and Nadean Perkins family



Wendell and Barbara Perkins  
Stephanie and Daylan





Stephanie's daughter, Korey



Dawn

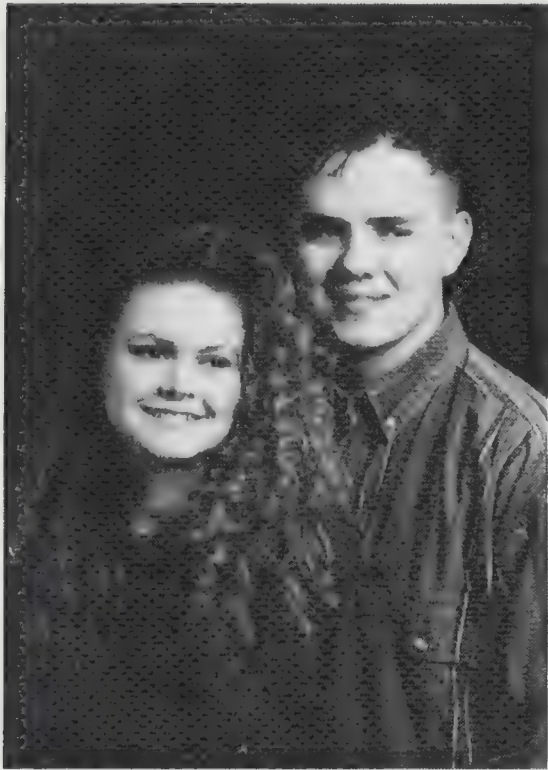


Marnie, 1984

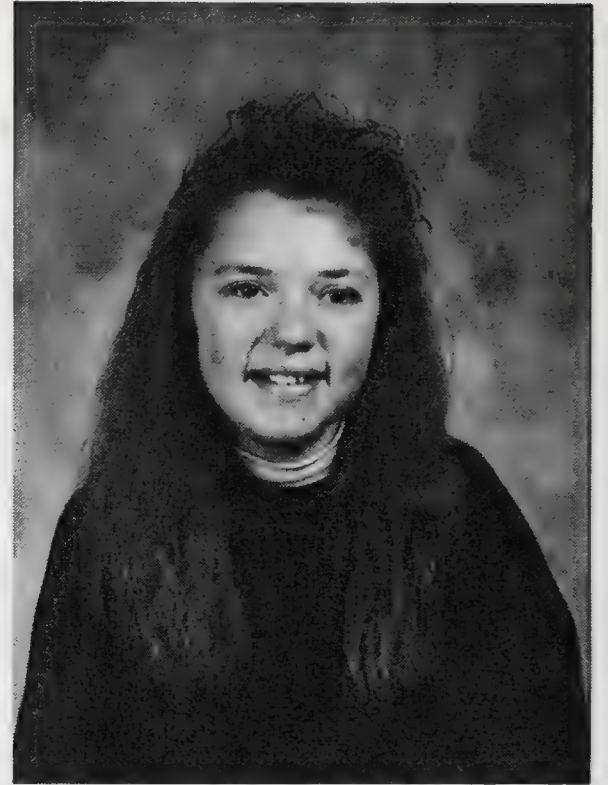


Marnie's children:  
Meghan and Brandon

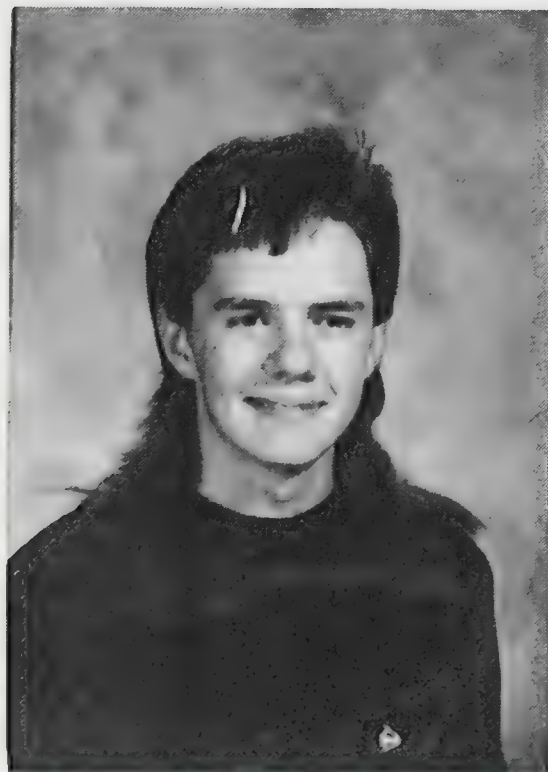




Stacey and Jolene Perkins  
1994



Shasta, 1989



Cade



Austin

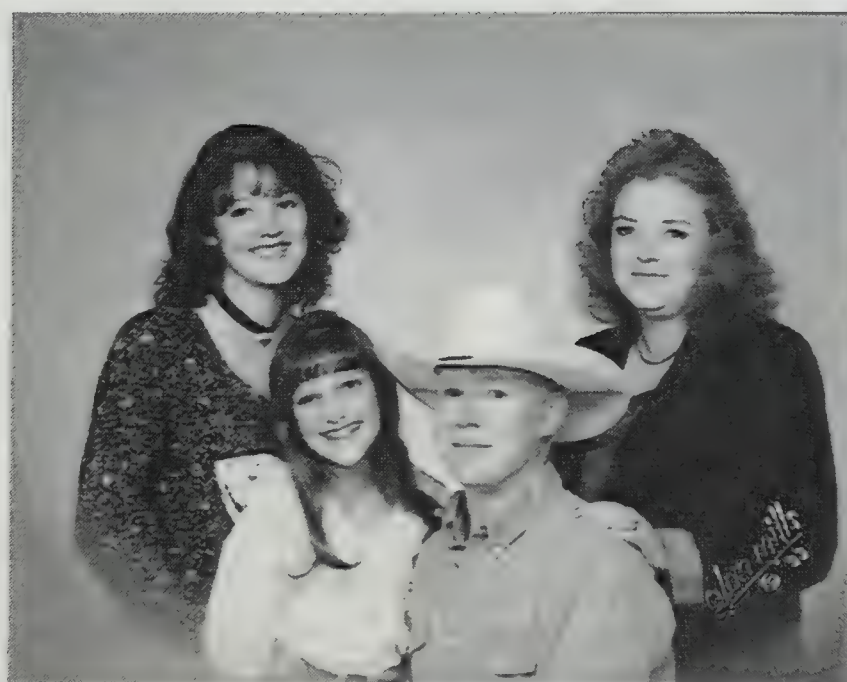




Keith and Jackie Perkins



Keith's children,  
Standing: A.J., Keith.  
Sitting: Norman, Mandi, Curtis



Lee and Clella Sinclair,  
with Shannon and Rebecca



## Horace Reece Crandell

(Written by Beth Crandell Perkins)

(*Reece* is also spelled *Reese* at times)

After Sunday School one day, Reece told Mamma that he wasn't going to Sunday School any more. She asked him why not, and he said they lied there. Mamma tried to tell him they didn't, but he said, "They said there was a pup up in the sky and I looked and there wasn't." (They had been singing "Up, up in the sky, the little birds fly; down, down in their nests, the little birds rest.")

He married Penelope (Penny) Schwab, and they had one son, Ronald Reece. After their divorce, Reece wasn't around Arizona much. He worked for the Government putting in roads and power lines in Africa, using heavy equipment. He said if the killer bees came by, you sat in front of the cat in the wind of the fan. He worked for the State Highway in California and had a boat repair service. He worked in Saudi Arabia in the gas fields. He often told us what a difference there was between pure gas and what we use. He finally settled in the Philippines.

Reece passed away November 26, 1992 in the Philippines. He requested that his remains be cremated and his ashes thrown in the ocean.



## Gladia Rose Crandell Turner

I was born on a cold, snowy morning about 5:00 am on December 5, 1921, the third child to Horace Crandell and Frances Ellen Goodman Crandell in Pinedale, Navajo County, Arizona. My recollections seem few, but for one so young, I suppose they are as many as one could expect.

I remember my mother and I walking from where we lived in Clay Springs over to Sister Amanda Brewer's. I had not been feeling well, and began to break out with small blisters. Sister Brewer said I was breaking out with chicken pox.

On the way home, we found a bird egg in a nest. I asked her to take it home and cook it for me, but don't remember if she did or not.

I remember being outside with her while she washed the clothes on the wash board. I was stung by red ants and remember her putting blueing on them.

It was around the time Uncle Donald came to visit us.

I remember taking a broken sugar bowl Beth was playing house with and running away with her chasing me, resulting in my falling down and cutting my head. I still have the scar.

I remember Beth having a dream that Reece was lost. We were all looking for him. She looked in the well and saw his blue cap floating on the water. She woke us all up crying.

The last Christmas my mother was with us, she made corn meal mush for supper. How excited we were because Santa was coming.

It must have been the next summer we went to Vernon to visit Mother's folks. I remember going wading in the water that came from under a huge rock and ran down by the mill. It—the water—was so cold.

Grandma and Grandpa came to get us three children to take us to Vernon while Daddy took Mother to Gallup, New Mexico, to be operated on for a tumor. It was there I celebrated my fourth birthday. The next day, December 6, 1925, Grandpa Goodman came home and told us our Mother had died. I don't know if I really knew what had happened, but when we got to Pinedale and she was lying in her casket, I'm sure I knew.

At her funeral, I remember Belle Brewer singing, *Count Your Many Blessings*, and poor Daddy sitting so still and white with three little kids to care for—Beth 7, Reece 5, and myself 4.



We stayed a few months in Vernon with Grandma and Grandpa Goodman. Then went to Pinedale and stayed probably 2 years with Grandma and Grandpa Crandell. Then to Linden for a year with Aunt Etta and Uncle Bill Rogers. Then in 1928, Dad married Melinda Cheney ("Aunt" Linda) and we moved to Airpine where Dad had his sawmill. We had about five miles to go to school. Aunt Linda would drive the three of us and Uncle George's four children in a Model "A" car Daddy had.

The next school term we spent in Snowflake. Uncle Rufus Crandell had built a new house and we spent the winter in his old one. Daddy stayed in Airpine and came to see us on weekends or when the weather was bad and he couldn't work. That was my first knowledge of an inside bathroom. On occasion, Aunt LaVerne would ask Aunt Linda to bring us over to use the bath tub. How nice it was.

Next spring we went back to Airpine for the summer and in the fall went to Clay Springs. Dad had started a house for us there, but didn't have it finished so we rented a house from Bea Smith where we lived until spring. We moved into the new house only shortly before Hope was born on June 8, 1933.

Daddy, in those days, was a jack-of-all trades. He owned and ran the sawmill, was town barber, farmed, had a mill that ground wheat and corn and chopped corn for silage, had a sorghum mill, did shoe repair, sharpened saws, and also played for the dances.

I went from fourth grade to the eighth grade in Clay Springs with Brown Capps as teacher. I was late for school every day, missing math and spelling the first two classes of the day. My eighth grade consisted of Lawrence McNeil, Joy Peterson, and myself. There were only about 40 children in the school, 1st through 8th grades.

That Fall when school started, I didn't go. I remember Ben Perkins who was the bus driver coming over and asking Aunt Linda why. I don't remember her answer but after a few weeks I did start high school, only to go one or two days and eventually not going at all.

In April of 1937, I met Lazelle Perkins from Mesa. I don't remember what I told him other than the fact I didn't love him. He went home and I wrote him a letter telling him I didn't want to get married. The next thing I knew he and his brother came up to Clay Springs to get me. We were married on June 16, 1937.

His folks got very upset with me because I didn't become pregnant, but finally on May 13, 1939, Larry Lazelle was born. When I first saw him I was in shock! Such an ugly kid! How could I have given birth to something that looked like that? But, of course, he improved hourly and soon I had a beautiful son. Bald but beautiful. At about a year and a half, he lots of golden curls.



Then on May 31, 1941 Kathleen was born. She was a beautiful round, rosy baby from the moment she was born.

I didn't have a sewing machine but enjoyed making her dresses by hand. And she had lots of them. I took pride in keeping my children clean and well dressed.

In 1942, I went to work at Goodyear making airplanes for the Navy. It was hard because it was so far to drive and a home and children to care for.

Ernest Reese was born on January 5, 1945.

On June 21, 1947, just 10 years after marrying Lazelle, I was granted a divorce. I married Alton Lever Turner on July 26, 1947 in Lordsburg, New Mexico by Justice of the Peace Gale, who was an Elder in the church.

We lived in Texas for three months and hunting season came, so we came back to Arizona so Lee could go deer hunting with his dad. Roland Kent was born September 16, 1948.

Carpenter work got slow here in Arizona so Lee and his brother, Calvin, decided to put in their applications as cattle inspectors for the U.S. Government, for the hoof and mouth disease in Mexico, so we were off to Mexico.

Ruba and I lived in a beautiful home in Mexico City for three months. Lee got hit in the head by a pack mule and had a severe nose bleed. We finally had to fly him out to El Paso. About 3 o'clock one morning they told me he was dying; they had done all they could for him. But he didn't and still lives on.

Rosa Linda was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, October 11, 1950. When Linda was three months old, we got our first full time, live-in maid. Her name was Cuca; she was a little woman, about 45 years old. She was a good worker and taught me about all the Spanish I learned while living in Mexico. I call it "kitchen Spanish."

Rocky Levere was born on September 27, 1952.

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Rose and Lee had been called to serve for 2 years at the Bishop's storehouse. On Thursday morning, Rose got up and didn't feel well. She started to call and tell them she didn't feel like coming in to work, but decided that was silly so she worked all day. Friday morning she felt very ill so she went to the doctor, and he put her right in the hospital. She had been there only an hour or so when she threw up 3 quarts of straight blood. They never



determined where it came from, but she died about 5 days later. Six years or so ago, she had a 5-way by-pass. She was a bleeder and they hadn't checked, I guess, but they didn't know it. They gave her bad blood and she developed serum hepatitis and cirrhosis of the liver and spleen. She also had diabetes.

Rose passed away on October 15, 1993.



Lee and Rose Turner



## Chapter 8

### William Edward Goodman

(As Told by Himself)

William Edward Goodman (Bill) was born in Linden, Arizona on April 12, 1899 on a place my grandfather, Edward Livingston Goodman, had homesteaded. The homestead was patented 25 September 1900.

When I was about four years old, we were living in Pinetop, Arizona. While living there, my father (William Ezra) and a man by the name of Jack Evans built a sawmill. Mr. Evans started stealing things and hiding them in the sawdust pile. Dad was afraid someone would find out and think he was involved in the stealing. They dealt pretty harshly with stealing in those days, so he sold out. We still lived there in Pinetop for some time.

We lived about half a block from a saloon owned by a man named McCoy. There was a bunch of tough guys (outlaws) that had come out of Texas, and they were hid out all over the country. They claimed to have run the sheriff out of Texas, but I'll bet they were in front of him. They'd come to the saloon to celebrate. They would get drunk and twist up a lock of hair and hold it up from their head, then the good shots would try to shoot it off with a pistol. We could hear shots going off all the time. Walter was born in Pinetop in 1903.

When Dad sold out in Pinetop, he went to work in Fort Apache as a carpenter and cabinet maker. He built a lot of the houses there, including some of the houses in the officer's quarters. Dad commuted from Pinetop to Fort Apache until we moved. I was five years old when I started school in Fort Apache. I wasn't very big when I started to school there and those ornery soldiers boys would pick on me. A girl about 12 years old was my protector. When they jumped on me, they had to account to her. Her name was Jannete Smith. Donald was born at Fort Apache on November 16, 1905.

One day, while living at Fort Apache, I went down by the barracks where the soldiers were. It was late in the day, almost dark. The guard on duty saw me and said, "Halt! who goes there?" When he said that, I ran. The guard caught me and put me in the guardhouse. There were several mean-looking soldiers in the guard house. They wouldn't talk to me, they just ignored me. After about a half hour, I began to get worried, then I heard Dad outside talking to the guard and laughing. It wasn't long until he came in and said, "What are you doing in there?" I don't remember what I told him, but I was glad he rescued me. I didn't go down there anymore.

Charlie Pettis had a permit to run cattle on the reservation. He had married the daughter of Colonel Cooley, who was married to an Apache woman. While my father was working at Fort Apache, about 1906, he bought cattle, and Charlie ran Dad's cattle along with



his own in Carrizo Canyon. I don't know how long Charlie ran the cattle for my father, about a year I think.

Dad then applied for his own permit to run cattle on the reservation. Mr. Crouse, the Indian agent, said "If you'll put a trading post at Cibecue for the convenience of the Indians, I'll give you a permit." So Dad built a small building at Cibecue and started the trading post. He didn't have the trading post very long until he discovered it was not profitable. The Indians raised a little corn, and received a small allowance of about \$9.00 per month from the government. They would bring the corn and what money they had to trade for saddles, bridles, etc. The only groceries they would buy were coffee, sugar and flour, and sometimes potatoes. Dad hauled the corn to Fort Apache to sell to the military to feed their horses. He transported, by wagon, all the supplies for the trading post from Fort Apache. One day he loaded up the wagon with corn and other things, including a grizzly bear hide that someone had killed, to haul to Fort Apache. When he got to Beaver Creek, he got stuck and the horses balked and wouldn't pull the wagon out. He decided he'd have to unload the wagon. The first thing he threw out was the bear hide. When the horses smelled that bear, both horses hit the their collars and out of the creek they went, wagon and all. All Dad had to do was go back and retrieve the bear hide.

Several exciting things happened at the trading post in Cibecue. When the government placed the Indians on the reservation, they assigned a number to each Indian in order to identify them. One day, Mom was cooking a big roast, as an old Indian identified as I-2 happened to be riding by on his donkey. He smelled the roast, got off his donkey, walked up to the screen and put his face against it so he could see where that delicious smell was coming from. Mom walked out of the kitchen with her hands behind her back and threw a dipper of water into his face. He got out of there, but he was mad. He would probably have come right through the screen if he hadn't been afraid of the soldiers. Years later I asked Mom if she remembered. She said, "Yes and he (I-2) raised a rumpus around about it. If I had it to do over, I would have fed him. He was just hungry."

One time I went with my father down on Carrizo Creek to an Indian camp. We hadn't had anything to eat, but my father had fed this family of Indians before, so they decided to feed us. The Indian told a young squaw, about 20 years old, to fix us something to eat. She mixed up some dough for tortillas, lifted up her skirt, exposing her dirty thigh and patted out the tortillas. She didn't bother to wash her thigh first either, so we ate those tortillas and some kind of meat.

Another time my love of peaches got Alvin and me into trouble. We were told there was a residence just below where Carrizo Canyon boxes up and there is a bluff on each side with a really narrow canyon there. I had been there one day with Pa about a half mile below the narrows and had seen a peach tree, but Pa and Charley Pettis told us never to go below that narrow place. So, I got to thinking about them peaches; I don't know whether Alvin knew anything about the peaches or not. But we went down thereto see if they were ripe.



The gate was open, so we rode on down there. Before we found the peach tree, here came about eight mounted Indians and they cornered us. This was right about the time that old Pancho Villa was raising heck down in Mexico, looting and killing people. Anyway, this old Indian identified as M-84 says, "What you guys doing down here?" I told him we had seen our cow tracks coming down there and we were just coming down to see if we could find the cow. I lied about it. Alvin never opened his mouth. He was younger than I was and I was only about six and a half or seven. I wasn't seven yet. I figured they were going to kill us. And he says, "Well, you have no business down here. Haven't you been told not to come down here?" "Anyway," he says, "we don't like you white men, you take all our land." I don't remember all he said, but then he said, "We're going to join old Pancho Villa and help kill all the white men. We just as well start on you now. Then we'll go to Mexico and help old Pancho Villa." So I says, "You can't get away with it. There are too many white men. They'll come after us." They talked among themselves for awhile and I don't know what all they said. Finally they decided to kill us, and I said, "Well, Charley Pettis knows we came down here and my father knows we came down here. If we don't come back pretty quick, they'll come looking for us." They knew Pa had this old long-reaching gun; they were really scared of that old gun. He'd use the old special bullets and the Indians knew it didn't do no good to hide behind pine trees. Those bullets'd go through a big tree when they were shot about 400 yards away. Of course, the word passes around. Anyway, when I told them this, they let us go. Boy, we got past them and past that fence, and Pa never did hear about that. We damn sure didn't tell him about it. We'd a sure got our fannies tanned if we'd told him we went down there to try and get some peaches. but I never lost my nerve. I knew if I couldn't talk them out of it, they'd kill us. I looked at it like this: we were told not to come down there, but we did it anyway, and by golly, we'd have to suffer the consequences. Alvin didn't say a word either then or later on.

When Dad built the trading post, he built a one-room building with a counter across the front, about ten feet from the front door. The counter was quite high just under your arms so they couldn't jump over it easily. There was a gate in the counter out to the front with a latch on the inside. The family lived on the backside of the counter. Most of the supplies were kept behind the counter. My father had a pearl-handled 45 revolver that he kept behind the counter. One day there were three or four squaws and this old buck, M-84, buying coffee and sugar. Mom was waiting on them. The buck said something smart or threatened her, so she pulled out the pistol and told him to get out of there, but she didn't have the pistol cocked yet, he didn't move! He looked mean and acted like he would come over the counter after her. She pulled back on the hammer right quick; he heard it click and got out of there. We didn't see him for about ten days.

One day he came riding by from up river. He saw me out behind the trading post, jumped off his horse and grabbed me around the waist. I screamed and our old dog heard me. We had a big shepherd dog named Pup. The Indian ran to his horse, stuck his foot in the stirrup, and started to swing up. I saw the dog stick his head around the corner, so I screamed again. The dog bounded around the corner grabbed the Indian by the heel and



pulled him back off the horse. He landed on top of me. The dog was right on top of him, probably biting him. If he had succeeded in getting away with me, I think he would have killed me. Several days later I saw the dog in convulsions. He would shake, fall over, stiffen up, then get up again. I told Mom about it and she said he had been poisoned. She got a hand full of salt and poured it in the dog's mouth, followed by some water or milk, and made him swallow which made him vomit. He laid under the old school house for three or four days and recovered. The Indian had evidently come back and poisoned the dog.

About a week later, as the Indian and a couple of his companions came riding by the trading post, they were laughing and talking. When the dog heard them, he came around the trading post all bristled up growling at them. You could see they were afraid—that dog should have been dead. The Indians were very superstitious. They probably thought that the dog had died and come back to life; they left on a run.

There were some mean old Indians at Cibecue then; the Indian wars had just ended a few years before. Many of the old scouts and raiders that helped the military defeat Geronimo were still alive. The last big battle with the military was the Battle of Cibecue which happened in the early 1880's.

There was an old Indian Chief, John Daisy, who lived on Oak Creek, southwest of Cibecue. One day a squaw, claiming to be John Daisy's sister, came to the trading post and wanted credit—which Mom honored. It wasn't long until more of the squaws on Oak Creek showed up, all claiming to be John Daisy's sister.

In 1906, the Carrizo area was lush country. There were hundreds of beavers on the streams in the canyons. There were lots of beaver dams that spread out the water and controlled the flow of streams. The soil had been built up until it was 10 to 20 feet deep in the canyons. There were no washes. The cattle then came in and grazed off the grass which caused erosion to start. In the Spring of 1906, heavy rains started and continued all summer long. When one of those rains came you could hear a wall of water coming down the canyon four or five feet deep. The flash floods washed out the beaver dams and created deep channels through the topsoil.

Our folks kept the trading post open only about eight to twelve months. Then they moved to Carrizo where Charlie Pettis was. After they moved to Carrizo, Charlie and Dad went to Tonto Basin for more cattle. Bud Jones, who ran the Flying V Cattle Company, had a bunch of longhorn cattle. Those longhorns were so mean that when you corralled them, if you could get them in a corral, they would put everyone on the fence. They bought some of those longhorns and drove them back to Carrizo. When they were about a mile from home on top of Carrizo Ridge, one of the calves got tired and laid down. Dad and Charlie got off their horses to get the calf up. About that time, the mamma cow showed up and chased both of them up a pine tree. Every time they'd try to get down, she'd run them back up the tree.



The calf laid there all night, and they had to stay up that pine tree all night. They finally got down and brought the longhorns down to Carrizo.

A week or two after they got back, they decided to kill a beef. Charlie had a big three-year old steer that he had crippled when he was young, but he was nice and fat so they killed him. Charlie gave Dad a hind quarter and he hung it up in a pine tree about 50 yards from our tent. The next morning when we went out to look at the meat, it was gone. We went down in the flat and found the meat. Something had dragged it around and eaten part of it. Dad was cussing the dogs, thinking they were responsible, but it wasn't the dogs. I saw a big lion track in a gopher pile; it was a lion that got the meat and dragged it down in the flat. The wind was blowing in the wrong direction for the dogs to smell the lion—it was blowing from the tent toward the tree. The next night when he hung the meat back in the tree, the wind had changed and the dogs smelled the lion when he came after the meat. We had a hound that the sheriff from Globe left with us. The sheriff was trailing a guy that had killed someone in Globe, and didn't want to take the dog. I think we had three dogs then, that old hound was one of them. They went after the lion and treed him, just a little ways down the canyon and across the creek, about a quarter of a mile from camp. I remember laying awake until 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning with those old hounds barking at the lion up a tree. My father wouldn't go and kill him because I guess he didn't have a flashlight, and he didn't know whether it would jump on him or what would happen. The next night the lion went up the canyon about a half mile above our tent and killed a big colt that Dad was real fond of. Along about sundown a night or two after that, the horses were feeding up near where the lion was. Mom was afraid the lion would kill another one of the horses. My father had gone somewhere, so she put me on a horse bareback, and told me to go get the horses. I was about six or seven years old then. I was holding on to the horse's mane to keep from falling off. The horses were hobbled but they would run anyway and they ran up within about 100 feet of where the lion had killed the colt. I was able to get around them and get them headed back. As I rode by, I could see that old lion laying there eating on the colt and he just kind of hid behind the carcass and laid his head down on his paws. I could see those old marks down his face, but he just laid there and never moved as I got the horses headed back to camp.

After we left the trading post in Cibecue, we had to pack everything 12 miles across a high ridge to the Pettis cabin in Carrizo, by pack horse. We even packed in a cook stove.

After we left Cibecue and the trading post, Mr. Crouse told Dad that he could move anywhere he wanted on the west end of the reservation. After a short while in Carrizo, Dad moved up into Mud Springs Canyon which runs into Carrizo Canyon.

When we moved into Mud Springs Canyon, we pitched a little old sheepherder tent. Dad left me and Alvin down there two nights alone. I was about seven years old and Alvin was about five.



I didn't know how to cook but I made some biscuits which didn't raise; they were so hard, you could hardly bite them. There was a lot of poison oak where we camped, so Dad told me to dig it up and burn it. Well, I got it all over me, and when Dad got back, my eyes were swollen shut and the only thing we had to put on it was mentholatum.

About a month later, one morning before daylight, the Indian, M-84, came by our camp in the dark, about a half hour later he came back and woke us up. He said, "Big bear crossed canyon—I'll trail him, you shoot him!" Dad had a 7.65 M.M. Mouser rifle. The Indians had seen him shoot through pine trees, with steel-jacketed bullets, and they were really impressed. When we got down where the bear had crossed Mud Creek Canyon, he had knocked the dew off the grass, so we knew it was a fresh track. When the Indian came to a dry rocky ridge, trailing the bear, he got off his horse and walked, where there was grass he would trot. He trailed him across a big high ridge between Mud Creek Canyon and Jumpoff Canyon, and down the other side into a side canyon that ran off into Jumpoff Canyon. In the bottom of the canyon, the bear got a drink and then went up onto a mound of dirt where another short canyon ran into the one we were in. The mound was about 100 feet high and about 300 feet long. The Indian pointed at the mound and said to Dad, "Maybe so, sit down," meaning he thought the bear had laid down up on the mound. He wanted us to be quiet so we wouldn't scare the bear. We had an old spotted hound that was trained to trail cattle and horses, but he wouldn't trail the bear. Dad's horse stepped on the foot of that old hound. He let out a yowl that could be heard for a mile. That noise scared the bear and he ran. They rode up on the mound quickly to see if they could get a shot at him, but the bear doubled back through the manzanita brush and got away.

When Dad saw Jumpoff Canyon with broad flats, a lot of walnut trees, and gamma grass about 18" to 20" high waving in the breeze, he said that was where he was going to move his cattle. We went back to camp and the next morning we started moving the cattle to Jumpoff Canyon. Jumpoff Canyon is about half way between Mud Creek Canyon and Deer Springs Canyon. When we moved into Jumpoff, there were lots of walnut trees and lots of squirrels. The grass was so thick that the squirrels had to cut paths between the trees in order to move from tree to tree. If you made the squirrels jump out of the trees into the grass, their feet wouldn't touch the ground and you could walk up to them and pick them up. With the grass that thick, the cattle didn't have to move much to eat. They claim cattle get blackleg because they don't get enough exercise. Our cattle began to get blackleg and we had to start vaccinating them right away.

During the time we were in Jumpoff Canyon, we had 18 mares, most of them had colts every year, but the lions were so bad we never did in all those years raise but two colts. Dad put bells on the first two colts and that kept the lions away. The next year Dad put bells on the first two colts and some old lion caught the colts and it never worked again. If someone wasn't staying in the canyon, the wolves, bears and lions would scare the horses, trying to catch them. One time when no one had been down to the camp for about two weeks, they scared the horses so bad they all left the reservation and came clear out 16 miles



to Cottonwood Wash. The horses arrived at Cottonwood Wash just after noon. We didn't want them to graze off all the grass we had for the stock, out there on the ranch, so Mom sent Walter and me back down with the horses. I was 12 years old at that time and Walter was four years younger. We took the horses down that afternoon. While we were riding toward camp, the sun was going down. We were in a hurry to get there before dark. The wolves were howling up CC Canyon and down below in the main canyon. I rode under a tree and knocked my hat off. I was afraid if I tried to get off, the wolves would scare my horse and if it broke away from me, I would be afoot. I left my hat there overnight. When we got to camp it was almost dark and we didn't have any wood, so we started looking for some. There was usually a lot of old cottonwood logs laying around which showed up white in the dark. When we found one we'd put a rope on it and drag it in with the horses. We rode up the canyon, two or three hundred yards from camp. We didn't see any wood so we rode back toward camp when I saw something white. I said to Walter, "I didn't see that cottonwood log laying there when we came up, did you?" He said, "No, it wasn't there!" It occurred to me about that time that it was a wolf. Walter was riding a mare with a colt and the wolf was after that colt. My horse saw the wolf and snorted. I pulled my 30-30 rifle from the scabbard and shot at the wolf. It scared him and he jumped up and ran into the brush. I saw him go over the hill and shot at him again to give him a good scare. We rode in close to camp, found a little wood and built a fire. I said to Walter, "You go down and get a bucket of water while I peel some spuds and get things ready to cook." I didn't think he'd do it, he was only 8 years old. He picked the bucket up and went down to the creek. I soon heard him come back kind of whistling with about two-thirds of a bucket of water. There was a thicket along the creek which made it even more scary to an eight year old. I never did say anything to him until years later (about 1918) and I said, "Do you remember when I sent you after that bucket of water that night?" He said, "Yeah, and I never expected to get back alive—every step I took, I was afraid a wolf or lion would jump on top of me."

Dad had moved our big army tent from the flat up on the slope of the canyon so the snow would melt off fast and it wouldn't be so muddy. It was so steep we couldn't stay in bed. By the time morning came, we had slid out of our bed and were sleeping on the ground with our blankets over us. That night our dogs kept growling. We could hear some disturbance across the canyon from camp where a side canyon came in. The next morning we went to investigate. A grizzly bear had killed a three-year old heifer and he had been eating it. We had a couple of bear traps up the canyon so we went to get one to catch the bear. Bear traps are huge and hard to set. We used "C" clamps to compress the springs on each side to set the trap but we couldn't find the clamps. I cut a couple of oak poles about seven or eight feet long. I had Walter holding the ends of the poles down over the springs compressing them so I could set the trap. Just as I started to reach down between the jaws of the trap to lift the pan, Walter let the poles slip and the trap snapped shut. It's a wonder I didn't get both hands caught in the trap. But I didn't give up; I piled logs and timbers on top of the poles until I got enough weight on the poles so Walter could hold them down. I didn't have enough brains to raise the loose jaw on the trap so I wouldn't have to reach between the jaws. After we got the trap set, we put it by the heifer the bear had killed. The next morning



the bear hadn't come back, probably wasn't hungry yet. It started raining and rained for several days. The third day, the bear still hadn't come in because it rained so hard, and was still raining, so we went home to the ranch. My father was back at the ranch when we got there. When it stopped raining, he went back to the camp with us; we had caught the bear. The bear had broken the chain that tied the trap to the drag, a small log, and got away with the trap. We could see where the bear had beat the trap against the trees, and knocked the bark off, and tore up the brush. We trailed it up on top of the ridge and it went into a thicket of high manzanita brush. There was about an acre of brush with sandy ground all around it. We knew he hadn't come out of the thicket—he was in there. For some reason, Dad wouldn't go in after the bear. We never did even go find the trap.

When our folks moved from Fort Apache to Cibecue, they stayed there about eight to 12 months at the trading post. Then we moved to Carrizo, stayed there a short time, then moved to Mud Creek Canyon for about 30 days. We then moved to Jumpoff Canyon and stayed there about seven years.

It was necessary at the appropriate time to establish a base off the reservation in order for the children to go to school, church, and take care of other necessary family business. The first residence established for this purpose was at Pinedale. We rented a house in Pinedale, and stayed in that house about a year. Then my father bought a lot and built a house in Pinedale; we stayed there a year or so. About 1910 Dad took up a homestead on Cottonwood Wash, about four miles west of Clay Springs. We were living on the homestead on Cottonwood Wash, when Dad sold the cattle in 1915. There was no water on the ranch and we had to haul water from Clay Springs which was three or four miles away. He built a big barn like they build in Iowa. The barn was so big that all the feed we could raise on the 80 acres we tried to farm would just fill one little corner of the barn.

In 1911, when I was 12 years old, I plowed the 80 acres with a single-turning plow with horses pulling it. Then I planted cane, corn, and beans with an old single-seed corn planter, the kind you jab in the ground and spread it, to open it up, to let the seed out. Alvin was helping Dad round up cattle on the reservation. I had to stay out of school in the spring to put in the crop and again in the fall to harvest the crop. I lived on the ranch until I went to Blythe, California, about 1919.

The farmers in that area said they would have Dad thresh the grain they raised every year, if he would buy the equipment. He bought a threshing machine and a big tractor to pull it, which cost him about \$3,000 dollars. He thrashed all the grain that first year. The next year, they all got together and bought their own equipment. He never used the threshing machine again.

When I was 12 years old, I went to work down on Grasshopper (which was south and west of Cibecue), helping build a drift fence for a man named Sandy Jaques. I worked there about six months. While working there, I had a birthday and was now 13 years old. When



the job was finished, Ray Butler and I started back from Grasshopper, to go home. We cut across country for twenty-five or thirty miles to where Salt Creek and Cibecue Creek came together at the bottom of Chedeky Ridge near White Springs. It was low there and we didn't have to climb the high ridge. Down in the bottom it was real thick and brushy, with willows as high as a rider's head, and lots of Box Elders, Tag Elders, and Cottonwoods. We came to a little opening about thirty feet across, with several big Cottonwood trees in it. As I rode past one of the trees, an Indian stepped out from behind it. He grabbed my horse's bridle reins. I had a 35 Remington automatic in my saddle scabbard, but I didn't have time to get it out. It was a good thing I didn't, because seven more Indians stepped out of the brush. They each had a big knife—either a butcher knife or a dagger. The Indian who grabbed my reins was dressed in pants and a shirt. The other seven were dressed with only G-strings. A G-string consisted of a belt with a cloth about 4 ft long and about a foot wide, they'd hang it over the belt in front between their legs and over the belt in back, leaving the excess hanging front and back. They were all painted up like a war party, with streaks across their foreheads and stripes along their nose and cheeks, as well as paint on their wrists and bellies. The paints were red, blue, black, and white, and other colors. They made us get off our horses. The Indians sat in a semicircle in front of us, with their knives on their laps, looking mean at us. The Indian with the pants and shirt, the one who grabbed my reins and stopped us, asked us questions, then interpreted the answers in Spanish or Apache. They discussed our answers at great length. They wanted to know where we came from, what we were doing there, and where we were going? They were drinking tulapai and they were afraid we would report them to the soldiers. It was against the law for them to make or drink tulapai. After they discussed it a while, they decided if we would drink tulapai with them, we would be as guilty as they were and wouldn't tell the soldiers, so they'd let us go. They made us sit in the circle with them, cross-legged in the tall grass, and gave us some to drink. Ray thought it tasted all right, but I could hardly drink it. I had some Prince Albert tobacco and cigarette papers, so I passed those around, and each one rolled a cigarette. When you passed tobacco to an Indian, they smoked with you, whether they ordinarily smoked or not. While they were occupied with the tobacco, I put my cup down between my legs and spilled most of it in the tall grass. I didn't have to drink very much. When they tried to give us more, I told them I was too full, but Ray drank another. Then they let us go, and we left there in a hurry.

While living at Cottonwood Wash, we had an old sow that got overheated and died. A bear found the old sow right away and started eating her. Dad set a bear trap by the pig. When he went to check the trap, he took the shepherd dog, Ole Pup, that rescued me from the Indian at Cibecue. When they rode up, they discovered they had caught the bear. The dog attacked the bear, so Dad shot the bear before he could kill the dog. He skinned him and brought him down to the ranch. When the bear's front paws were skinned, they looked almost like a human hand. When Mom saw that, she wouldn't cook any of it.

Our ranch was about ten miles from the reservation line. We could get up early and ride the trail and see the tracks of numerous wolves, bears or lions who had crossed at night



in the dust. The camp in Jumpoff Canyon was about five or six miles from the reservation line.

In 1915 when I was 15 years old, Dad sold the cattle. I went to work for Jim Scott, the man who bought the cattle, so I could show him the range. He didn't know how to get around that rough country or where the springs and waterholes were. I rode for him for two or three months showing him where all the trails, waterholes and so forth, were.

The folks moved to Linden in 1922. There was a ranch near Linden that Dad and Lars Petersen had to take over. They had each loaned Germ Reidhead \$5,000 but he couldn't pay it back, so they took over the ranch and cattle. The brand on the cattle was W Bar H.

In 1918, Ray Butler and I were drafted into the Army during World War I. Frances' husband, Horace, was already serving. We caught the train in Holbrook and rode it to Phoenix, were given our physical exams, and sworn in. However, before they could send us out, the war ended, so we went home.

From 1915 to 1919, I worked for various ranches in the area. I went to Blythe, California in 1919. When I went to Blythe the first time, I ran a suction dredge cleaning irrigation canals. I worked all winter on the dredge and went home in the summer. I worked in Blythe from 1919 to 1928, in the winters mostly, going back to Arizona in the summers. I worked on dredges, and draglines of various sizes, including huge Monegan draglines. I worked most of the time in the field on the machines. When they would take one to the repair shop, they'd take me in to work on it. They thought I was a better mechanic than most of the other guys. When the Colorado River would flood in the spring, it would overflow its banks about 15 feet deep out to huge banks, or levies, about one half mile on each side of the river. The work we were doing was to control those huge overflows as well as clean the irrigation canals.

I met Mary Gholson in Blythe, I saw her occasionally for several years around town. Mary and her mother, Lula Gholson, worked for Neut Smith, cooking for the men that worked for him. One night at a dance, I asked her sister to dance, but she refused, so Mary said, "I'll dance with you!" Then I went to work for Neut Smith. Eventually Mary and I got married. Neut Smith married Lula Gholson, Mary's mother.

In the spring after we were married (on December 24, 1924), we went to the sawmill in Vernon. Gene was born August 3, 1925. We stayed at the sawmill until about February 1926, then my folks took us to Ripley, California. Ruth and Clarence Nelson, Mary's sister, lived in Ripley, and Grandma Richardson, Mary's grandmother, lived there also. I went to work for Riverside County operating a caterpillar tractor. When the weather got warm, Mary took Gene and went to Modesto. I went back to work for the water company working on a dragline. We stayed in Blythe the rest of the summer and winter. We bought a new 1927 Model-T Ford touring car and went to Vernon.



The next summer, 1927, I worked at the Goodman sawmill all summer. In the fall, we went back to Blythe. The next spring we went to Vernon and I cut logs all summer with Henry Mills. Henry was my cousin, the son of Dan and Sarah (McNeil) Mills. That fall we went to Phoenix. I got a job operating a dragline building a canal west of Phoenix, but they weren't ready to start the job so we went on to California. I got a job with a company that had a bunch of diesel and gas engines, pumping water for irrigation 30 miles south of the border at a place called Volcano. They had run the American workers out of Mexico because of some trouble with the Mexicans. After running the Americans out, they couldn't keep the engines running. They wouldn't let me take my family and Mary wouldn't let me go without them, so we went to Blythe.



Bill and Mary  
1924 in Blythe

I went to work for W.E. Callihan hauling a dismantled Monegan dragline out to the railroad for shipment. Then I went back to work for the water company building barges and installing a power plant to power a suction dredge. They were going to create a 40-acre lake to settle the muddy Colorado River water. We worked all winter building the dredge and I installed most of the machinery on it. They wanted me to operate the dredge on a night shift. I didn't want to work the night shift, so I quit.

We went to Modesto and I got a job cooking the fruit in the Sun Garden Cannery. I cooked nine box carloads of peaches in the first 24 hours. I worked there until fall, quit and went to Vernon. When we arrived back in Vernon, I went to work for McNary Lumber Company, cutting logs with Walter, my brother. I built a house at the sawmill site while we were cutting logs. I went to work in New Mexico, worked a couple of months driving a big truck for a construction company north of Albuquerque, quit and came back to Vernon. Edward was born August 15, 1930. The Depression was going strong, and I couldn't get a job at McNary, so we went to California—this was January 1931. I went to work for an old Texas oil driller pumping the gravel out of artesian wells. The wells were 1800 feet deep when I got finished. I took a job on the desert at the Hayfields Ranch, 40 miles east of Indio. We stayed there a little over a year. While working at the Hayfields Ranch, the work consisted of cleaning and improving several springs and maintaining several miles of pipe line from the springs.



While living at the ranch, I did a lot of prospecting in the canyons around the ranch. I discovered a vein of gold-bearing ore, and staked a claim there. The claim was called the Shooting Star. We worked the claim from time to time during the next few years. Finally I decided I would seriously work the mine, so Donald came out to help with the work. We dug a shaft 45 feet deep and an 18 foot drift. We didn't get rich, but had some interesting experiences. The shaft we dug was through solid rock. We would drill the rock with a hand drill and hammer, pack the holes with dynamite, insert a dynamite cap, and light the fuse and get out of the hole. After the hole got so deep we couldn't climb out, we had a windless with a cable and a bucket to remove the rock, and transport tools and materials in and out of the shaft. We didn't have a ladder so we had to climb the cable, hand over hand, to get in and out of the shaft. We would drill the holes, and get everything ready to light the fuses. Then I'd climb out. Donald would light the fuses, jump in the bucket and I'd pull him out with the windless. That system worked great until the day we decided I should light the fuses, and Donald would pull me out. I lit the fuses, jumped in the bucket, and yelled "Pull me out!" Donald grabbed the crank handle on the windlass and started winding it up, but when he got to the top, he couldn't push it over. He dropped me back and started up again, but straining as hard as he would, he could not turn the crank over the top. Meanwhile, at the bottom of the shaft, with an extra heavy charge of dynamite, fuses sputtering, I started getting a little concerned. I yelled "Hold the handle!" That was probably the fastest 45 foot climb in history. When I got on the windless platform, we both ran to get away from the explosion. We were able to run about 10 feet before the charge went off. The explosion, being a little heavy, picked the windless platform up and threw it about 10 feet off the hole. Within the next few days we got some good clear lumber and built a nice 45 ft. ladder. We installed it as soon as we started the drift so we could get the ladder out of the blast area.

Jim was born in the Indio hospital, October 15, 1932, while we were still living at the Hayfields ranch. When the job on the ranch, at the hay fields, ran out, I went to Los Angeles, bought a 1929 Chevy sedan and spent the next two months looking up and down the Pacific Coast for a job. I did not find a job. I went to the Coachella Valley, got a job on a road and worked two months. I next got a job in Cabazon, moved to Beaumont, California, and worked for road contractors until 1937. The depression was improving somewhat, so I decided it was time to go back to Arizona. I got a job at McNary, trimming and topping 100 foot pine trees. We rigged the trees with cables and pulleys to load logs northwest style, so they could load the logs on trucks instead of railroad cars. Then they took me into McNary and I operated a pile driver, drove the piling for a 400 foot bridge so the trucks could come into the mill pond to unload logs. That done, I operated a gas electric power shovel for nine months loading cinders on dump trucks to cinder logging truck roads.

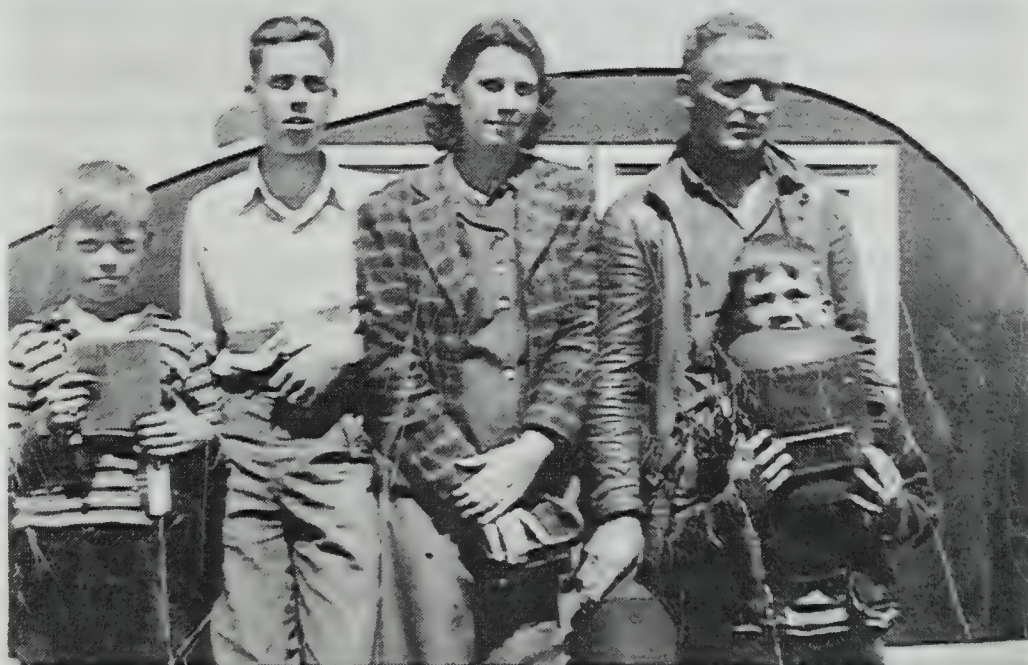
In July 1938, Walter was working for Tanner Construction Company at Wickenburg, welding and repairing road construction equipment. They needed another mechanic and welder, so I applied for the job and got it. I needed some instructions in welding technique, so they sent me to Wickenburg to work with Walter for two weeks so he could teach me. After the two weeks in Wickenburg were finished, they sent me to San Simon. From that



point on, we moved about every three months. When the job in San Simon finished, we moved to McNeal, near Douglas, to work on a road job. While living in McNeal, we bought a new 1939 Chevrolet. One day when Mary drove in to Douglas to shop, Jim got separated from the group in the store. He thought he had been abandoned, so he hitch-hiked out to the job where I was working. I had to call the sheriff, in Douglas, to find Mary so she would stop looking for him.

When the job finished, we moved to Springerville. When we got to Springerville, Lloyd and Ruth were there, Lloyd was working on the same job. I believe Alvin and Bertha were there on that job, also. We spent a nice summer there, and did lots of fishing. There was a big adobe duplex on the main street in Springerville. We moved into the west side, and Ruth and Lloyd moved into the east side. The adobe walls were about two feet thick, with ten foot ceilings. Across the street was a Mexican Bar, the El Rancho Grande. They had a juke box and a piano, both of which they played long, late, and loud. The songs they played most, were *Roll Out The Barrel*, and *Alla En El Rancho Grande*. We went to sleep every night to those lullabies.

While living at Springerville we heated with wood; Kent and Dale had to help gather the wood and they really got into the spirit of the project. One day Ruth went out to the job to see Lloyd. Kent and Dale saw some nice stakes stuck in the ground that would burn real good. They didn't want to pass up a bargain like that so they gathered a big box full. The engineers were very upset when they had to reset all those stakes.



L to R: Edward, Gene, Mary, Bill, and Jim

When the summer was over and the kids started school, it was time to move again. We left Springerville in October, and moved to Bowie, which is about fifteen miles from San Simon. We stayed in Bowie almost 9 months, then moved to Duncan, still working for Tanner Construction Co. We took Gene to the sawmill for the summer to stay with Mom and Dad. We stayed in Duncan for most of the summer, then moved to Phoenix for about a month. Two weeks after school started, we moved to Texas Canyon near Benson. At Texas Canyon, we were joined by Lloyd and Ruth, and Walter and Laura. Ed and Jim attended a one-room school there, all the grades met in one room. We were able to live there about seven months before moving to Yuma to work on the airport. We stayed there about two and one half



months, then moved to Mormon Lake. Gene stayed in Yuma about three weeks, to finish his freshman year in high school.

At Mormon Lake, we lived in some cabins on Bass Point at the lake. At one time Bass Point had been a popular vacation spot with a store, a gas pump and four or five cabins. We lived in the store building and rented the other cabins. Lloyd and Ruth, and Alvin and Bertha, and Hugh and Zona Huet, each lived in one of the cabins. There were a bunch of old boats left at Bass Point so we fixed some of them, and Gene rented them. We spent a lot of time fishing for catfish and yellow perch, boating, and swimming. The ladies—Mary, Ruth, Bertha, and Zona—all learned to float on their backs in the water with very little effort. They would float and gossip for hours. The kids love to tell the story of Bertha's foam-rubber "falsies" floating out of her bathing suit and bobbing around on the surface of the lake—eventually being rescued by Jim.

On this job, we were working for Packard Construction Co. When the job at Mormon Lake finished, Mr. Packard got a job adjacent to the Mormon Lake job. The new job was nearer to town, toward Lake Mary, so we all moved into the cabins at Lake Mary. I had given my old 1929 Chevrolet to Dad, and it needed an overhaul, so the folks came to stay with us while we overhauled the car. That was when the daughters-in-law talked Dad into shaving off his mustache. He had worn a mustache for so long he didn't look like the same person without it. We stayed at Lake Mary until after Christmas.

On December the 7th, 1941, we were at the Grand Canyon when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. We didn't find out about the bombing until we stopped at Wheelers Grocery, now Ruffs Liquors, late in the evening.

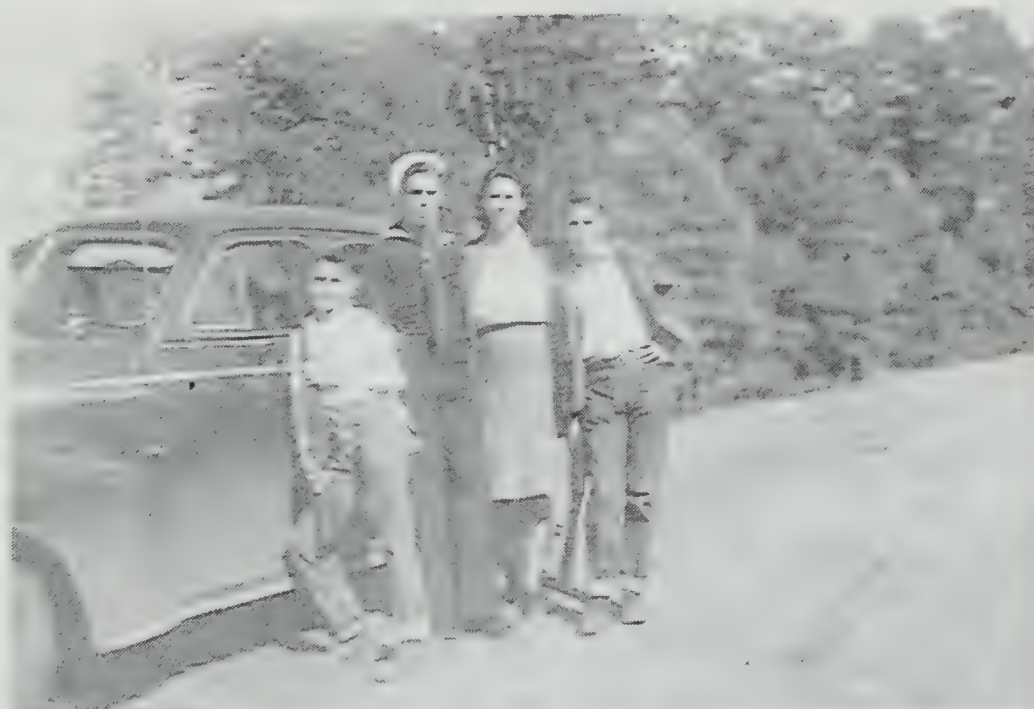
In about the end of February, we moved to Williams. I spent the winter overhauling equipment at the Wagon Wheel Lodge in Pitman Valley, for Packard Construction Co., getting the equipment ready for the job we were going to do there. In the spring (1942) when the job started up, Lloyd came to work there, running a shovel in the cinder pit and loading trucks. After school was out, we moved into a little house in Pitman Valley.

While we were living there in Pitman Valley, the detour for the road job ran right in front of our house. One day a rain storm came up and put out the flares which had been put there to warn of a sharp corner. Jim got some gasoline and went out to re-light the flares. When he struck a match, the can of gas he had in his hand caught fire. He dropped the can and splashed burning gasoline all over his pants. As he ran toward the house, a man who was driving by saw him and jumped out of his car, caught him and put the fire out. Jim had a little spotted dog that bit the man who was trying to put out the fire. Both the man and the dog got a story in the *Arizona Republic*. Jim was very badly burned, and spent several weeks in the hospital in Williams. When that job finished, I went to work for Basich Brothers Construction Co. They were helping to build the Navajo Army Depot at Belmont. About the first of October, I quit and we went to Vernon; Gene stayed there to go to school. Then



we went to Phoenix for a month. I was soon able to get a job down near Tombstone, so we moved to Tombstone. While we lived there, we got to see all the famous landmarks like the Bird Cage Theater, and Boot Hill cemetery, and the old abandoned mines.

When the job was completed at Tombstone, we went to Phoenix, bought a trailer, and moved to Chandler. Next we moved to Flagstaff and lived in Barker Village, next to the Museum Club, then back to Douglas. Then back to Flagstaff again.



Jim, Gene, Mary, and Edward

About this time it was necessary to take Jim to get skin grafts on his burned legs, so we took him to St. Louis, Missouri, to the Children's Hospital. We spent several months in St. Louis. When we left St. Louis—on our way home to Phoenix—we went by Little Rock Arkansas to visit with Walter and his family. In Texas, we jack-knifed the trailer going down a hill and the car turned over, but none of us got hurt. When we got back to Phoenix, the union sent me to a job at Clifton. When we finished the job at Clifton, they sent us to a job near Thermal, California, where I worked on a flood control project near the Salton Sea. While we were at Thermal, Gene was discharged from the Navy so he came to Thermal. Tom Gholson, Mary's brother, also came to stay with us. When we left Thermal, we returned to Flagstaff, and I went to work for Fisher Contracting Co. Gene and Tom Gholson were both able to get a job working for Fisher. We worked all summer in Flagstaff. When the job was finished in Flagstaff, Tom Gholson went back to California, I went to Phoenix on a job for Fisher, and Gene went to Welton to work for Fisher. We stayed in Phoenix until May of 1946, then I went to Williams on a job for Bowen McLaughlin. I continued to work for Bowen McLaughlin on jobs at Winslow, Sanders, Payson, Winslow, and back to Flagstaff.

After Flagstaff, I went to work for W.J. Henson Contracting Co. in Prescott. Mr. Henson took me out to his shop to show me what he wanted me to do. He had two Caterpillar tractors that someone had disassembled; they were in two piles on the floor. I was to re-assemble them and make them work. It took a while but I was able to accomplish it, and they ran for several years. I continued working for Henson in Topock, Kingman, Prescott, and back to Flagstaff.



In 1955 I bought a D-8 Caterpillar tractor with a dozer and rented it to Lloyd on the job he had at Payson. I worked for him as a mechanic on that job. Then I went to work with the "cat" on the Navajo Indian Reservation, building stocktanks and dikes for flood control projects.

We bought Mom's house just before she died in 1960, so moved to Vernon and spent several years doing bulldozer work on ranches around Vernon and in western New Mexico around Quemado. I built stock tanks, levees, roads and whatever else I could find to do. I also built pioneering roads for Interstate 40, near Seligman.

I finally decided to semi-retire, so we sold our house in Vernon and moved to Flagstaff where the boys were living. I did several jobs there clearing trees and excavating for buildings, stripping cinder pits, and feeding crushers. I sold my tractor in 1973. A few months after I sold it, the new owner asked me to operate the tractor for a month, so I worked for him on and off for the next five years.

In Flagstaff I did a lot of hunting with my boys. We had some hounds and horses and had a lot of fun chasing those hounds. We went back to the reservation hunting—in Jumpoff and the other canyons where we had run the cattle when I was a boy. It was fun but the bears and lions weren't as numerous as they were 50 years earlier. Mary and I spent a lot of time walking in the woods and cutting wood.

When Jim was ready to leave for his mission to Central America, Mary and I went with him to the Arizona Temple. We received our Endowments and Jim was sealed to us; this was May 28, 1953. Gene and Ed were sealed to us on November 19, 1961. During my life, I didn't have the opportunity to serve in many callings in the Church. When we moved to Vernon, I served as Ward Clerk until we moved to Flagstaff. In Flagstaff, I served as a Home Teacher.

### **Lula Mary Gholson Goodman**

Mary was born in Corona, New Mexico, May 26, 1905. She was the third child of a family of four girls and five boys. During the early part of her life, they moved often. The Gholsons traveled all over the west in a covered wagon pulled by four horses. They stayed in towns and on ranches in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California. Her father worked wherever he could find work on the ranches and farms. They carried water in a barrel with a spigot in the bottom. They stored pots, pans and cast iron skillets in a cowhide cooney under the bed of the wagon. They had no money to speak of, but had enough food most of the time. They ate pink beans, potatoes, and sometimes rabbit, and an occasional can of corn. When they passed a farm or ranch, they could get eggs and vegetables. They carried a can of flour and a lard bucket for dutch oven biscuits. The family didn't encounter any wild Indians, outlaws, or any gunfighters during their travels.



Finally, they arrived in Blythe, California where they traded the horses for a Model T Ford. It wasn't large enough for the family, so they had to buy a second one. The family stayed in the Palo Verde Valley area for awhile working at various jobs. They cut grapes, picked cotton, and grew cotton one year. Mary and her mother were cooking for a construction crew when she met Bill. Mary first met Bill at a Fourth of July dance. Mary and her sister, Sammie, had gone to the dance together, and Bill was there. They were married December 24, 1924, in Blythe.

Mary loved the outdoors; she loved to camp and go on hunting and fishing trips. It didn't matter what the weather was like, whether it was sunshine, rain, or snow—wherever we went, she was there with us. Where Bill was, Mary was never far away.



Bill and Mary Goodman





Gene, Edward, Jim  
Mary, Bill



Bill and Mary, 60th Wedding Anniversary





Bill, Fern, Beulah, Donald

### Thomas Eugene Goodman

I was born 3 August 1925 at the Goodman sawmill. I don't remember much about that; the first I do remember, I had a little chain I used to drag around in the mud. Aunt Beulah said that I said, "I sure will be glad when the mud gets off from the dust." I remember spooky things hanging from the ceiling in bags at night, in the dark. I remember a big police dog at the mill that I played with. One day I tied him to the old Graham Paige car that was parked in front of our house by the road into the mill. When I came back to get him, he was sick. I called someone but it was too late to save him. I thought I had done something to kill him, but they said he had been poisoned.

There was a little girl who lived in the Honeymoon House on the south side of the mill by the road. One day when we were playing by the 1927 Ford Touring Car in a little lean-to carport on the north side of the house, we decided to take all our clothes off, I'm not sure why, but we did. I remember getting paddled for that by Mom, which I didn't think was very fair.

I remember the tent caterpillars on the trees on the southwest corner of the mill by the road; I was afraid to go past them by myself. I remember going out to the granary behind Grandma's house one night when Dad was skinning a deer he had killed. He told me I shouldn't tell anyone about the deer because he would get in trouble. I remember when Uncle



Don came home from somewhere with a girl friend, and she kept saying, "Don, when are you going to marry me?" I remember when he came, he had his guitar with him. I'd beg him to play and sing, but when he did, I'd cry.



Gene  
Edward, Idella, and Ella



Beulah and Gene  
about 1929

When I was five years and twelve days old I had to go to Grandma's house because I was to get a little brother, they said. When I was finally allowed to go see him, I came back to Grandma's and told them I didn't want him, he was too ugly.

The picture above left was taken looking east from Grandma's house to the house we lived in by Walter and Inez, Chet and Fern, and Lloyd and Ruth. The little building in the back became a barn. I might have been born in it. This was taken sometime in 1930, I think.

In January 1931, Mom and Dad decided to go back to California. Mom had been converted to the Church, and decided she wanted to be baptized before we left. I remember going down to Bob Francy's Lake. They took an axe and chopped a hole in the ice which was about six inches thick. Then Uncle Alvin and Mom got down in the water and she was baptized. I took a dim view of the whole affair and said, "I don't want you to baptize my mamma!" so they told me. When they got out of the water, they wrapped Mom in a red wool blanket, to keep her from freezing. Ed and I had not been blessed so that was done before



we left also. After the baptisms and blessings were finished, we left for California at the end of January. We went to Coachella to stay with Ruth and Clarence Nelson, Moms sister and brother-in-law, at their home. I fell in love with the little neighbor girl, and when it was time to go, I cried. I knew I'd never see her again, sure enough I was right. Then we moved to the Hayfields Ranch about 15 miles west of Desert Center. There were so many snakes there, a concrete wall had been built around the yard to keep them out of the house. I went out side the fence one morning and a big snake was coiled up under the car in the lean to beside the house, he stuck out his tongue at me. I almost stepped on one up by the water storage tank.

One day Dad had to go to town in a hurry; he came in the house, put on his dress pants, jumped in the Ford, and started for town. About a quarter mile down the road he suddenly stopped, jumped out of the car, pulled off his pants, and shook out two scorpions. I can remember walking up through the canyon to the mine, about six miles, and riding horseback several times. Sometimes we'd see snakes, or mountain sheep, and once we saw a tame sheep some one had lost. Dad killed it, and we ate it. Another time when we were returning from town we found a car turned over and burning with a big column of black smoke rising into the air. The man who was in the car had his ear cut about half off. That night I dreamed about a big smokie man with that column of smoke rising up from him. I could see him coming across the desert toward me, just as he was about to get me I would wake up. The night mare continued for a several days, until I was afraid to go to bed.

While we lived at the Hayfields, Dad ran a trap line. He trapped coyotes, foxes, and an occasional badger. I remember all of us going with him to check the traps in an old stripped-down Ford truck.

Toward the end of our stay at Hayfields, one of the construction crews, for the aqueduct bringing water from the Colorado River to Los Angeles, camped near us. One of our horses was poisoned on their garbage dump. They also built a power line through near the ranch. Suddenly we were no longer isolated. Our stay at the Hayfields was coming to a close.

While we lived at Hayfields, I was old enough to go to school but couldn't go, so Mom taught me to read and spell, add and subtract. She taught me well enough that when I started school the next year, I was able to start in the second grade, and I was equal to or ahead of the other kids. I was eight years old when I started to school in Mecca. We stayed there about a month, and moved to Thermal. At Thermal, we lived in a little house behind a bar called the Desert Tavern, which was closed. We didn't have a bathroom when we lived there. The back of the lot was covered, thickly, with arrow weed about four feet tall. We dug a hole in the arrow weed and used that for a toilet. When one hole filled up we dug another one. One day I was waiting for the school bus behind the tavern with several other kids, most of whom were black, next to a fence. Ed, who was three, walked up on the other side of the fence behind us. He looked at that little kid through the fence, reached through the fence, patted him on the head and said, "You're a nigger Mexican, aren't you?"



The next year we moved to Beaumont, near where Ruth and Clarence had moved. We lived for a short while up in the foothills north of Beaumont, by an apple orchard. We lived there about a month and moved closer to town in Cherry Valley, next to a peach orchard. While living there, I trapped gophers out of the orchard for ten cents apiece. We lived in an old frame house in Cherry Valley. We didn't have electricity there, we used a gasoline lantern hung in the center of the room. I remember several earthquakes we had while living there, and the lantern would sway back and forth; they were fun.

I started the third grade at Beaumont. Aunt Ruth took me to school the first morning. I didn't want to go to school there; it was a big school and I knew all the kids were smarter than I was. She finally talked me into going, so I said, "All right, I'll go, but I'm gonna hang back." One morning in Cherry Valley, I got on the school bus, sat down and looked out the window, here came Ed running out to the bus without a stitch on. All the kids laughed, I was embarrassed again. Aunt Ruth took me down and got me a library card. I read all kinds of books; I especially liked to read Zane Grey's novels, I read nearly all of them. We lived at Beaumont for several years; I attended the third, fourth, and fifth grades there.

In 1937 after school was out, we moved back to Arizona, into one of the little houses on the west side of the sawmill. Dad got a job topping trees for the Cady Lumber Company at McNary. We moved to a little house at Horseshoe Cienaga, about 15 miles east of McNary, for the summer. I spent the summer fishing in the little stream that ran through the cienaga. In the fall we moved into McNary so we could go to school. No houses were available so we moved into a boxcar temporarily. The boxcar had bed bugs in it; they almost ate us up. We finally got a house on the back row, the second house from the road out to Vernon. Norville Holiday lived in the first house. It was in the sixth grade in McNary, that I first met Thelma Mineer. Thelma lived on the corner one block south of our house. I fell in love with Thelma and her mini skirt. The teacher, Miss Bodily, would crack your knuckles with the edge of a ruler when you misbehaved. Thelma was the teacher's pet—she didn't get her knuckles cracked. It was in McNary I almost got arrested by my future brother-in-law for shooting fire crackers. We had a lot of fun fishing in the streams around McNary. Norval and I made stilts and walked on them, some were about four feet tall. While I was there, the town had a spinal meningitis epidemic, the whole town was quarantined for about three weeks, and several children died.

We left McNary in July 1938. I started the seventh grade in San Simon, moved to McNeal, and finished the year in Springerville. At McNeal, we caught some donkeys and rode them until the owners came and got them. At Springerville, we lived next to Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth. Mom had a big, copper, double boiler which held about fifteen gallons of water. I had to build a fire under it outside, to heat water for Mom to wash. She had a wringer type washer with a gasoline engine. In Springerville we swam in the Little Colorado River, and fished in the streams around the area. One day, Dad met Uncle Lloyd driving down off the mountain to Eagar, and they stopped to talk. Dad noticed a turkey feather in his beard, so he walked around behind Lloyd's car. There was a turkey's tail sticking out



from under the trunk lid. When the Lord said we wouldn't be tempted more than we could bear, surely he wasn't talking about turkeys or fishing. Ed and I were baptized in Francy's Lake 9 September 1939, before we left Springerville. I started the eighth grade in Springerville then moved to Bowie to finish the year. I graduated from the eighth grade at Bowie on the 3rd of May 1940.

After I graduated from the eighth grade, I went to the mill to stay with Grandpa and Grandma Goodman for the summer. I had fun riding Uncle Chet's little mare who had a colt. I worked for Cecil Naegle cutting sunflowers out of his grainfield. We went to the rodeo at Vernon, where Uncle Lloyd broke his wrist riding a bronc, and Uncle Chet roped a calf, but wasn't fast enough to get in the money.

Uncle Alvin was running the mill that summer, I helped fire the boiler and anything else I could do to get in the way. When I drove the horses skidding a log, Uncle Alvin said "Don't get on the downhill side of the log," so that's the first thing I did, and rolled a log over myself, but it wasn't very big.

When I left the mill at the end of the summer I started the ninth grade at Phoenix Union High School. After two weeks at school, we moved to Texas Canyon, and I went to school in Benson. With about three months of the school year left, we moved to Yuma. Two or three weeks before school was out, Mom and Dad moved to Mormon Lake (near Flagstaff). I stayed in Yuma to finish the school year. When school was out, I caught a bus to Flagstaff, and Mom met me at the bus depot. At Mormon Lake we lived at Bass Point, and did lots of swimming, boating and fishing. There were several old row boats there which we repaired, and I rented during the summer. In the fall we moved to Lake Mary, and I started my sophomore year at Flagstaff. After Christmas, in February, we moved to Williams. After school was out that year, we moved to Pitman valley. Shortly after World War II started, construction began on the Navajo Ordnance Depot. I was able to get a job there helping build bases for the igloos where they would store the ammunition. I received 87½¢ an hour; I was sixteen years old.

When the summer was over, I went to Vernon to stay with Grandma and Grandpa Goodman. I started my junior year of school in St Johns. After Christmas, I decided to join the Navy, but since I was only seventeen I had to get my parents' permission. In February, I went to Tombstone where they were living to get them to sign my papers. After much persuasion, they finally signed the papers. I was sworn in 22 March 1943, in Phoenix. I was sent to San Diego for boot camp. They cut all our hair off and issued us our new clothes. It didn't take long for me to figure out I wasn't where I really wanted to be. They gave us a series of tests to see what we were not qualified to do, so they could assign us to do that. Toward the end of my stay in San Diego, Grandpa Goodman died, but they wouldn't let me go home. After our six weeks boot camp was over, they put us on a train and sent us to The University of Minnesota for four months of electrical school. I finished number twenty seven in a class of one hundred fifty. I could have done better if I had finished high school, but I



was a little weak in math. When I finished at the University, I volunteered for Submarine School, which was about three months long, at New London, Connecticut. Then I went to six weeks of Battery and Gyro School, at New London. When the schools were all over, they put us on a train to Mare Island Navy yard at Vallejo, California. At Mare Island, we were put on a destroyer and sent to Pearl Harbor. At Pearl Harbor, I was placed in Relief Crew 42. The relief crews worked on the submarines when they came back from war patrols, while the crew went on two weeks rest and recuperation. The members of the relief crews would be assigned to the submarines as needed. After five months in the relief, I was assigned to the *USS Tautog*. We left Pearl Harbor, stopped at Midway, then headed for the south coast of Japan. We cruised on the surface for six or seven days, until we got near Japan. We could tell we were near when a plane dropped a bomb on us. We saw it in time to dive but they dropped the bomb anyway. After we got a little closer we cruised on the surface at night and charged batteries. During the day we were submerged about 18 hours watching for ships. If the fog was thick enough, we would stay on the surface. One night we were on the surface when the Executive Officer woke up, went up to the bridge and said, "It's about time we changed course." He gave a 90 degree course change, we turned between two torpedoes. They went by about sixty feet on each side of us. We never knew where they came from. We sank several ships, and nearly every time we sank a ship we'd get depth-charged. One day we were on the surface in the fog; all of a sudden we were out of the fog and only a half mile from shore off Tokyo Bay. They didn't see us, so we turned right back into the fog. We stayed out on patrol for 60 days, then came back to Midway for two weeks' R&R. We were then sent back to San Francisco for a six month general overhaul. After the overhaul we went back to Pearl Harbor, stopped at Midway, this time our destination was the South China Sea. We started our patrol right off the northern coast of Japan, at the entrance to the harbor at Nagasaki, where the second atomic bomb would be dropped a few months later. We sighted a Japanese submarine coming out of the harbor, but we were too far away to fire torpedoes at it. Several nights later, we sank a small fishing boat. We picked up a prisoner who was a cook on the fishing boat, so we put him to work helping the cooks. We sank several other small ships including a small troop ship. The captain wanted to pick up another prisoner, but they were afraid to take the rope, even though the water was near freezing. The captain asked for the other prisoner to be sent up; he talked for a couple of minutes, and then both of them wanted to come aboard. The new prisoners were surly, and the captain decided after a couple of weeks they were too dangerous for us to keep. We had no facilities to lock them up, and they had to be guarded constantly. We kept the first prisoner, since we didn't have to guard him. The other two prisoners were turned loose near an island in our life raft.

Near the end of our patrol run we found an oil tanker, and fired three torpedoes. We hit it but it didn't sink. We fired all the torpedoes we had left, and hit it ten times, but when we left it was still floating. It turned out to be an empty tanker—had it been filled it would probably have exploded with the first three. With no torpedoes left, we were instructed to go home; we had been out 66 days. During the last two patrols on the *Tautog*, we sank 13 ships. In total, the *Tautog* made 13 patrol runs, had 65 battle flags, including one plane shot down at Pearl Harbor, and one Japanese submarine sunk. Before we got back to Midway,



seven days later, we were informed that the oil tanker had sunk. I guess we had spies in Japan.

When we arrived back at Midway, the *Tautog* was assigned to return to the States to be used as a school boat. Since I had less time overseas than some of the other crew members, I was transferred to Relief Crew 242 on Midway, which was stationed on a submarine tender, the *USS Sperry*. I was still on Midway about 30 days later when the first atomic bomb was dropped. With the war over, I was 20 years old, I still had a year to serve, until I was 21. Several weeks later, the *Sperry* was sent back to Pearl Harbor. When we arrived in Pearl Harbor I was assigned to the *USS Rock*, a submarine that was to be sent back to New London, Connecticut, to be decommissioned. We went through the Panama Canal and up to New Orleans. We stayed at New Orleans for thirty days, then went to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for a couple of weeks, and finally to New London. After arriving at New London, we started preparing the submarines to be decommissioned. We worked on the *USS Rock*, *USS Flounder*, and *USS Piranha*. Then I was transferred to the West Coast where we worked on the *USS Lizardfish*, for decommissioning. Then I was transferred to the *USS Scabbardfish* for permanent duty. I remained there until I was sent to Treasure Island Naval Base at San Pedro, California for discharge. I was discharged August 8, 1946, after serving three years, four months, and seventeen days.



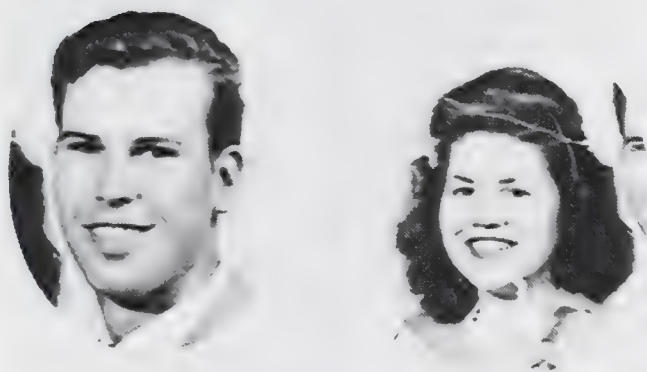
Gene home on leave, 1944,  
with Dutch and Silver

When I was discharged, Mom and Dad were living at Thermal, California. On the way home, I stopped by Grandma Smith's home in Modesto. Tom Gholson, Mom's brother, and I left Modesto and traveled to Thermal. We looked for work around Thermal, but didn't find any. When Dad's job was over at Thermal, he went back to Flagstaff to work for Fisher Contracting Co. Tom and I went with them and were able to both get work on the road job Dad was working on. We worked all summer for Fisher; I drove a truck hauling concrete from a box car to the batch plant. In the fall when the job was finished, Tom went back to California, and I was sent to Welton to work on another job for Fisher. After about a month, they asked me to come back to Phoenix to work at the batch plant driving a dumpster hauling gravel from the pit to a grizzly. The dumpster didn't have any brakes, and after I dumped the gravel, I had to back down a steep hill (in reverse gear) to get back in the pit. Going down that hill without any brakes was real exciting. I didn't have to do that very long until they sent me to work on a street job on Seventh Ave.

While working on that job, Thelma and I were married on April 5, 1947. We lived in a little one room apartment, with a swamp cooler. When we ran the cooler it would vibrate



the shelf over the toilet, and everything on the shelf would fall in the toilet. In May 1947 Dad went to Williams to work on a road job for Bowen and McLaughlin. In June it started getting hot, on about the 12th, it was 113 degrees, so I quit, and Thelma and I left the valley and moved to Williams, where I started working for Bowen and McLaughlin with Dad as a mechanic's helper. Then I was sent to Winslow for same company. When the job finished at Winslow they didn't have any work so I was laid off.



Gene and Thelma

I started work as an apprentice electrician for Smithie's Electric, at Winslow. While living there, we lived in a small apartment just a little bit larger than the one in Phoenix. Ed and Jim were living in another apartment next to us while going to school. One day they got in a fight and the neighbors called the cops. Thelma just about whipped the neighbors, the cops, and Ed and Jim, too. Jim said that was their last big fight. After that they ganged up on me.

While living there, Barbara was born. When she was about four months old, she got the whooping cough, and the doctor didn't know what she had. If Thelma hadn't known what to do, we'd have lost her. We finally took her to the hospital in Cottonwood, and Thelma stayed with her night and day until she was all right. Tom and Virginia were also born there in Winslow. We lived in Winslow for four years until I finished my apprenticeship. After my apprenticeship was finished, I went to work for Tissaw Electric in Flagstaff, and worked there for four years. Tissaws ran out of work, so I went to work for Shaum Electric also in Flagstaff. I worked for Shaum four years, then I got a contractor's license, and Jim and I started Goodman Electric in 1960. Then we invited Ed to come over from Albuquerque and work with us. We continued in business until 1965. We decided we were not doing as well as we could, so we dissolved the business and went to work. I went to work at the paper mill running a crew hooking up the controls on all the equipment. When the paper mill job was near the end, I was asked to take over wiring the high-rise dorm at N.A.U. for Industrial Electric. The dorm was to be nine stories high, and was partially built and completed to the second floor. Before that job was completed, the company was low bidder on a job, another dorm, across the street, so I worked both together. After one job finished, but before the other was completed, they got another job on campus, The Creative Arts Building, So I again had to work both jobs together. Work was scarce in Flagstaff, so I went to Tucson, where work was plentiful. I worked a small job at the airport, then went to the Anaconda copper mine, where they were building a plant to process copper ore. After a few months work picked up at home and I was able to come back and do another job on campus at N.A.U. This time I did the Liberal Arts Building for Shaum Electric. When that job was finished in 1969, Jim and I decided to try contracting again. I took the test and acquired a license again. We continued in business until the mid seventies. Then economic conditions changed again making conditions incompatible for union contractors. We acquired a general contractor's



license and built houses and small commercial buildings for awhile. Tom began taking over the electrical contracting business. Jim and I gradually retired, divided most of our assets, and lived off the rentals we had acquired over the years.



Gene and Thelma

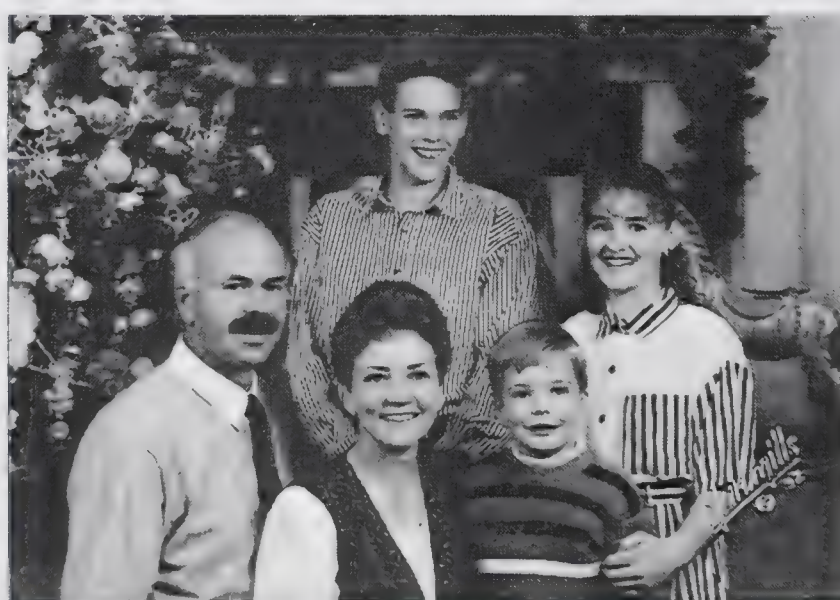


Gene and Thelma





Tom, Virginia, Barbara  
Thelma, Gene



Tom and Carolyn Goodman  
with Jeremy, Derick, and Kristi





Steve and Virginia West  
with Cara



Cara West

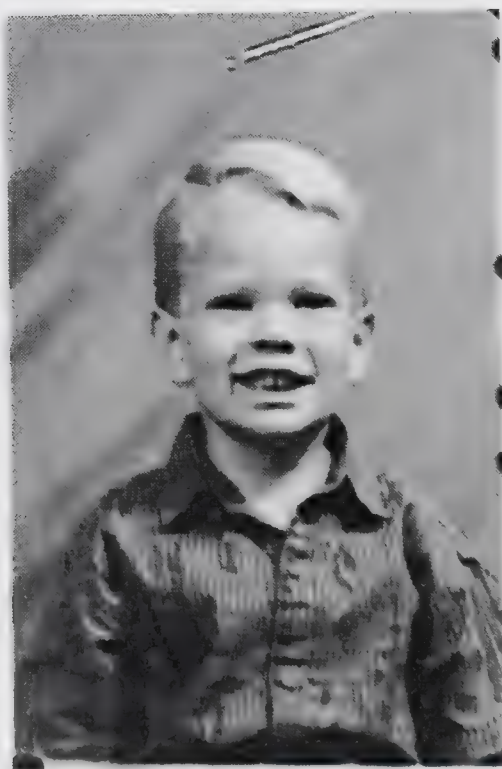


Fred and Barbara Klug, with Ron





Ron and Kristy Klug



Gary Klug, 1994



## William Edward Goodman, Jr.

(Submitted by Gene and Jim)

Ed was born August 15, 1930, in the house that Dad had built a few months before at the Goodman sawmill south of Vernon. In January, 1931 the family wanted to go back to California. Mom decided to be baptized, and Ed and Gene needed to be blessed before we left. Ed was five months old when we went back to California. This was during the Depression when jobs were hard to find. We had to live wherever Dad could find work. We lived in southern California at several places including Coachella, the Hayfields Ranch, Thermal, and finally at Beaumont where Ed started to school. Dad had a gold mine which was located in the Eagle Mountains about six miles north of the Hayfields Ranch. While working the mine, which was named the Shooting Star, we camped in the big sand wash with the snakes and the scorpions. Ed, Jim and Gene had fun playing in the big sand wash and being chased by the Chuckawalla lizards that were numerous around the mine. We lived in California for about six years before we returned to Arizona in 1937.

Back in Arizona, we lived at the sawmill, Horseshoe Cienaga, and McNary, where Ed started the second grade. When we left McNary in July 1938, Dad worked on road construction jobs which required frequent moves. Over the next 10 years the family moved about thirty-six times before Ed graduated from high school. We moved to many towns in all parts of Arizona. During this time, the family made trips to Vernon as often as possible, to visit and to fish in the streams in the White Mountains. Several times Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth, and Uncle Alvin and Aunt Bertha and their families moved to the same towns that we did. Then there were the deer hunting trips that our family made every year in October. Most of the time we hunted around Flagstaff. Our favorite hunting spot was in Barney Pasture on the Woody Mountain Road. One time we spotted a nice buck. Ed said "Stand back! I'll blow him off the face of the map." He missed! It took a long time for him to live that one down.

Ed seemed to have no fear of anything. There was an old railroad bridge across a canyon at Lake Mary. The railroad ties had been removed, leaving two steel beams 12 inches wide, about 30 feet long, and about 20 feet in the air, spanning the canyon about eight feet apart. The kids who were brave enough crawled across or walked slowly and carefully. Ed walked across once and then ran back; then he ran over it several more times. When we lived at Tombstone there were lots of abandoned mine tunnels. The kids were told to stay out of them because they were not safe, but Ed explored most of them. He had quite a few fights as he was going to school. He didn't pick fights, nor was he looking for them, but he never backed away from one. If there was ever a bully around, Ed usually managed to get into a fight with him, even though he might be older or larger, and Ed usually won. When he was around you never had to worry about any one bothering you. Jim, who was two years younger, said Ed used to beat him up, but he wouldn't tolerate anyone else doing it. One time on a construction job where Ed was working as an electrician, he made up some boxes and



conduits to go in a block wall and gave them to the bricklayer, with instructions, to lay them in the wall at the proper time. As the block layer built the wall he ignored the boxes and built the wall without them. When Ed came back and saw what had been done he took a big hammer and started tearing down the wall. He told the bricklayer, "You knew these boxes were supposed to go in the wall; next time you'd better do it right!" And he did.

When we lived at McNary, Ed was about six years old. The older boys were shooting firecrackers which was against the law. Someone yelled, "Here comes the Sheriff!" Everyone ran except Ed. He went home crying to Mom "Everyone else ran but I stayed there and took it like a man."

Ed had a lot of mechanical ability. As a young boy, he loved to fix things that didn't work. He would tear up a clock or whatever and put it back together and make it work.

While growing up, Ed attended many different schools. He graduated from high school at Winslow, Arizona. During most of the school year he had been dating Shirley Morgan, and after graduation he asked her to marry him. They were married July 11 1950. At that time Winslow was a major railroad division point, and Ed got a job as a brakeman with the Santa Fe railroad.

Before long Ed decided he didn't want a railroad career, so he quit and went to work with Gene, who was living in Winslow at that time. Gene was working as an apprentice electrician in a local shop. After getting some electrical experience, Ed and Shirley moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico. They lived in New Mexico until 1960, when Gene and Jim asked him to move to Flagstaff, and help start an electrical contracting business. That seemed to be a good idea so Ed and Shirley sold their home in Albuquerque, and moved to Flagstaff.

Ed served in various callings in the church in Albuquerque and Flagstaff. At one time, Ed and Shirley were dance directors in their stake at Albuquerque. In Flagstaff he served as a stake Missionary, and as a counselor to Grant Holyoak, who was president of the Lamanite Branch in Flagstaff. Ed was killed in an automobile accident on October 16, 1978 just east of Holbrook. He was buried in Flagstaff.

Ed and Shirley have three sons: Danny Ray, born 27 September 1951; James Edward, born 29 Oct 1955; and William Timothy 20 July 1959. Dan lives in Showlow and has four children and four grandchildren. Jim lives in Flagstaff and has two children. Tim lives in Federal Way, Washington, and has two children





Edward and Shirley Goodman



Edward, Shirley, Dan, and Baby James



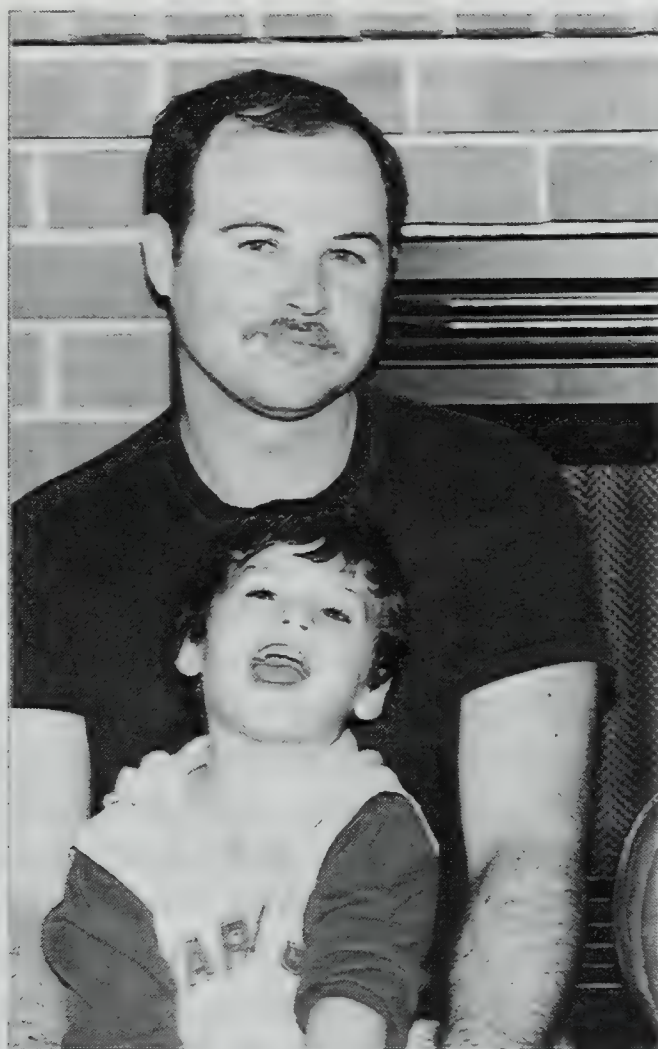


Jim and Norma with Melanie



Melanie and Albert Jason





Tim and Robert



Vicky with Aaron Cole

WYOMING COLLEGE  
JANUARY 1989, VOLUME 25, PAGE 200



## James Lloyd Goodman

I was born October 15, 1932 in Indio, California. Indio is located in the Coachella Valley, not too far from the Salton Sea. It is a desert valley with large groves of date palms and orange trees. I was born there during the time Dad was working in California. We lived in California until I was about five years old. I can remember living in several desert locations. Most of all I remember driving up the long sand wash in Dad's 1929 Chevrolet on the way to his mining claim in the Eagle Mountains. It was located a few miles northwest of Desert Center. We went there often. My Dad, and for awhile Uncle Don, dug a tunnel and a deep shaft along a vein of gold ore looking for a rich pocket of ore.

When I was about six years old, we moved back to Arizona. Dad began working as a mechanic on road construction jobs. This was our life until after I finished high school. We lived in most of the town in Arizona. For several years we lived in rental houses. Then we bought a 27 foot trailer house, and moving was easier after that. We usually attended two or more schools each year. Sometimes we hated to move to a new town, but each move brought new friends and new places to explore. Several cousins, mostly Uncle Alvin's and Uncle Lloyd's children, lived in the same places that we did when their dads worked on the same jobs. That was a great experience for all of us. My children have all lived in the same town and some of them in the same house as they were growing up.

One of the highlights of growing up was the frequent trips to Vernon and my Grandfather's sawmill. There was a spring where you could always get a cold drink. My Grandmother kept milk from the milk cow in tin lard buckets. She would keep them cold by hanging them from a plank into a deep well of cold spring water. All of the kids there would spend many hours playing king of the mountain on the big sawdust pile at the sawmill. Several times a year we would go fishing in the White Mountains. That was back when the fishing was good and the people were not so numerous.

When I graduated from high school at Winslow, Arizona, I started working on road construction. Then, along came the Korean War. At that time, most of the 18 year old men were being drafted into the Army. I decided I'd prefer to be in the Navy, so I enlisted. After boot camp in San Diego, I attended an electrical school where I received the honorman award for having the highest grade in the class. I was assigned to the *USS Saint Paul*, a heavy cruiser. We spent most of the time cruising in the Sea of Japan long the coast of Korea.

When I was discharged from the Navy, I returned to Arizona and went back to road construction. I learned to be a grease monkey; the Union called us lubricating engineers. I greased and fueled the equipment every day.

I received a call from the Church to serve a mission in the Central American Mission. Most of the time I was in El Salvador and Guatamala. When I arrived there, the mission was only about a year old and there were only about 500 members in all of Central America. I



had to learn Spanish to be able to teach. During the 2½ years I was there, I had many great experiences and baptized a number of good people

After my mission, I worked with my Dad building cattle tanks with his bulldozer around Vernon and Quemado, New Mexico. My mother and I always hated to help Dad repair the Caterpillar tractor. We had to hold the long punch to remove the track pins, while Dad hit the end of the punch with a sledge hammer. He'd say, "Don't flinch or I might hit you." We usually closed our eyes so we couldn't see the hammer coming; otherwise, it was hard not to flinch. He didn't ever hit us. From his years of hand drilling at the mine, he developed an accurate swing.

Then I decided it was time to strike out on my own. I attended the University of Arizona for one semester. When school was out, I went to Flagstaff to work on road construction for the summer. I learned to operate the big rubber tire Euclid scrapers. While I was there, I began dating Janet Langston, so I stayed there. We were married in the Arizona Temple May 29, 1958. We have five children, Diana, Bill, Sherrie, Dave, and Rick.

We believed in the American dream so we bought a gas station business along with Gene. We soon found that it was a hard way to make a living, so we sold it to another dreamer. Gene and Ed were electricians so we decided to start an electrical contracting business. This was almost as hard as the service station, but over a period of time we were able to build a successful business. I spent most of my working years as an electrician. Later on we decided to do some building contracting. My sons, Bill, Dave, and Rick have all worked with me building houses until they decided to do other things or finished school.

I have served in various callings in the Church over the years. Among these were Ward Clerk, Young Mens Adviser, Young Mens Presidency, Ward and Stake Financial Clerks, Scoutmaster, counselor in the Stake Mission Presidency, Bishop's counselor two times, and Bishop of the Flagstaff Second Ward. I hope my children will always remember and try to follow the principles and standards taught in our home and in the Church.

As of this writing, Diana has two children and lives in Flagstaff. Bill lives in Mesa. Sherrie has two children and lives in Flagstaff. Dave has two children and lives in Flagstaff. Rick lives in Flagstaff. And Janet and I still live in Flagstaff.





L to R: Rick, Jim, Janet, and Bill Goodman



Mark and Diana Doss, with Mark and Charlie





Chris and Shawna Michels, with Melissa and Sherrie





David and Sally Goodman, with Savana and Shelby



## Chapter 9

### Alvin Ezra Goodman

Memories and Happenings in the  
Life of Alvin Ezra Goodman  
(Recorded by him in July 1975)

My Dad, William (everyone called him Uncle Will or Will), came from Michigan as a young man about 17 or 18, to the area of Alamosa, Colorado and Chama, New Mexico and worked at Taos, New Mexico for several years in the sawmills, before coming to Linden, Arizona. He didn't like Mexicans, so he came to Arizona to run cows.

During the time he was in New Mexico, Dad went hunting bear. He got out about a mile from camp and went through a thicket, and about 20 to 30 yards away a bear raised up. Dad looked at the bear, looked at his 45-70, looked at the bear, and decided that one bullet wasn't enough to do the job, so he took off for camp.

My mother, Hannah McNeil, lived in Show Low area and her brothers got to telling her about this good-looking guy that had moved in to Linden. They got her to go to a dance one evening as everyone from miles around went to every dance that was held in the area, so I think they met at a dance.

I think most of us first kids were born in Linden; I was born there in 1901. I remember my grandpa (Edward Livingston Goodman) lived with us in the house in Linden for a winter or two. I don't know where he went from there nor where he died.

From Linden we moved to Pinetop, I was about 2 or 3 (1902-1903), and Dad built a home. Dad was a carpenter and a lot of things. We didn't stay long in Pinetop, but Walter was born there.

We went to live at Fort Apache, this was when Walter was a baby. Dad worked as a carpenter building soldiers quarters when the U.S. Cavalry was stationed there at White River. We lived there from 1903 to 1906, and now had Donald.

From there we moved to Cibecue in 1906 and Dad operated a Trading Post and began to build up a herd of cows; we ran them on the Carrizo. He also did carpentry work in Cibecue, building a lunch room at the school for the Indian children. Dad ran cows on the reservation, one of the first white men with a permit to run cows on an Indian reservation (Apache). Dad and Charlie Pettis ran cows together and built up quite a herd. After two years they split the blanket and Dad took his to Jumpoff Canyon. Bill and Frances went to school in Cibecue. We lived there a few years and I did my first year of school there.



We had a school teacher, Old Man Benafield, who went with Dad and an Indian hunting bear. An old she-bear with some cubs ran into a Manzanita patch, so Dad and the Indian went into the patch in front of Old Man Benafield. They shot and hit the she-bear and wounded a cub which let out a scare-squall. When a mole raised up out of the underbrush, the Indian got scared and took off, so Grandpa and Old Man Benafield followed. The next day they went back; the female was dead and the rest were gone.

Then we moved to Jumpoff Canyon on the reservation. This was after my first year in school (1908-1909). We lived there in the summer and moved into Pinedale for school in the winter. We was doing this when John and Ray was born. Ray died and was buried in Pinedale.

While we were living at Jumpoff Canyon, there were quite a few bears in the area. They were smart bears, and when they killed a 2 year old bull, we set a trap right between the bull's legs about 4 or 5 feet from the wash. When that bear came back, he stepped right over that trap and laid down on it. The trap grabbed him by the belly; he landed in the wash, leaving the trap. We set that trap in a different spot for the next three nights. On the third morning, the trap was on the bull's nose, but there was no bear!

We tied a trap to a cow's leg and set it, and a bear ran away with that thing right up the mountain, breaking limbs as big as my arm off trees as she passed. We caught up with her at the top in a Manzanita thicket, but Dad didn't want to go in after the trap and we never did see the bear.

At Deer Spring Canyon, at head of Jumpoff Canyon, we had three bear cubs up a tree. While one of us ran to get Pa, we tried to keep those cubs up there, but we couldn't make them stay.

When I was about 3rd or 4th grade and still wore those damm ringlets (1910-1911), Dad homesteaded a place in Cottonwood Creek, about two miles out of Clay Springs. We had a ranch of 160 acres. I was about 11 or 13—somewhere in there by now.

Aunt Ella (Ellen) Pennell came to visit with a couple of her kids—a boy, John, and one of her girls, Ruth. (This would have been her niece, the daughter of Walter and Rebecca Goodman, as Ellen did not have a daughter named Ruth.) Aunt Ella was Pa's sister who had taken care of him after his mother died when he was a baby. I remember this story Aunt Ella told about Dad when they were living in Illinois: The first colored man he had ever seen knocked at the door, and when he opened it, he hollered, "Oh El, come see this man with the rubber face!"

I was over 13 in 1914 when Dad sold 425 head of cows to Jim Scott, for \$19,000, and we drove 70 to 80 head to Holbrook to ship. That was a seven to eight day trip. We camped one night about 12 miles out of Holbrook on Cottonwood Wash. The herd was in an



enclosure with poles on two sides, and two men were left to watch them. During the night, the herd stampeded. Those guys on watch were fast asleep and didn't even know it until we woke them in the morning; they were probably damn drunk.

After Dad sold his cows, there was a circus man from New York convinced Pa to invest \$5,000 in stock in steel ties, which he never saw again. He invested in some insurance and bought some machinery to dry-farm with to the tune of \$5,000. In about 4 or 5 years he lost most of this.

That winter— 1914—John Pennell, from back east came to stay with us; he was about Frances and Bill's ages.

In 1916, Dad bought 30 head of Bar X-L cows and ran them on the canyon head, mortgaged the ranch and bought more cows. By the winter of 1918, cows were dying by the thousands, with 3 inches of snow and no feed. We lost a lot of cows and lost the ranch.

In 1919 Dad and Lars Petersen bought cows to run on shares. Dad ran them for two years, then Lars was to run them for two years. After Lars' two years of running, he and his son-in-law, Germ Reidhead, took the cows to Winslow and sold them. And there were no cows left. Not long after this, Lars Petersen died.

Dad bought 100 acres of land in Linden and we worked it for a couple of years, then Dad heard about a sawmill in Vernon being sold by a bank in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He hopped on his horse and rode all the way to Albuquerque and bought that mill from John "Bull" Anderson. We moved to the mill the last of 1923 and began running in the spring of 1924. That was home until Ma sold the mill after Pa died in 1943.

During the Depression years some of us boys had to find work; I cooked on the reservation for the Indians, so we ate well.

After Ma sold the mill, I worked construction, first at Dragoon then at Pierce Ferry (now Lake Mead). That damn job was supposed to last two months, but it was so hot a man couldn't breathe, so I quit after the first week. I went to Mormon Lake for one summer, and then to Lake Mary's south of Flagstaff. We were there when the Second World War began on December 7, 1941.

We moved the family to St. Johns for the kids to go to school and were there when the war ended in 1945.

Now, in 1975, I live in Show Low.





Alvin and Alvena



Bert, Alvena, Gwen, Don and  
baby Wayne



Bert and Alvin,  
Alvena, Gwen, Don, and Wayne



## The Bear

Told by Gwen Goodman Foster



Alvin and Bruno

Dad was in the woods one day and captured a bear cub. He brought him home, and he became Bruno, our pet. He chased and played with us like a puppy until he became so big he wrecked the household, so Dad built him a pen on the north side of the house. Kids, being kids, would tease him as they passed on their way home from school. One day, Bruno snapped and bit a boy's finger. Until then,

every time we went anywhere, Bruno went with us. Dad would put him in the trunk of the old Chevy. This picture is of Dad and Bruno at the wall in Salt River Canyon coming or going from the valley. We kept Bruno until, when standing on his hind legs, he was much taller than Dad. It was a sad day for our family when Dad decided we needed to take him to Payson to the zoo. The zoo was run by the local tavern keeper who gave Dad \$50 for Bruno.

## My Dad

By Twila Goodman Hall

Alvin Ezra Goodman was born January 9, 1901. Since I wasn't around until his 53rd birthday, that's where I will begin my recollections of his life. In 1954, he was living in St. Johns with Mom and 5 of their 7 children—Alvena and Gwen were married—Don, Wayne, Patsy, Lana, and me (Twila, the youngest).

Don says he bought a new 1955 Chevy. It was probably the only new car he ever bought.

In about 1958, Dad moved his family to Show Low. The first house I remember was a log cabin-style house in the forest on the southwest edge of town. The next house we rented from the Ellsworths was kitty-corner, southwest from the downtown LDS chapel. While we were living in the latter, Patsy and Kathy Mills "borrowed" Don's car and wrapped it around a ponderosa pine. Dad and Mom spent many days at the hospital with Patsy.



About 1961 Dad built a home for us on the old Linden Road, northwest of the Baptist Church. This was the house Dad lived in until he left this frail existence.

Dad loved to plow up the ground and plant his seeds and make things grow. He loved gardening and camping and fishing with a zest. He always did everything with determination and thought. There was the wrong way to do things and HIS way—Period.

Dad was a competitor in cards, horseshoes, croquet, pool, or anything like that. He hated to lose! One year at the Goodman reunion, Dad and Chon won the horseshoe tournament. He was so pleased about that! On Sunday afternoons, Dad and I would set up the croquet game on the front lawn and play for hours. His understanding of angles and rebounds made it next to impossible to beat him, but the few times I did, the victory was SWEET. His understanding of physics also made him an excellent pool player. He was evidently the best competition in town judging by the endless phone calls requesting his presence at the pool hall.

When Dad came home from a hard day's work, he'd go in to the living room and lie on the floor in front of the hearth; there he'd rest his legs and feet up on the hearth. I remember going in and lying down beside him and throwing my arm over his chest and being amazed at the depth and breadth of his chest.

Dad loved to take us all camping and fishing, and to take pictures everywhere he went. Mom says he loved pictures of scenery the best. He loved to haul wood, and could fell a tree, slice it up, and have it stacked in the truck by noon, while Mom and I enjoyed the aroma. His energy level was very high—until it came to the back yard. One day I said, "Dad, let's get the backyard cleaned up and get all the tools and boards and everything put up or hauled off." "Why?" he said. "The wind will have it all buried before long."

Dad milked a cow (number 7) for many years. I'd follow him down to the lower acre (where the corral/shed was) and enjoy his company. One day I took the lid off the grain barrel and a dozen mice jumped up in my face. As I ran screaming from the shed, Dad laughed himself silly.

Dad and Wayne were great debaters. Wayne was "Union" and Dad was "Non-Union." They'd debate for hours about the curse of inequality in wages and benefits as Wayne tried to talk Dad into joining a union. Then they'd move on to politics. Dad would curse about the Democrats ruining our republic, and Wayne would choose the opposite position. The rest of the family would relocate to various other rooms of the house and close the doors.

Dad growled about a lot of things, but his "bark" was worse than his bite. I didn't really learn to appreciate that about Dad until I went to Ricks and studied Anatomy and Physiology with Dr. Lyle Lowder whose bark was also worse than his bite. A number of students left that class because they hadn't had the previous experience with such "barkers."



My husband, Chris, remembers going to Dad's and Mom's home as a young man with his own dad as a Home Teaching companion. He said our dads would enjoy talking forever it seemed.

Dad's favorite color was BLUE. He tiled the bathroom in blue and painted the cupboards blue. His bedroom carpet and walls were blue; but none of those blues could ever hold a candle to his BLUE eyes!

Dad trimmed in between his eyebrows with the scissors. I always thought that was the most vain thing he ever did. His clothes were WORK clothes—UPS- driver-style shirts and pants of heavy fabric. He wore those same clothes fishing, wood hauling, gardening, and playing pool. He very seldom wore Sunday clothes, and I don't think he had anything in between.

Dad liked to pay cash for everything. He had a lock box where he saved his hard-earned money. I found several thousand dollars in it one day. I think he used that to buy the last car he owned. He liked to stash a few bills under the carpet in the closet, too. Dad was never one to try to keep up with the Joneses. Whenever I would remark about someone's new vehicle or some other luxurious item, Dad would simply say, "I sleep well at night." meaning he didn't have debts hanging over his head that kept him awake.

Dad's favorite cake (that I knew how to bake) was Betty Crocker's Bonnie Butter (vanilla). His favorite Christmas candy was divinity. He and Mom would fight about who was pouring too fast and who was stirring too slow, so I started calling it the "fight candy." Dad loved to buy me candy bars—whenever I asked for a horse, candy was the substitute: Bit O'Honey, Butterfinger, Chicken Legs, orange slices. Whenever we went to Vernon to visit Uncle Don and Aunt Evelyn, it was orange slices for sure.

Visiting was especially important to him. He'd take Mom and me to Concho to see folks there and we'd go visit Ali and Allen in Gallup. There were a lot of older people we visited around Vernon and Show Low whose names I can't recall, but Dad liked to GO! He also liked to drive FAST whenever he went down the Salt River Canyon. Mom would scream, "Slow down, you crazy fool; you're going to kill us all!" and Dad would speed on all the faster.

Dad said he took Gwen with him on a construction job once, but between her burning all the food and him giving away his labor, they came home empty-handed.

Dad didn't own a television until sometime after he retired—probably about 1967 or 68. He enjoyed watching t.v. in the evenings after a game of cribbage or rummy with Mom. He also liked to play dominoes.



When Dad had his own garage in Show Low, about 1965, I'd ride from the elementary school down to the corner and wait for him to finish his work. Then he'd say I should get started for home, so I'd take off riding and he'd catch up to me about the bottom of Butler Hill, the highest, longest hill on the old Linden Road. When I'd see him coming, I'd pull to the left of the lane and he'd pull up beside me and put his arm out the window. I'd get a free ride up that dreaded hill by holding onto his extended arm.

One year I got a new bike for Christmas and Dad was anxious to try it out. He invited me along "for the ride." He rode that bike like he was going down Salt River Canyon. I panicked and tried to slow us down with the old "feet on the cinders" trick, but I ended up knees down in blood and dirt.

In 1972, Dad took me to Ricks College. We had a deal—I paid for the first semester and he paid for the second semester. Thanks to him, I had two wonderful years at Ricks.

After Lacy was born in 1976, Dad was feeding her the usual mashed breakfast stuff and found her first tooth when he bumped it with a spoon.

Dad was always generous toward me and my little family. Many times I moved back in with him and Mom; even though he was suffering with cancer, he offered us hospitality and love. The last time I remember seeing Dad was the day he came to Snowflake to visit us. I fixed him some scrambled eggs because he couldn't fit his false teeth in to his remodeled mouth. He was always grateful for any little thing anyone did for him.

The first time I saw Dad cry, really break down and cry like a baby, was the day a little boy ran out in front of him. Dad was driving Jim McCarty's truck and the brakes didn't stop him before he hit the little fellow. The boy survived with only a few broken bones, but Dad was sure torn up about it. The only other times I remember seeing him cry was at funerals. He was a steady sort, never disappeared, was always there day after day doing the same old mundane things season after season, and never complaining about his lot in life.

Dad taught me to work by his example, and taught me to take life one blow at a time, without complaining. Dad wasn't a church-going sort, but he had a testimony of the Book of Mormon that he shared with me once. I've had a dream about Dad since he died. I dreamed I was sitting in a foyer, like the one outside the Bishop's Office, when Dad walked into the room. I was surprised to see him dressed in Sunday clothes, and asked if I could hug him; he said I could. I asked him what he had been doing and he said he had been busy—teaching. I believe that is what Dad is busy doing now. I love you, Dad; thank you for everything you did for me.



## Ezra and The Bear

by Brent Mowrer

(This poem was one of my Grandfather Goodman's favorite stories. I set it to verse, because I want it to last, to be heard, and to be enjoyed by many. This is for my mother and my children, and for the whole Goodman family, especially Alvin Ezra's brothers, sisters, and parents. In memory of Alvin Ezra, my Grandfather)

Seems there was this Cowboy, a right handsome young lad.  
I reckon got 'es good looks, from 'es mama and 'es dad.  
His name was Ezra Goodman, an' out 'e rode one day.  
Lookin' fer cow critters, that 'ad gone astray.

Well, Ezra took to singin' to the mountain flowers.  
He sang as 'e rode along, to pass away the hours.  
Soon 'es voice grew silent, his songs was all used up.  
Now, Ezra, he's a figurin' his life was in a rut.

He rode on through the pine trees, an' comes upon a glen.  
An' what he saw transpirin' made 'im fairly grin.  
For there in that grassy meadow, this is what 'e spied:  
An ol' black bear a sunnin', warmin' its backside.

Well, Ezra says to 'es horse, "I 'lows we'll have some fun."  
So's 'e shakes 'im out a loop, an' they took 'er on the run.  
That ol' black bear was half asleep, an' far from any trees.  
An' Ezra's loop fell o'er its head, as pretty as you please.

The ol' black bear it bellered, an' put up quite a fight.  
Now Ezra'd tied 'is rope down fast, that weren't none too bright.  
Well, Ezra an' 'es horse, they took off pretty fast,  
An' drug that poor ol' bear along, a bouncin' through the grass.

The ol' bear it weren't obliged, and' wasn't havin' none.  
Seems it dug all four in, an' ended Ezra's fun.  
An' with some pawin' an' scratchin', got its claws entwined.  
Then paw over paw, it come up Ezra's line.

Now, Ezra 'es a figurin' its time to cut an' run.  
An' he is just a cussin' the fool thing he done.  
But when 'e grabs fer 'es knife, he finds it was long gone!  
An' untiein' that knot 'e knowed 'id take 'im way too long.



Well, Ezra left 'es saddle an' stirred up quite a breeze.  
 Hit the ground a runnin', a headed fer the trees.  
 Left behind 'es faithful mount, to be the bear's main course.  
 He was makin' fer the woods, a feelin' no remorse.

Then Ezra heard the poundin' hooves, of 'es faithful friend.  
 But when 'e turned around to look, he knowed it was the end.  
 for there upon 'es saddle, the bear was ridin' high!  
 An' with a cocky smirk, was actin' mighty sly.

That bear was swingin' Ezra's rope, in a nice round ring.  
 Young Ezra he's in trouble, if the bear can make the fling.  
 Ezra climbed the first pine tree, an' only just in time.  
 'Twas the branch down below 'in, that stopped 'es ol' gut line.

Well, 'es horse an' that bear, they circled 'round an' 'round.  
 Just lookin' fer a way to knock poor Ezra down.  
 Now after a good long spell, they laughed an' then was gone.  
 An' left poor Ezra perched up high, a ponderin' what went wrong.

You may think it's funny, Ezra sittin' on a branch.  
 But poor ol' Ezra had to walk twelve miles to the ranch.  
 Now the moral to this story, I guess I could say,  
 Is "When you see an ol' black bear, go the other way!"

### Alvena Goodman Mowrer

My real name is Lucy Alvena and I was born May 24, 1933, in St. Johns. I'm one of five girls and two boys. We lived at the Goodman Sawmill until I was almost six, I guess, because I started school at McNary. It was also at McNary that Gwennie had spinal meningitis, and we were all quarantined for a period of time. We also had a bear cub that we took with us when we moved to Ashfork.

Ashfork was the first place we lived when Dad started to work as a mechanic on road construction jobs. He did that for a couple of years. Before my 3rd grade year, Dad and Mom bought a home in St. Johns. My 3rd grade teacher was Mrs. Thurber, the first of many good and caring teachers in both school and in church.

I was blessed to grow up knowing four living grandparents, one great-grandmother (Grandma McNeil), and a flock of aunts, uncles, and cousins.



I met Allen Mowrer one summer while I was staying with Jane and Wendy Merrill. We were married March 27, 1954, at what was then the LDS mission home in Gallup. Allen was still in the Navy stationed at Port Hueneme, California. Brent was born there in December, and in March of 1955, we moved to Kingsville, Texas. Allen was discharged in July. When we got home to Gallup, we sold our little trailer for \$600 of the \$900 down payment on our home. We borrowed Mom and Dad's Maverick furniture, and Mom and Dad Mowrer gave us a pretty chrome-top kitchen stove.

Now, thanks to our five sons, we have five daughters who have given us seven grandsons and seven granddaughters. It has evened up, at least for now.

Besides all of the above-mentioned, some of my favorite things are Christmas, reunions, red rocks, clouds down on the ground, a breeze in the pine trees, the perfect double rainbow I once saw over Ute Mountain, a day by the fireplace when it's snowing or blowing outside, and whistles.

Yes, whistles. When we were in California, the whistle of the tugboats bringing Allen's ship into the harbor; after we moved to Gallup, the sound of train whistles.

1995 Up-date: Our mission is monopolizing our time. If we're not on the road headed for somewhere—almost 40,000 miles last year—we're rounding up stuff for the next trip.

On Monday, January 30, Allen left around 8 o'clock am with the mission truck and trailer loaded to the hilt with furnishings for the new duplex at Kayenta. Don and I waited for Sears to open so we could buy a washer/dryer stack. This we added to the refrigerators and ranges already on our truck. The ranges and fridges had been bought several days before at Sam's Club in Farmington. By the time we got to Kayenta, Allen and Elder Norton had his load all off. They unloaded the appliances and spent 'til cold and nearly dark doing odds and ends. I had reserved rooms at the Weatherill Inn, but couldn't get "non-smoking." So the next day, we all smelled like we'd been on a party.

The guys started Tuesday morning taking off skirting and disconnecting utilities so they could move the two old trailers out to make room for the donated fifth wheel. Don (my brother) used our truck to put the fifth wheel in place. Then about 4 o'clock pm with the old trailer hitched to the mission truck and the mission trailer hooked to ours, loaded with skirting, plumbing and cinder blocks, we finally headed for home by way of Round Rock where we left the trailers. This is the biggest job we've done so far on this mission. Hope we don't have any bigger between now and our release in September. Thanks for your help, Don!

I need to go back to 1955 for a few minutes. Awhile after we bought our home in Gallup, I met the neighbor up the street on the northeast corner. We visited back and forth



with never a thought of being related. After Grandma Goodman's funeral in 1960, I was at her house one day, and she asked, "Have you guys been on a trip?" I told her we'd been to Arizona for my grandmother's funeral. She said, "Dad and Mom had talked about going to Arizona for Aunt Hannah's funeral, but a bad storm around Farmington kept them home."

Can you imagine our surprise when we put the pieces all together? Elaine is the daughter of Jesse Evans who was raised by Jay McCleave's (Venla's husband) parents. At that time, she was married to Bill Ruple from Aztec who also worked for Santa Fe R.R. She left Gallup years ago after they divorced, but it's always special to see her again, as we did at a recent funeral for Mory Christensen.

In October 1988, we moved to Joseph City for Allen's work (on the Santa Fe). We bought a double-wide trailer which we sold to Tod and Toni Adair when we moved home in January 1990. We enjoyed that year with the good people of Joseph City. Also, it was nice to run to Taylor when we took the notion, and to jaunt around with Gwennie to gather information for the Rothlisberger family history book.

But when Atchison-Topeka-Santa Fe offered a buy-out, we made a beeline for home, kids and grandkids (10 girls and 7 boys; two sets of twin girls). Speaking of twins, the Alvin Goodman tribe surely has the record for twins. Don and Kay had twin girls who both died. Wayne and Addie had twin girls, both living. Brent and Debbie had a boy and a girl, both deceased. Kevin and Mel have twin girls, both living. And Mayann and Alex had twin girls, with one still living. Of the five surviving twins, all are girls.

P.S. My real name is Lucy Alvena, but am called Ali or Allie by a lot of the family. Was called Mickey as a baby, and am still called Lucy by Uncle Don and Kent, and Lucy Alswena by Uncle Leone Gillespie.

LIFE:           It runs and jumps and skips along,  
                   Sometimes cries . . . .  
                   Then walks slowly back into the sunshine.





Allen and Alvena Mowrer





Brent and Debbie Mowrer, with Yondelle, Jacob  
Front row: Lucas, Lacie, Chantry, Aislinn



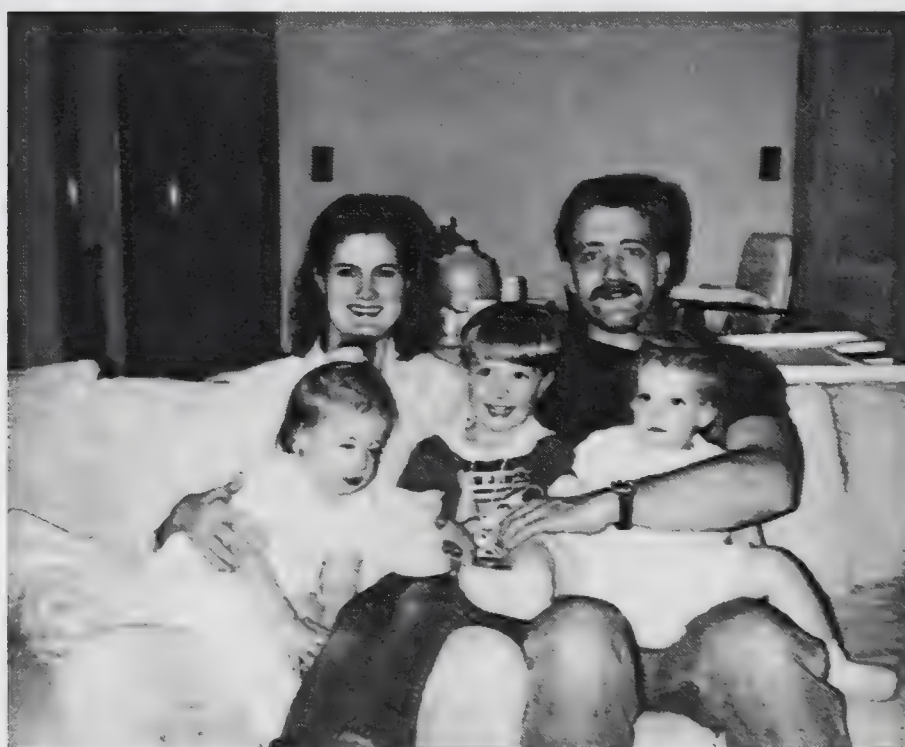


Ruy and Jeanne Mowrer, with Shad  
Lance and Marsha





Stacy and Cynthia Mowrer,  
with Dylan, Skylar, and Ciara



Jared and Ann Marie Mowrer  
Quinn and twins Paige and Hannah



## Gwen Goodman Adair Foster

My time on this earth has been one of continuous learning and experiencing new avenues. It seems I remember coming to this earth to a little spot in the White Mountains of Arizona.

It was not a choice time to be born during the Depression years of the 1930's, but come I did on 9 June 1934 to a spot that was called the "Goodman Sawmill," nestled among the wonderful singing Ponderosa pines a few miles south of Vernon.

I had a wonderful beginning, as my father, Alvin, went to get the mid-wife and did not get back over the dirt roads in time. Grandma Goodman helped Mom bring me into the world, where I already had a sister waiting for me, just 13 months newer to this world than I. Mom called the home the "honeymoon cottage," so I'm sure I wasn't the first baby born on that spot. This little home of much love was later turned into a barn for the logging horses. In later years when we'd get "Old Dutch" from Grandpa Rothlisberger for slamming the screen door, or for leaving a door open, and he would holler "Were you born in a barn?" I could truthfully say, "Yes."

Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth were married a few days before Mom and Dad, so it was almost like twins coming to the mill, for the first eight children came in pairs. In fact, we grew up sometimes wondering who was the boss, and loving every bit of it.

In the winters at the mill, the snow would get so deep that when Dad dug a path to the outhouse, it was impossible for a little girl with short legs to ever see anything but down the path. The summers were wonderful and full of fun, like falling in the "big" spring, and Grandma Goodman running down the plank that ran across the center of the spring, reaching down as we'd come to the top, grabbing a handful of hair, and pulling us out.

Grandpa Goodman kept pigs at the mill which were allowed to run loose. He had one big sow that seemed to always have a litter of little ones. They were our dolls, and we dressed them and played with them every day. We had so many funerals and little graves in the sawdust pile, we wonder now if any piglets ever survived.

Wash days at the mill were a lot of work, as water was drawn from the big spring, poured into number three tubs, and heated over the fire. Grandma and all the women—daughters and daughters-in-law—would scrub the clothes on a washboard. As we grew a little older, they bought a new-fangled wringer washer that ran with a gas motor. One day when we were washing, Allie was sloshing the clothes in the rinse tub, and the mountain breeze blew her long hair into the wringer and wound it up pretty good before Mom could get it stopped and reversed.



The large pile of sawdust below the mill grew every day the mill was running. Our favorite thing to do was to dig tunnels in the sawdust. We had large rooms dug out and tunnels leading in and out. We did lose a few articles of clothing in an occasional cave-in, but never a cousin.

I don't remember our ages with Dad and his brothers left the mill to work for Tanner Construction, but we moved all over Arizona for several years. These brothers, with no formal education, were very talented in mechanics and heavy equipment operations, and were builders of some of the first highways in Arizona.

The year Alvena started first grade, she went to eleven different schools. We were living at Mormon Lake and Lake Mary my first year of school in 1914. At the age of five, I remember the families of Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth, Uncle Bill and Aunt Mary, Uncle Walter and Aunt Laura, and our family all lived at Mormon Lake. We kids played in the lake a lot and used the row boats to go out into the water. Of course, Gene, Edward, and Jimmie were older than most of us. One day they were home from school, and had some friends with them. They tied a raft on behind the rowboat, and all us kids piled on. We had always been told never to go around the point of the lake, but this day we did. As the older kids were diving from the raft and swimming around, some of us smaller kids were sitting on the opposite side of the raft. Suddenly, one of the kids jumped up on the diving side of the raft, gave a bug lurch, and off I went down into the deep water and clear down to the sandy bottom. It seemed forever before they missed me and dove down to pull me out, half-drowned. That ended the fun that day.

There has been a guardian angel with me most of my life, for reasons beyond my understanding. We lived McNary the year of the spinal meningitis outbreak, which I contacted. The entire town was under quarantine. The grocery man was allowed to bring food to the house and set it on the doorstep, but no one was allowed to go out. However, it seems the men were still allowed to go to work. I was paralyzed from the neck down. Mom and Dad took turns keeping the fire going and sleeping by my bed every night for I don't know how long. When the crisis was over, and people were allowed to come to town, Grandpa and Grandma Rothlisberger and Uncle Paul came to see me. But they couldn't come in the house, so Mom visited with them through the window. I had to learn to crawl and walk all over again. Some time during those months, my friend from across the street died from this terrible disease.

On one of my first days out of bed, Don and I were playing under the kitchen table while Mom made a cake. She gave me the bowl to scrape, so I gave Don a generous spoonful. Dad grabbed Don and ran to the cupboard, took out a bottle of some sort of alcohol, and gave Don a liberal dose. I was devastated because I was not allowed to share.

I went to school in Texas Canyon most of my first year. It was a one-room school with a big stove in the middle of the room. While we worked at Texas Canyon, we walked



from the construction yard to school. This route took us on a path through the trees, a field, and down across the river. Not to mention the big bulls that haunted the place and the quicksand in the river, which we usually managed to find.

We also found a big rock some 100 to 200 feet high where the community at one time had a dance hall on the flat top which stairs leading up to the top. One night a man got drunk and fell off, so the stairway had been taken down. Being true Goodman kids, we found a way up through a slide area. We loved to go up there and play, which we did one particular day when Mom decided to come looking for us. We heard her calling, but all decided not to answer. She couldn't see the top from below, so we were very quiet. She must have known we were up there, as she searched until she found a way up. When we heard her coming close, we scampered down our way and then hollered to her from the bottom. She couldn't get back down, so Dale, Kent, and Don went back up and helped her down. I don't ever remember Mom spanking us—she saved that for Dad.

Dad bought a home in St. Johns in about 1940-41 on Water Street (near the Little Colorado River). He remodeled it and added a bathroom, the only house I remember, besides the one in McNary, with an in-door bathroom. We lived there and went to school while Dad followed construction for some time. Most of us graduated from high school in St. Johns.

Mom and Dad started their second family here in St. Johns, when Patsy, Lana, and Twila were born (between 1944 and 1954). It was during this time that Mom was frequently sick, and we spent a lot of time with our Aunt/mother Ruth. Dad and Mom moved back to Vernon from time to time while Dad worked at the Crossroads mill.

We were also living at the mill the summer I met Aunt Trudy McNeil—a mail-order bride of Uncle Ben McNeil, who was also working at the mill. I worked that summer at the dude ranch in Vernon, and also for Aunt Mildred Naegle, helping with her baby son, Ronney. That fall I went with Aunt Trudy to visit her family in West Virginia. She had cataracts on her eyes and couldn't read the names on the buses to make changes, so she selected me to go with her. I paid my own way with the money I had earned that summer. We spent a month with her children, went up to the Cincinnati, Ohio Zoo, and saw the Liberty Bell which was on tour on a ship on the Ohio River.

During the summer of 1951, Allie and I went to New Mexico to stay with Mary Jane and Wendle Merrill. Here I met Wendle's cousin, Albert Adair. Albert and I were married in the fall. Allie finished her Senior year, and went to stay with Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth in Mesa, where she attended a business school.

My first child, Teri, was born in the fall of 1952—a year and five months before my youngest sister, Twila. They often tease each other about Twi being an aunt before she was born.



Allie came back to Gallup and stayed with us often. I think she missed some of the clothes we had divided when I got married. She married Albert's cousin, Allen Mower, in March of 1954, just a few days after Twila was born, so Mom and Dad did not come to her wedding. Allie and Allen were married in the LDS mission home in Gallup.

All of my children were born in Gallup—one girl and four boys. In 1967, Albert and I were divorced. At this time, our baby, Clate, was nine months old, and our oldest, Teri, had been in school in Alamogordo, New Mexico, for several years. My desire at this time was to have all my children and to not leave Teri in the school at Alamogordo. I began to search for a place to move where we could accomplish this, and still be able to have the help Teri needed, as she had congenital cataracts and had to have several corrective operations.

About this time, I decided to go to Show Low to visit Mom and Dad. On the way, I stopped at Aunt Ruth's in St. Johns to visit. Rita was home from Idaho where she had been attending Ricks College, and told us how much she enjoyed it and how beautiful the country was. As I went on to Show Low, I gave some thought to Rita's comments, and a voice so loud and clear said to me, "Why not you?" I thought about this on the way to Mom's, not knowing what it meant. When I arrived there, Mom told me that the BYU Education Week was on in Snowflake, and she offered to watch the kids if I wanted to attend the next several days. On the last day of the conference, a Brother Lund was speaking. In the middle of his talk, he began to talk about a program for the visually-impaired in Utah. He said he didn't know why he got off on that topic, but maybe it was to help someone in the audience. I knew when he started talking, it was an answer to my prayers. (In the weeks ahead, Brother Lund helped me get things arranged for Teri's schooling.) I went home elated. The Lord continued to bless us, and by fall we were in Orem, Utah.

We lived in Orem until Teri graduated from the nurses aid school, and then we moved to Logan so she could work in the hospital. Grant and Wayno came up and moved us to Logan. Wayne would not let me unload the deep freeze, and they moved it full of food; that probably contributed to their back problems. During those days of moving, Teri decided she didn't want to work in Logan, so Wayno took her home with him and helped her get a job in St. George. But the boys and I stayed.

In 1977-78, we helped with much of the work on a new home we were building in Cove. This was the first home of our own since leaving New Mexico.

I'm grateful for my husband, Lee, who the Lord has seen fit to give me.









Rod and Teri Crook Family. Boys in back are William, Justin, and Daniel. Girls in middle are Sabrina and Felicia. Front row includes Kristie, Teri, Rod, and Christopher





Dirk and Connie Adair



Amber and Shera





Tod and Toni Adair  
Back row: Chet and Cody  
On laps: Cassie and Chelsie



Clate and Stephanie Adair  
Shayla and Nicole



## Donovan Ezra Goodman



Don at the Goodman Sawmill

I was born at Standard, Arizona on November 11, 1935. Standard was just an old logging camp, and eventually became a ghost town. There is nothing left there at all today.

I spent my first few years living all over Arizona with my family as Dad worked road construction; we went where the jobs were, from McNary, to Flagstaff, Texas Canyon, and parts of Nevada. Also we spent some time at Lake Mary by Flagstaff. Alvena, Gwen, Wayne and I were always getting into trouble with the owner of the store there. We felt that everything in the store was our private property, as we had discovered a way to enter the store after hours and help ourselves to whatever we wanted. (We would boost one of us through the transom over the back door, drop down and unlock the door, and let the others in.) It didn't take the owner long to discover who was ripping him off, but he never went to the law. He'd just tell our folks what was missing, and Dad would make us come up with it. We had a real problem there one time. A lot of stuff was missing from the store—watches, jewelry, etc.—and we had been told to return all of it. The problem was, we didn't know where the stuff had gone! We had hidden it all in one of the old, unused shacks near where we lived, and when we went to get it and return it to the store owner, it was gone! We accused each other of taking all of it, but everyone denied it, and we were really getting worried, because we knew that if we didn't return the property, Dad would use his belt on us.



After some frantic detective work, we discovered that a huge packrat had ripped us off, and hidden all of the shiny objects in her nest. After killing the rat, we were able to return the goods. I remember another time when we took a can of ground coffee and decided we were going to make some coffee. The problem was, none of us knew how to make coffee, so we just mixed the ground coffee with water and drank it down. Boy, talk about getting sick!

After moving back to the Goodman sawmill for the third time, there were many interesting things to do and see. Dad kept everyone supplied with wild game, and I usually went with him. I remember going to Cecil Naegle's ranch, and as we would approach the big field to the south of the ranchhouse, turkeys would start leaving the field and crossing the road in front of us. There would be many hundreds in one flock. As they crossed the road, the column of turkeys would be about fifty feet wide and would take 4 or 5 minutes to cross the road. Dad would simply point his old .351 in their general direction and pull the trigger. He usually killed two or three with one shot. He would be disappointed if he only got one, as bullets were pretty expensive.

One time Dad left an old truck parked on a little hill so he could let it roll down the hill to start. One day I somehow managed to release the brake and down the hill we rolled. I think I got my first spanking over that.

Another time, all of us kids were playing on the sawdust pile, when we heard what we thought was a baby crying in the trees. We started toward the sound, but Grandpa Goodman yelled at us to get back. He said the sound was made by a mountain lion. Boy, did we move!

The logs at the sawmill were skidded with huge Percheron horses, and we kids loved to go to the area being skidded about quitting time and ride the horses back to the mill. Dale and I were on one of the huge animals when it decided to run home. Its back was so broad there wasn't much to hang on to, so I started to fall off. As I fell, I got a tighter grip on Dale and pulled him off, too. Wouldn't you know it, we landed in a huge cactus patch. It seemed like hours were spent pulling the thorns out of our backs and rears.

We loved to go to the Mineral and explore the many nooks and crannies of the rock formations there. We found a cave that was only one big room that would hold about 20 kids easily, but had a very narrow opening into it. That was about the end of some of us. There was an old deserted farmhouse near the highway and we found a 30-gallon trash can there full of book matches. We lugged it all the way to the cave and inside. I don't know who set fire to it, but the next thing we knew, the entire can of matches caught fire and filled the cave with sulphur, which made it almost impossible to get any air into our lungs. Needless to say, there was a stampede getting out of there.

We moved to St. Johns when I was in the second or third grade. I loved sports, and played a lot of football and basketball. I made letters in both my first three years of high



school, but due to a back injury playing football, I was unable to play my senior years. I guess that's one of the reasons I went into the Marines during my senior year.

While walking along the edge of the Little Colorado River east of St. Johns one day, I fell into a beaver lodge, and the beaver was home. I had never seen a beaver up so close and personal; those huge teeth looked about a foot long. Fortunately for me, the beaver was more frightened of me than I was of him. I took off my belt and lassoed his tail with it, and handed the end of my belt to David and Tommy Neal, who pulled him out of the lodge. They kept him in a rabbit pen for a couple of weeks, then made a beaver hat out of him.

I entered the Marines on January 27, 1954. I served for four years, somehow managing to come out as a Sergeant with an honorable discharge. I was a teletype operator in the Corps, and I thoroughly enjoyed it after boot camp. I spent two years in Hawaii, up the hill a ways from Pearl Harbor called Camp Smith. That's where I started bowling and skin-diving at Haunama Bay, east of Honolulu. I went to Formosa with 29 other jar-heads for three months. That was great duty as there were no bases there, so we rented a brand new apartment building for the enlisted men; the officers with us, a Major and Captain, also rented an apartment. We had two house boys who came in every day and made-up our beds and washed our clothes, at a cost to us of four or five dollars per month each!. We were there for three months, but it seemed like three weeks.



A smiling, retired Don

After the military, I cut logs for about three years, then started driving truck on road construction. That lasted about six years, and took me all over Arizona and some of New Mexico. During those years, my wife, Kay, and I had three fine sons: Dwayland Don, Richard Lynn, and Donovan Craig. Dwayland is now living in Honolulu with his beautiful wife, Cherrylin. I worked in the power plant at McNary for 2½ years, then went back to driving truck. I got on with UPS in 1976 and worked for them for 18 years, when I had to take a medical retirement. It's now February of 1995 and I'm enjoying doing nothing that I don't want to do, like work all night long, as I did when I was working!



## Arlo Wayne Goodman

(Written by Adeline Udall Goodman Romoser)

Arlo Wayne Goodman was born on April 8, 1937 near Vernon in a place called Plenty. He spent part of his early boyhood in Vernon, then with his family followed his father, a heavy equipment mechanic, from job to job. During these years he lived closely with various Goodman cousins who made their activities the stuff of legend and myth—near drownings, a wicked judge who beheaded ducks while delivering sentences, hijacked outdoor toilets, and school bells rigged to toll all night. His family eventually settled in St. Johns, where Wayne went to grammar and high school.

When I met Wayne he was a junior in high school. Wayne was a young man who worked hard and played that way, too. He used to say, "I'm going to live fast, love hard, die young, and leave a beautiful corpse behind." We didn't know he was telling the future.

Working hard was a defining characteristic of Wayne. He held a variety of part-time jobs during school, cowboying and farming. He also worked at a local box factory and during one summer learned to operate heavy equipment. After we were married, he was a heavy equipment operator, frequently working in the summer heat of Phoenix or Gila Bend. In the winter he might be in Flagstaff or out on the reservation. Many mornings he left for work at 3 a.m., but no matter how unpleasant his working conditions, he never complained.

In high school, Wayne was a good student, and when he graduated in May of 1956 he was given the Math Award and made plans to attend the University of Arizona to study engineering. He did enroll, but overwhelmed by the large student body and the bureaucratic nature of the institution, he did not stay long. Instead, he found work as a brake man for the Santa Fe. Later, he attended a year at Eastern Arizona Junior College in Thatcher.

Wayne was a popular student at St. Johns High School. His physical attractiveness commanded attention, and his zest for work and fun made him good company. When he was a senior he was elected the most popular boy in school, and was also known for his skill and tenacity on the football field. Years later, when his son played on the State Championship football team at St. Johns High, Wayne had just about as much fun as Jordan.

Wayne and I were married on August 23, 1958 at the Arizona Temple in Mesa. After a brief trip to California, where we both ate strawberry pie for the first time, we moved to Gallup, New Mexico where Wayne, along with his brother-in-law, Albert Adair, worked for a firm constructing roads on the Navajo Reservation. Wayne's sisters, Allie and Gwen, whose backyards we lived in, kindly and graciously helped us adjust to adulthood.

Just before we were married, Wayne purchased a mobile home for us. It was small—8 feet wide and 25 feet long—but it was almost new and seemed like a little doll



house. It was a good place for us to live and fortunately it was a house that could expand, for on May 23, 1959, Dora Lucinda, was born. Wayne was a loving father. Cindy had colic and I found it amazing that when Wayne held her, she seemed comfortable and was quiet. Wayne took pleasure in Cindy's precocious physical and verbal development.

After a year in Gallup, Wayne decided to move to Arizona to work construction, so we went to Flagstaff, thus beginning a few years of migration, often in tandem with Kent and Chon Goodman. During these years, I learned to appreciate Wayne's skill at keeping things in order and making home and car repairs.

While living in Willcox, our second child, Jordan Wayne, was born on June 4, 1960. Our small house expanded further. In 1962, we decided it would be a good idea for me to return to school. I enjoyed going to school, but ever practical, Wayne thought it would be wise for me to have a profession in the event he died. He felt strong responsibility for the security of his family. Wayne began working for Tanner Brothers in Tempe, and I enrolled at Arizona State. The next year we bought a house in Tempe, just in time for the birth of our third child, Nicole Marie, on July 17, 1963. Two years later came the birth of twin daughters, Julie Ann and Kelly Lynn on November 25, 1965, Thanksgiving Day. How thankful we were to have them, but Wayne and I were so surprised by two children, we had difficulty coming up with names. Finally we agreed on Julie and Kelly; however, we didn't know which name to give to which child, so we drew from a hat.

During the years we lived in Tempe, Wayne would frequently have to take work out of town, so when a big road job in St. George was bid, it seemed a good idea to move. We loved living in St. George, finding it an ideal place for raising young children.

In all of our homes, Wayne created good times for the kids. He was a firm father and his children obeyed him and loved him. Along with teaching the children to work, try hard, and mind their manners, he also taught them to have fun. He'd use the kitchen floor for a stage and perform his famous Cossack dance. Down in a squat, arms folded across chest, he'd fling one leg out in front and then the other. All the kids tried to imitate him and when they would finally master the technique, there was celebration. When Wayne was a kid, he broke the little finger on his right hand. The break left a crooked, but very strong finger, and the goal of every child was to, hanging on his bent finger with all their might, pull Wayne's arm down. I don't think one of them ever succeeded.

Our Easter picnics were great affairs with Wayne often picking the location, somewhere out in the wilds, and then hiding the eggs so they could be found but only with clever looking. We all loved these outings. For any mundane affair, Wayne could find a way to make it memorable. Once at Pine Valley, Utah, on an overnight camping trip, Wayne dammed up a small stream to make a pond of waist high water. The stream water was melted snow and so cold it immobilized, so Wayne dreamed up a contest to see who could stay in



the water the longest. Such whooping and hollering filled the air that all the forest creatures fled. Then Wayne proceeded to take a leisurely bath in the 33 degree water.

Wayne and I were divorced in 1975. Eventually I moved to Oregon and for Christmas of 1978, Wayne and Jordan, who was living with his father, came to visit Nicole, Julie and Kelly. They have always cherished this visit for it was the last time the girls saw him alive. Wayne was killed in a car accident on January 1, 1979. It was hard to get past the sorrow of Wayne's premature death, but two years later when Cindy, her two little girls, and Jordan died in a cruel, early morning truck/car accident, we were grateful to know he would be just beyond the veil to welcome them with his familiar and loving, "How about a hug, Lu Babe?" and "How ya' doing, Wart?"

Wayne was not an orthodox Mormon, but he was a believer, frequently bearing his testimony of the gospel. He had an unfailing belief in the principle of tithing and even when money was scarce, he tithed. Wayne found it difficult to express himself in a public setting, so the only church talk he gave in our years together was a talk on the advisability of paying tithing. How well I remember that. Also, when Cindy had her two little girls, Jennifer and Amber, Wayne drove the several hundred miles from St. Johns, where he then lived, to St. George for their blessings. He would have been proud of his daughters who have served missions and married in the temple. I know were he alive today, he would encourage each of his children and grandchildren to embrace the gospel whole-heartedly and commit themselves to living its principles and finding the peace it brings. I know, too, he looks forward to a great reunion with all of them: a reunion filled with hugging, whooping, laughing, shouting, Cossack dancing, finger pulling, and joy.





Wayne and Addie Goodman  
Jordan, Kelly, Cindy, Julie, and Nicole





Cindy Goodman Hafen



Amber and Jennifer Hafen



Jordan Wayne

Photo by: [illegible]  
[illegible]





Julie, Kelly, Nicole



### Patsy Sue Goodman Seymore

In the natural course of time I arrived on the 24th of September 1944, to Alvin and Bertha Rothlisberger Goodman. Into a family of four children, Father Stork saw reason to drop me. He later saw fit to come to my aid, and added two more girls to the family, Lana Lue and Twila, too.

My earliest recollections are of fishing trips. One trip cost Dad over \$100 in fines. Oh, he tried hard enough to hid a couple sacks of fish, but that old game warden had a good nose on him.

During my grade school years, our family took a trip practically every summer. The places I remember going to are Yellowstone, Balboa Park, Camp Pendleton (Don's marine base), Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam, Carlsbad Caverns, Bryce Canyon, Old Mexico, Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, Redwood Forest in California, and swimming in the ocean. I love traveling and seeing new places.

We lived in St. Johns until 1957 when we moved to Show Low where I graduated from Show Low Elementary in 1958. Dad wouldn't sign a form the school wanted him to, so my diploma was unsigned. During the summer, Mr. Whipple came to the house and signed it. Although I worked several nights a week at the ShoLo Theatre, I rarely missed the "A" or "B" honor roll.

Dad worked in Show Low as a heavy equipment mechanic for Butlers and Reidheads. We moved into a log cabin style house in the west part of town. We were living there when Grandma Rothlisberger passed away.

Dad and Mom bought some land from Howard Whipple and built a three bedroom house out of cinder block. It was so nice because no one else had lived in it. Show Low High School is now west of the old house. Paul and Buena Seymore were our only neighbors for years. They were always good to us. I babysat their kids, Dany, Julie, and Daryl. Paul loaned me a horse for the rodeo queen contest.

Grandma Goodman lived with Aunt Fern and Joycelen in the house across the street from Neola and Gib Mills and next to Laura Harris (Uncle Walter's second wife). Grandma used a lot of garlic for medicinal purposes and we kids would croak because of the smell. Joycelen was my first cousin and best friend. Some of my distant cousins were my best friends, too—Marian West Willis, Norene Mills Ellsworth, and Kathy Mills Tippetts. One of my favorite places to visit was Aunt Sarah Mills, Grandma's sister. I loved sitting and listening to her stories about the Indian who wanted her for his squaw. She was a delightful person.



When I was a MiaMaid, my teacher, Billie Peterson, was a very choice, special person. She did so many neat things for us and I knew she loved me. June Hatch is another person who loved me unconditionally. June and Jocie Tenney started my training for my current calling as Relief Society President of Taylor Second Ward.

After graduation and the rodeo queen contest, I went to work as a clerk-typist in the PHS Hospital in Gallup. I lived with Gwen and Alvena's families. Allen (Allie's husband) always called me "fumble fingers" for obvious reasons and teased me about my foo-foo juice. Veldon would always come over on his days off, so when we were married, Allie lost not one, but two kids.

Since May 3, 1963 we've started seven more life stories and they've started eleven more life stories. This is called having a posterity and now we are beginning to get an inkling of what eternity is. Carolyn Rae was born February 27, 1964. We named her after Aunt Caroline (my mother's sister), and weeks later I was told that she was born on Aunt Caroline's birthday. Carolyn married Todd Gillespie. Mayann was born February 15, 1965, and was named after Veldon's mother, Annie Isabelle, and grandmother, Maybelle Stock Seymore. She married Alex Stradling. On February 22, 1966, Roy was born and we named him after his dad. Roy and Shellie were married in 1987. Gaynell was born May 26, 1969, and she married Boyd Sanders. Brandon Trent (aka T-bone, and T) was born November 15, 1970, and he married Tricia Foote. Cyndee was born in 1976 on T's birthday, and Randa was born on January 25, 1981. In May 1995 Cyndee will graduate from Snowflake High School and Randa graduates from Eighth Grade.

Brandon served in the Florida Tallahassee Mission and we were able to go and meet some of the people he'd grown to love. We spent 16 days preparing for and being in the Hill Cumorah Pageant. It was an indescribable experience. Veldon fell asleep on Pensacola Beach and sunburned so badly, T pushed him around Mt. Vernon in a wheelchair. In D.C., Cyndee, Randa, T, and I ran from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial in a downpour. It was awesome. We had the whole place to ourselves. The feelings we had while reading the names on the Vietnam memorial and at Arlington Cemetery were overwhelming. We enjoy the blessings of living in this choice land because of the sacrifice of others.





Hill Cumorah Pageant, 1994

Brandon Trent, Randa Joy, Cynee Jolene, Patsy and Veldon Seymore





Back row: Brandon, Alex holding Shantae, Veldon, Todd, Roy. Middle row: Tricia holding Trent, Mayann holding Raenell, Patsy, Carolyn holding Chantz, Shellie holding Quint. Front row: Cyndee, Cambria, Garrett, Logan, Charde', J.T., and Randa (Boyd and Gaynell missing)





Todd and Carolyn Gillespie  
J. T., Logan, Charde', Chantz

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
JANET GILLESPIE





Alex and Mayann Stradling,  
with Shantae, Jody Raenell, Cambria



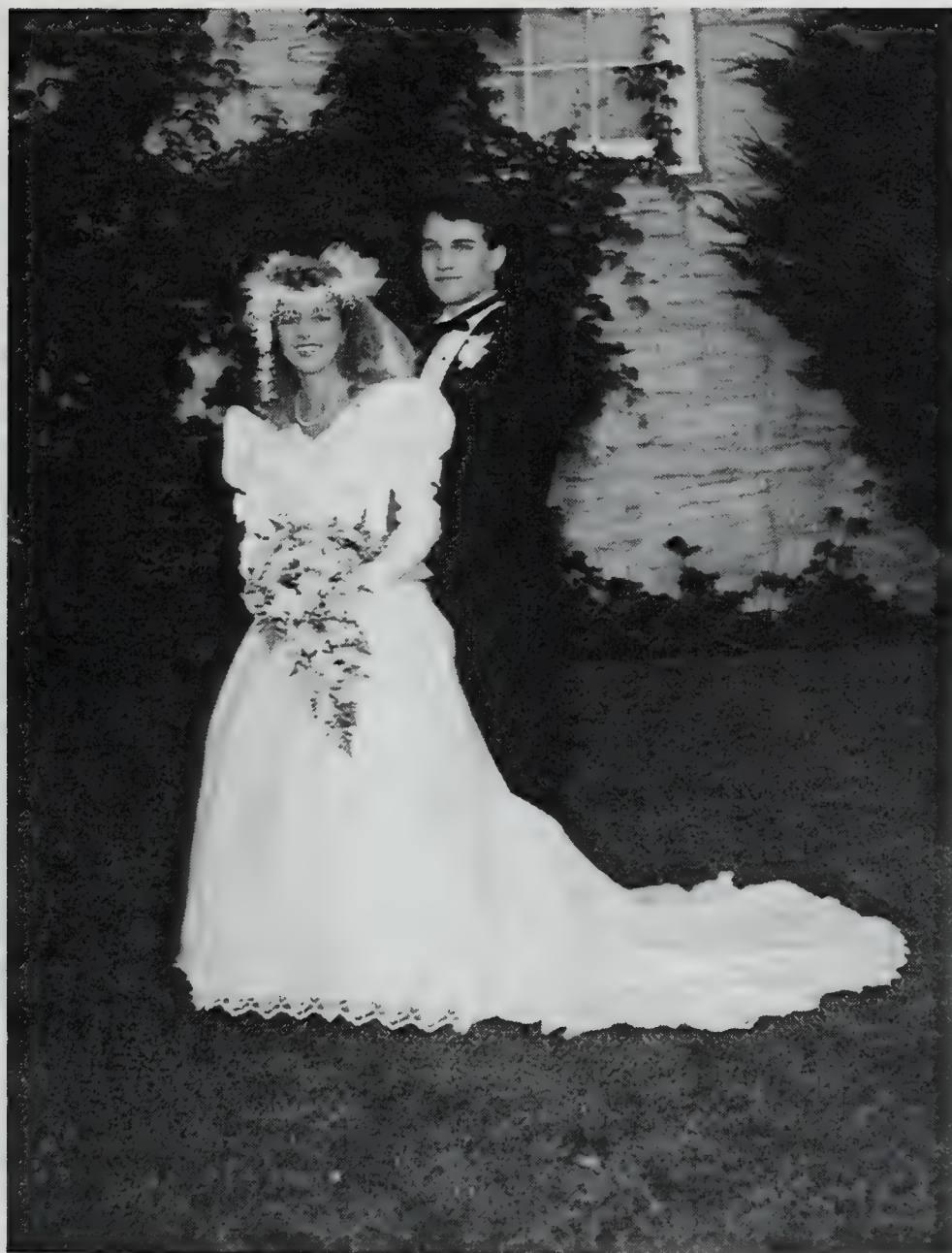
Caremee Ann Stradling  
"Forever Two"





Roy and Shellie, with Garrett and Quint





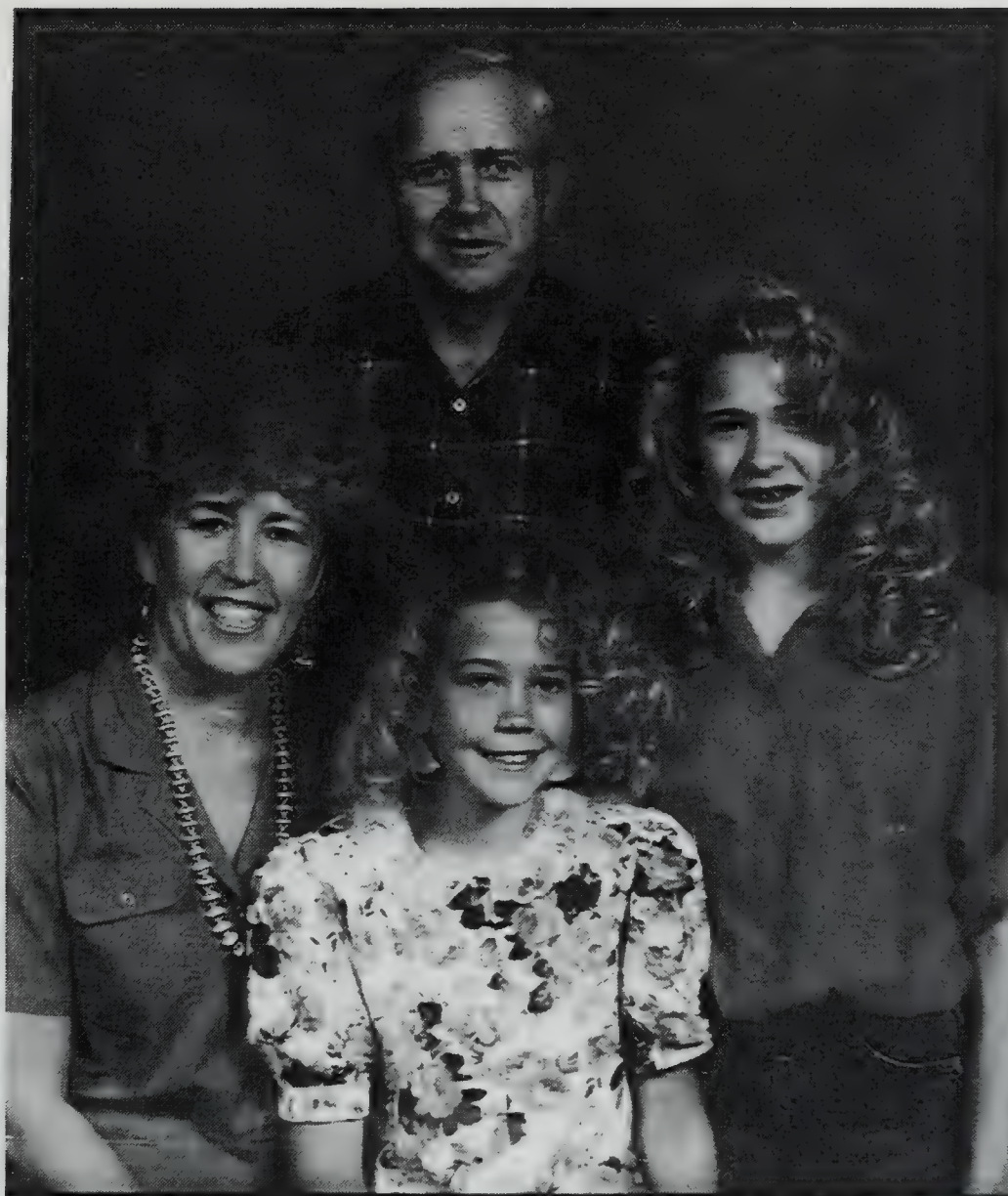
Boyd and Gaynell Sanders





Brandon and Tricia, with Trent





Veldon and Patsy, with Randa and Cyndee



### Lana Lue Goodman Willis

I was born June 8, 1946 in St. Johns. This picture on Water Street is the house in St. Johns where I grew up being a tomboy, climbing trees, building forts, and almost drowning in the abandoned outhouse tank playing hide and seek with my other tomboy friends. I was sick for a week and Mom made me some homemade bread I was craving. Mom always made the best bread. We were in the kitchen of this house one day when Mom told Patsy and me she was having a baby. What joy we felt. Then Patsy and I had a baby sister to play with—Twila.



Alvin and Bert Goodman home on Water Street

Growing up Patsy and I always did the wash on the wringer washer. Mom told us we could keep any money we found. Wayne-O left his wallet in his pockets one time and we were rich for a few hours until Mom made us give it back.

Dad was an exceptional automobile-diesel engine mechanic. We moved to Maverick in 1954 and he worked on log trucks. Twila was our baby doll, what fun we had tending her.

One time we just missed the fish stocking truck and were able to catch fish by the tub-full with our hands. The whole town had a fish fry that night.

When I was around 12 years old, we moved to Show Low, where Dad worked for Butler Trucking. I graduated 8th grade from Show Low Grade School, but only after Janice Barton and I broke out all the windows in a building they were supposed to tear down, or so



we had heard. Turned out they were only moving it and needed those windows in it. I spent that summer working in Vernon at the dude ranch for Emily and Joyce to pay for those darn windows. Gwen also worked there when she was young, I found out later.

I worked at the Show Low movie theater while going to Snowflake High School.



Playing croquet with Dad in Show Low

On July 11, 1963 I married "Shotgun," a name he acquired as a child with his little red wagon. We were blessed with four children in 20-plus years of marriage. We were divorced in November 1983.

I have a dozen grandchildren and hope to have more. I love my family even though I don't see them often. The boys and their families live in Taylor. Shannon recently married and lives in Waco, Texas; I live in Bloomfield, New Mexico.

I believe in God and his son, Jesus Christ, and I know Jesus had great love for us all to die for us. I believe God knows our hearts, good and bad, and will judge accordingly.

### Canyun Willis (Written by Lisa Willis)

Canyun is the oldest son of Lana Goodman and Shotgun Willis. We met in February of 1983. We were married in September of the same year at a chapel inside of Circus Circus in Las Vegas. It was a fun experience. We've been married 11 years since then and have had four children. Our oldest is Crysta. She was born in April of 1984. She was quite sick the first four years with respiratory problems and different things, but she's been going strong since. This year she's in the 5th grade. Our next is Tyler Jordan (named after Canyun's favorite cousin that he admired very much). Tyler was born in October of 1987—the biggest of our four kids and my easiest to deliver. He's in the 1st grade this year. He and Crysta are full of energy and love sports, both do well in what they do.

Our next daughter, Courtney, came long on February 8, 1990. She has been a livewire since the day she was born. She has been going to preschool for two years and loves



every minute of it 'cause she thinks she's as big as her older sister and brother. This next year she will be starting kindergarten, and is so excited about that. Our last child was another son, Landen, born on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1992. I'll always remember that day because when I was in labor, I wanted something for the pain. The doctor said he was afraid to give me anything because when he broke my water, it was green, and that was a sign of some complication, so I had to tough it out. After it was all over, the doctor said, "Now I know why the water was green. It's St. Patrick's Day." We all got a kick out of that. Landen is our little cowboy, loves horses and everything to do with them. His favorite toys are plastic cowboys, Indians, and horses. He keeps very busy pretending with them. Both of our boys have a lot of cowboy nature to them; it's fun to watch them.

We have lived in Taylor all 11 years we have been married. The kids have many friends and enjoy doing the many things our White Mountains have to offer. We camp a lot and do many fun things. Canyon is still driving a semi-truck, but for a local outfit in Snowflake. He gets home more now and gets to spend more time with the kids. I started working in August of 1994 as a cashier at Bashas here in Taylor. I've never worked before and I'm really enjoying it. It's a break for me and for the kids.

We all enjoy going to the family reunions and getting to see all the relatives we don't get to see very often. It's fun to sit around and visit and hear stories about the family history. We can't wait to see this book when it's done. We sit for hours looking at the two family history books we now have. Canyon loves to read all about the family and figure out who everyone is.



Shotgun and Lana Willis

All our love to all the family.





Canyun and Lisa, with Crysta, Tyler, Courtney, and Landen



Trever with Tyson



Tyson

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Lana, with Trever, Shannon, Canyon, and John



Some Grandchildren: Standing: Tyler, Dustin, Clint, Casey  
Front row: Crysta with Tyson, Courtney





Ronald and Shannon Shumate, 1994





Lana Lue Goodman Willis

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## Twila Goodman Hall

They say I was born March 5, 1954, in St. Johns. They also say my older sisters were so anxious to see me they stood outside the bedroom window peeking in. Personally, I find that difficult to believe because I remember being stuffed, by those same sisters, into the dirty clothes hamper and having them sit on the closed lid for what seemed an eternity.

After Patsy and Lana flew the coop, I had the best of both worlds—Mom and Dad's undivided attention 99% of the time, and lots of company (nieces and nephews) the other 1%. Some of my most fun evenings were spent babysitting for Patsy and Lana when their families moved to the acre below Mom's and Dad's in Show Low. Holidays were always special when Ali, Allen and their boys; Gwen, Albert and their gang; or some other branch of our tree came to celebrate. I was always the one picked to make the mashed potatoes. I probably made my first pie when I was 30 years old and my first gravy 5 years after that. (Shilling and SaraLee made a killing off me for too long.)

I have many wonderful memories of our wood hauling/fishing expeditions. In my mind's eye I can see Dad landing a big one, and Mom breathing in the aroma of pine, pinon, cedar, and oak for all she was worth.

The clearest memory I have of St. Johns is going to the Elm Motel to get an ice cream cone from Sister Udall. At the age of four, we moved to Show Low and I began to experience many things like getting my hands caught in the washing machine wringer, making friends with Chinese neighbors, and finding out what it's like to be really sorry.

Learning to be sorry started when Don returned from the Marines. He brought a lot of gambling money which he stashed under his pillow, which the nieces and nephews and I found while bouncing on the bed, which we divided amongst ourselves, and which we spent at the corner market. For this we were given a true military beating. I personally decided (after hearing the screams of my co-conspirators who had been caught) to jump from the barn hayloft to whatever fate awaited me when the long arm of Don's justice pulled me back for my just punishment.

Dad built us a new home in Show Low where I lived through my school years 1-12. At the age of seventeen I began to long for new adventures. My first inclination was to attend Dixie College where I hoped to become a trained airline stewardess. That dream faded into obscurity when I first heard the New Freedom Singers from Ricks College perform in Snowflake. That's when I knew I would go to Ricks and stay there until my dream to be a Freedom Singer was realized.

After graduation from high school in 1972, I did go to Ricks. My first tryout for NFS was not successful. However, in the Spring of 1973, I became an NFS performer. We went on tour to Oregon and California that summer. The next summer we toured the Northwest



states to Missouri and the Great Lakes. We saw Mount Rushmore and many LDS historical sites. I love Ricks! I wish everyone could experience it as I did.

I married Wallace L. Wendel on February 1, 1975. Lacy was born in 1976, Joseph Cory in 1977, and Michael Christopher in 1982. From 1975 to 1985, we moved 15 times between Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and round and round again. In the spring of 1987, that marriage was dissolved, and I planned to attend Northern Arizona University to patch our lives together again.

Once again my plans changed dramatically. Brian Christopher Hall and I were married January 9, 1988 (Dad's birthday) and sealed August 23, 1988 (Mom's birthday) in the Mesa Temple. I immediately became the stepmother to five more children, gained weight, grew massive grey hairs, and lost all my brains, except the one square millimeter with which I expound this history.

On July 28, 1994, Chris adopted my three children; now we really can be an eternal family. I'm so thankful for Chris.

I'm thankful for my family, my testimony, and the many blessings that are mine. I know our Father hears and answers our prayers. I know Joseph Smith was the first prophet in this dispensation. I saw President Harold B. Lee and felt the spiritual bonfire which surrounded him. I know the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to the earth and is ours for the asking. We can snack once or twice a year, or we can *feast* upon it! I pray we will all *feast* upon it.





Chris and Twila Hall  
L to R, Back row: Wid, Cory, Heber, Michael  
Front row: Jamie, Twi, Chris, Lacy



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## Chapter 10

### Walter Floyd Goodman, Sr.

(Written by Eline Goodman Rodriguez Tynes)

Walter Floyd Goodman, Sr., was born on May 30, 1903, in Pinetop, Arizona, to William Ezra Goodman and Hannah McNeil Goodman. He was the fourth of ten children. We really don't know too much about our father's early years because he was never much of a talker. We will try to share such as we do know.

When attending a family reunion, I learned from Uncle Bill that Daddy could ride before he could walk—that he was riding when his little legs stuck straight forward because they couldn't go down. Having had occasion to see Daddy on a horse, I don't believe I have ever seen someone ride more fluidly.

Daddy told us that, as a youngster, one of his jobs was to go for water for their family. Apparently, this was a pretty rigorous trip and involved some uphill struggles to fill the water barrel. Once when one of his brothers was wasting the hard gotten water, Daddy held his brother's head under the water. The only way Grandmother Goodman could get him to let go was to knock him out with the broom.

Mother said Daddy had told her that he and his brothers once were watching a sacred Indian dancing ceremony. After a while, the boys began to get scared because they knew they should not be watching the ceremony so they abruptly decided to leave. In their flight, Daddy lost his new pocket knife. He returned later to look for it but never found it.

Daddy told Mother that he had seen Indians "wrap their children around a tree" to end the life of a child that was born handicapped, and I remember him telling us how the Indian women would be working in the field when the time would come for them to have their children. He said they would just dig a hole and squat over it to have a baby, deliver the baby, wrap it up, put it on their back, and go on working in the field. This was amazing to us city slickers.

Speaking of city slickers, Daddy always referred to the men he saw in Dallas driving pickup trucks and wearing fancy cowboy hats and boots as drugstore cowboys—the fancier the duds, the more you could be sure that's what they were. Real cowboys didn't wear either pointed-toe or high-heeled boots. He thought these wannabe's were very funny. Another thing he often laughed at was when we kids called a small "hill" a mountain. He always told us we didn't know what a mountain was. He was right; we'd never seen one.

Daddy told Mother that, during the nighttime on one of their cattle drives, a bear had gotten into the cattle and had knocked the hip off a steer with his powerful paw. I guess they had a barbecue after that. Apparently, they didn't get the bear.



Daddy told us that during his youth the school teachers used to stay with the families of the students. He said that one teacher who stayed with them taught him to play the piano, and he learned to play the guitar and fiddle or, depending on how its tuned, the violin. Uncle Bill told me that once, when Daddy was sent for a long stay to watch some cattle, Daddy made himself a guitar from a square syrup can and some wires. I forgot just how Uncle Bill said Daddy made the rest, but he saw it and was impressed that Daddy could have made it. He said Daddy played it well and it helped pass lots of lonely time for him. Daddy had a guitar when we were young. To us, he played beautifully but he said he didn't play as well as he did in the past because he had almost completely cut off his two smaller fingers on his left hand in a saw mill accident. They were stiff now and it was hard for him to finger the frets. I don't know how true this is, but he also told us that he wrapped those fingers in snow in his handkerchief and rode his horse three days to get to a doctor. He said the doctor didn't want to sew the almost severed fingers back on so Daddy told the doctor, "Either you do or I do." We all know that Daddy would have done so.

Once when he was at a dentist in Dallas, the dentist hit a nerve, and Daddy hit the dentist. For dental problems on the range, Mother tells us that Daddy said they used to heat up a piece of wire and put the red hot wire on the nerve in a tooth to kill it. Even a dentist sounds better than that.

Daddy had a mischievous grin than sort of spread over his face like spilled water running slowly across a table, and he loved a good joke, especially if it was not on him. He used to tell us about when some Boston-type city folk had stayed with them at the sawmill—there were no Howard Johnson's then. When they all sit down to dinner and the reaching and grabbing commenced, the woman put her glasses on a stick up to her eyes and said, "Well, I never!!" So Daddy stabbed a donut with his fork and looked at her through the hole and said, "Well, I never!!"

From time to time, though, someone got him. He told us that once he got on a bus and sat up at the front near the driver. Later another fellow got on and, right after paying his fare and turning to walk toward the rear of the bus, the fellow really let one rip. He turned and look at Daddy and said, "I begggg your pardon!" as though Daddy had been the offender. It worked, and Daddy was so embarrassed he got off at the next stop.

Uncle Bill told me than when Daddy worked at the saw mill, he made a governor for the saw mill motor from scratch using blacksmith tools. I believe a governor has something to do with how fast or slow a motor runs. He told me how Daddy could do anything he set his mind to, and how he had a reputation all over Arizona for being clever with his mind and hands. Uncle Bill further said that when Daddy worked on the large road equipment for Tanner, he made quite a few improvement modifications to the Caterpillar equipment, modifications which the Caterpillar company included on their later models.



For most of our life, we didn't realize that Daddy was married before he and Mother were married. He was married twice, both times to cousins. His first wife was Inez McNeil, and they had three children. He and Inez were divorced, and he married Laura Brownfield. They had four children, two of whom died in their youth and two of whom died in a trailer fire. He always had pictures over his bed of his two little children who burned to death. Prior to their death, the little boy had been in a fire which burned off his little fingers, and we could see that in the picture. Daddy told us he used to smoked a cigar when he was younger, and when his children were burned, he was unable to donate skin needed for grafting because of the nicotine in his body. Apparently, nicotine inhibits successful skin grafting. He felt so bad that he quit smoking and never smoked again. All of this was a great sadness to him, and I can remember him crying when he talked about these little children.

I met our half-brother, Ray Marble, from Daddy's marriage to Inez McNeil, when I took out my endowments around age 35 at the Mesa Temple. Aunt Beulah knew I was coming and phoned all the motels in Mesa until she found where Ray and Sharon were staying. They were in Mesa because one of their daughters had been married in the Temple the day before. Aunt Beulah found them and they found me, and they went through the endowment ceremony with me. Then Ray and Sharon took me and my two boys to lunch, and we all planned to meet that evening at the Goodman Family Reunion. It was the first time for either Ray or me to attend the Reunion. Two incredibly special things happened when I got my endowments, one was meeting Ray and his family. Since then, Ray and Sharon have come to Dallas to meet most of his other sisters and brother, and he met another while he and Sharon were in Seattle. He sure looks like Daddy, only taller, and has his mannerisms and temperament—mild and deliberate.

The other special event during my Temple trip was meeting an elderly lady who lived in Snowflake and remembered the William Ezra Goodman family. She said Grandmother McNeil was a tall, good looking woman who was known for the beautiful flowers she grew and that she loved to wear big hats. I wish I could have had more time to spend with her; she knew Daddy and his brothers and sisters while they were growing up.

Daddy told Mother about his sister Frances who became very ill. While she was still living, Frances had a spiritual experience wherein it was revealed to her that her life, if she chose to continue living, would be plagued with sickness. However, if she chose not to live, she would not need to worry about her children because they would be well cared for. This was another experience that I recall Daddy talking about and becoming misty-eyed. I believe he also told us that Frances chose the person her husband should marry after her death.

Daddy was an attentive listener. Most of the time when he was listening to someone, he would cock his head to one side—maybe because he couldn't hear too well—and look forward in a very contemplative manner. I always felt he was considering my every word. If he wanted to emphasize something when he spoke, he would use his big, rough hands in a unique way to illustrate what he said. When I met Uncle Bill fifteen years after Daddy died,



I noticed that he did exactly the same thing. Not ever having met a relative before, it was really an uncanny experience. Daddy often stood with his thumbs hooked in his two back pockets while he listened, and I saw both Uncle Bill and Uncle Don do this, too.

The one person who really has Daddy's mannerisms in our family is Sherril. She has the same slow and deliberate way of speaking and listening. You know she is paying attention to what you say. If there is humor in the situation, a smile comes over her face starting at one side of her mouth—just like Daddy's, and she makes exactly the same kind of joke that he would have made, usually catching you in some kind of irony in your own story.

Mother said she and Daddy worked for Consolidated Steel in Wilmington, California, which is close to both San Pedro and Long Beach, California. That is where they met. She had just started working in the shipyard on the ways tack welding together the bulkhead of the ship. Then the bulkhead would be lifted by a crane to the ship structure. Daddy's job was to circulate and teach the greenhorns how to weld. Once some hot welding slag went down the front of Mother's work shirt while Daddy was present. She said he sure laughed as she worked frantically to remove it.

Mother's own mother had died when she was ten years old. It was during the depression and their father had a hard time getting work. After a couple of years, she and her brothers and sisters went to a children's home. Most of the family was raised in foster homes except her younger brother, who was adopted. The State of California let Mother move in with her older sister, Pearl, because Mother would be turn

18 in a few months. After her birthday in January, she got a job in the shipyard where she later met Daddy. Mother had met a young LDS fellow from a military base near the last foster home in which she lived. When she went to live with her sister at their aunt's house, she was still engaged to this young man who had since been shipped overseas. At some point she must have felt the engagement was over, and Daddy and she began to go out together. She said she never knew he had been married before and probably wasn't too quick to figure it out—her being 18 and his being 40—and he didn't tell. Mother said there were lots of men working in the shipyards but they were all older since the younger men were in the service.



Geraldine Scruggs



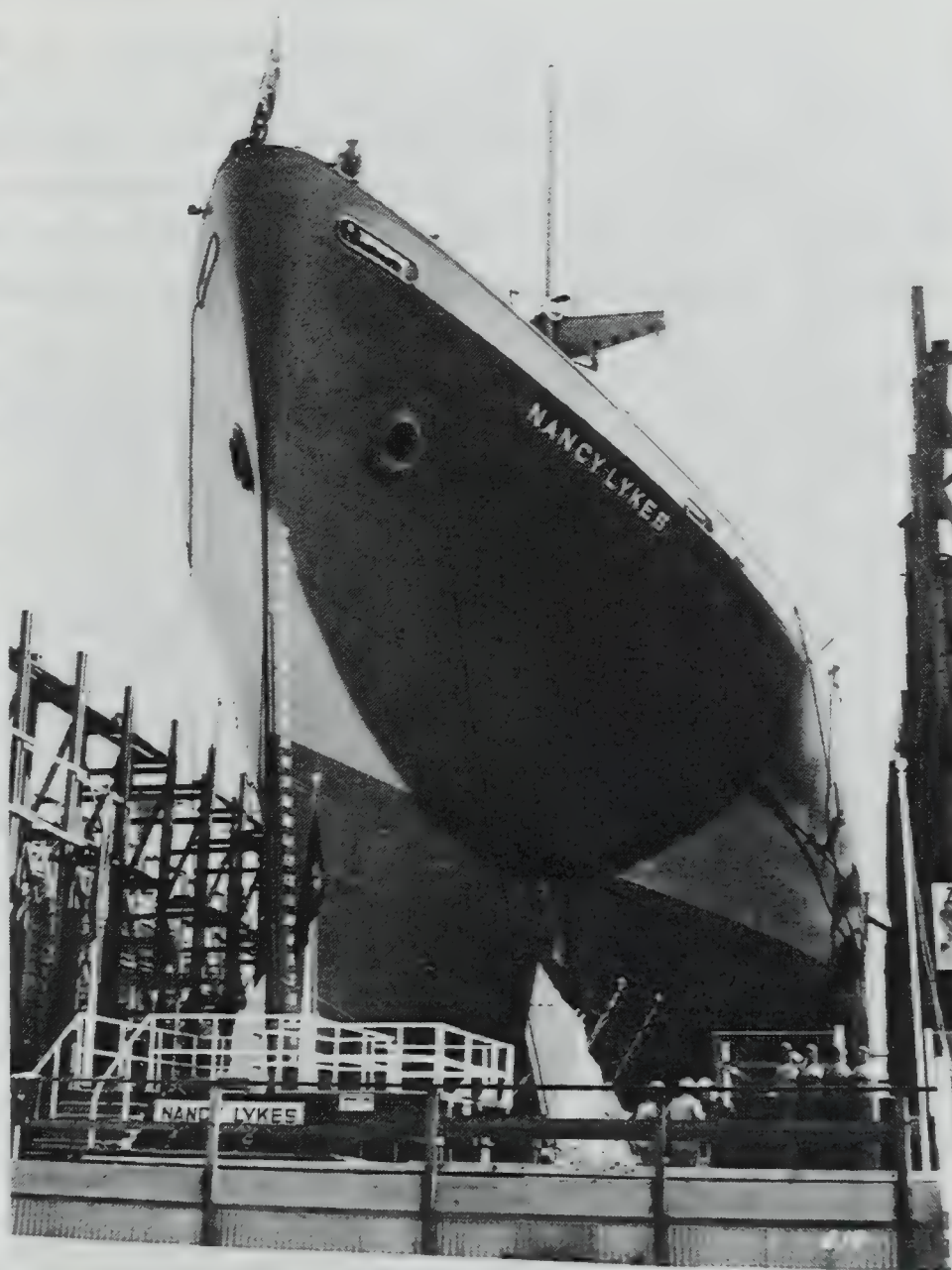
The young women, of course, felt very flattered by the attention they got from these mature men.

Mother said Daddy took her out to eat but not to the show because he never really was a show or television person. They went to Knott's Berry Farm which was a sort of tourist-type place where you could eat fried chicken and visit an old western town. The Farm was also famous for its jellies, pies, and cobblers. Sometimes they would lay off work and picnic at the beach while they talked and watched the sea gulls. Sometimes they went to the amusement park at the beaches where they could buy souvenirs and walk on the boardwalk. Sometimes they would go to visit her family, especially her older sister.

When they became a couple, Daddy owned the two-tone green Airfloat trailer. Mother became pregnant with Elaine, who was born in San Pedro, California, and three months later, they hitched up

the trailer and started toward Camden, Arkansas, pulled by his 1939 Ford. Naval Ordinance sent him there to instruct the locals in defense production work. On the way, they stopped in Las Vegas and he helped someone there weld together a frame to build a garage since his transfer was at his own expense. Mother said, when they lived in Las Vegas, the weather was so dry that as she hung out diapers on the line—a regular size line—by the time she came to the end of the row, the clothes hung at the beginning were dry.

Either during this trip or at some other time, Daddy and Mother went to Phoenix, Arizona, where she met Uncle Bill. Uncle Bill, two of his boys, his wife, and Daddy went hunting and Mother and Elaine went with them. They were driving down the road in the black '39 Ford, when they saw some deer. They got out of the car, and Daddy rested his 30-



The ship Walter and Jerry worked on



30 Winchester on the car window and took aim. Uncle Bill said, "Get him," and Daddy said, "Got him." They saw another deer and repeated this same dialogue. Now, at the time, there were regulations about hunting and does were out of season, so the only hunting you were allowed to do was for a buck. From a distance, both Uncle Bill and Daddy had thought these were bucks. When they got closer to the kill, they were really surprised to discover both were does. They drug the does into the brush and hightailed it out of there. On this trip, Uncle Bill's boys gave Mother some long hairs from a cow's tail and told her that it was hair from a bear. Being a city girl, she was suitably impressed and reverently held on to it during most of the trip. When the boys couldn't hold their mirth any longer, they told her the truth.



A job well done—it floated!

When Mother and Daddy got to Arkansas, he worked the swing shift. Mother said the people there were very clannish and unfriendly. It was a very small town and the people never accepted outsiders nor their children. When you went into a drug store, they would not even sell outsiders the magazines like *Time* and *Life* that were sitting on the rack—these were saved for local town folk. When Mother became pregnant with her second child, me, the local doctors didn't feel that pregnancy was something for which someone needed a doctor as people had babies everyday. So Daddy and Mother moved to Little Rock and began looking for a doctor. When they moved, he changed jobs and was no longer working for Naval Ordnance. I was born in Little Rock and so was Walter Floyd Goodman, Jr. (Pete or Petie Boy, as he was known when he was young).



While Mother was pregnant with Pete and I was about six months old, she left the trailer one winter day to take out the trash. Thinking to come right back, she didn't take a sweater. Elaine locked her out and she couldn't be persuaded to unlock the door even for a cookie. Mother said I was scared and crying and Elaine was slapping me because she wanted me to stop crying, then Elaine got some soap flakes and poured them on the floor. Meanwhile, Mother and some of the neighbor women were continuing to implore Elaine to unlock the door but to no avail—to break in Mother would have had to break the glass, cut the screen, and ruin the door. She finally called Daddy at work and they said he had been sent to a cemetery to work on a Caterpillar. She told them that if they didn't get him home, she would be in a cemetery. I guess it was pretty scary for her knowing that two of Daddy's other children had burned to death in a trailer with fires on inside. He came home and climbed up on the roof of the trailer and opened a vent which he was slim enough to go through. Mother said he wouldn't let her in until he had cleaned up the mess because she was so mad—and cold, too, I'll bet.

After Pete was born, Mother and Daddy moved to Texas. During their migration to Dallas, they lived for a time in McKinney, just north of Dallas. Then they moved to Dallas, first to White Rock Trailer Park up on the hill at the intersection where Gaston, East Grand and Garland Road all come together. While we were living there, our family became friends with the Carroll family, with whom we are still friends. Mr. Carroll worked in the railroad yard, and they had two boys just slightly older than our oldest children. Later Mr. Carroll had a yard accident at the RR and both of his legs were severed. Their two boys both grew up to be Dallas Policemen. Sometimes we would go out to eat Sunday dinner with them at El Fenix Mexican Restaurant. These people were important because they were the only couple with whom I remember my parents associating. They moved to a house and we moved to a new trailer park on Fort Worth Avenue in Dallas. Sherril, Nancy, and Carol were born while we lived there. Elaine and I both began school while we were living there. We attended Sidney Lanier Elementary School.

At this trailer park, Daddy built a white picket fence around our lot, with an arched trellis over the gate from scraps he got at a lumber yard. He also built a full-length screened-in porch on our trailer where some of us slept at night and he also put up swings for us. Mother said he planted Zinnias down the fence that were as tall as he was and she planted Morning Glories that grew over the trellis. Mother sprinkled sulphur on our lawn each spring so that we kids wouldn't get eaten up by the Texas-sized chiggers.

Mother and Daddy used to take us pecan picking. Pecans trees are native to Texas and they grow wild in lots of places especially at the back of the trailer park, where there were lots of pecan trees. She said we would all go and pick up the fallen pecans and store them in boxes, sacks, and buckets under the bed and sofa and anywhere else we could. All of us love pecans, especially Mother's pecan pies.





Fence and arched trellis Walter built

We have always had cats—always—and always had lots and lots of them. Once one of our cats must have killed a rat in our trailer yard, or nearly killed it anyway. Elaine and I were toddlers then. She picked up the rat by its tail to examine it and it came to life just long enough to turn around and bite her. It clamped down tight on her finger and Mother had to pry its teeth open to get it off Elaine's finger. When we moved to our new house later, we took our cats with us, except for one we couldn't find. We went back to look for it but it never showed up.

While our family lived on Fort Worth Avenue, Daddy bought the lot for our house and began working in the evenings to clear the land. It was very overgrown. (I think we counted once after the house was built and there were still something like 29 trees in our yard, and we made good use of them.) Sometimes we would pack a picnic lunch

and go with Daddy, but I don't think we helped him much. A lot of the construction was contracted, but Daddy painted the inside of the house, and finished the oak hardwood floors till they were smooth as glass. Mother kept those floors that way, too. I remember her polishing those floors on her hands and knees with paste wax. Then we kids would slide across them in our socks. Daddy bought all new furniture for the house, and Mother decorated the living room with pale grey walls, a deep green sofa and chair, Chinese red draperies with deep green foliage and arched oriental bridges printed on them, and white sheers underneath. From the Sears catalog, she ordered shadow boxes that interlocked together and painted them the same red, then she hung these over the sofa and filled them with graceful and colorful porcelain-like birds. I remember thinking how beautiful that room was, and I still remember it that way. All the rest of the children were born while we were living in this house. Of course, it didn't stay this beautiful because, when you put lots of wear and tear on something, the wear begins to show so all my younger sisters may not remember this the way I do.

When we first moved there, the area was pretty rural and we had no neighbors on either side of us. Daddy cleared a little round spot on the right side of our lot (where Bertha's house was later built) but he kept the entrance to it sort of secluded. He hung several bird feeders inside the clearing. Lots of song birds came, and I remember robins, cardinals, and orioles, and, of course, bobwhites. I also saw my first hummingbird in there. Later someone bought this lot to build on and we lost this small treasured spot. Frankly, I don't know how it ever existed with all our cats.



Speaking of birds, when Nancy was small, Daddy always loved to hear her sing. Nancy had a little vibrato to her voice that he loved to hear—he called her his "little songbird." Nancy was always so small—she was much smaller framed than the rest of the girls. Mother said that Nancy always liked flowers and especially the very small ones, and she often brought Mother a flower she had picked. Once when Nancy was little, someone accidentally poked her in the eye with the scissors and her eye began to water very badly. Daddy was very scared that the eyeball had been punctured, that the fluid was draining from the eyeball itself, and that she might never see again from that eye. His genuine concern really frightened us for her but she was okay.

When we moved in, Daddy went farther out into the country and dug up Bermuda grass that grew over the side of the road and into the ditches, and he planted it in our yard, and that is how we got our first lawn. I can remember him with this long, heavy pointed metal bar—where it came from, no one knows—but during the rain he would go out and poke holes in the ground with it to aerate the soil so the grass would grow better, then fertilize it. Later Mother planted St. Augustine grass in with the bermuda and the St. Augustine finally won the ground war. It did much better under all the trees on our lot.

On his way to work one day, Daddy came out of the house and started his Mercury. Mother was leaning over kissing him goodbye when she saw a copperhead snake crawling out from under the car. Apparently, it had come from the pond across the street and wound itself around the crankshaft to spend a warm night then crawled out on the lawn when the car started. Mother spied it and excitedly pointed it out to Daddy, both being concerned about all the little kids that would soon be roaming that front yard. Daddy got out of the car and began circling the snake, doing what Mother called some kind of an "Indian war dance," to keep the snake there until he could kill it. He hit it with a concrete foundation block which was lying nearby. After he killed the snake, he hung it over a limb in one of the trees in the front yard so that we could see it when we awoke. Later, Mother came out and the snake was gone. She was frantic because she thought it must still be alive, but, actually, the cats had drug it off and ate it. These were the days of table scraps—you know, before Friskies Cat Food—so cats were more adaptive.

Our cats were indoor/outdoor cats. At one time, we had over twenty cats. Each of us had our own and then there were some to spare. Mama Skinny and Uncle Tiny Wiener were two of our cats (I don't know how he got that name—I never realized its implications until I said it to someone when I was in my thirties and they repeated it back to me with a look that was full of question marks). Sherril had an orange cat named Herkamer. The cats would come and hang on the screen doors which we were always going in and out. We usually were moving pretty fast as we came through but they managed to renegotiate the situation anyway and get inside. We lost several cats due to the refrigerator door closing on them. Since they were fed table scraps, they always came running whenever they heard the fridge opened. Old refrigerators didn't have the soft magnetic closing doors we have today. The door was heavy and it latched, and more than one little kitty got his neck broken when



it accidentally stuck its head in the fridge as the door closed. Of course, we all mourned like crazy.

We used to dress our cats up like our dolls, tie hats on them, and push them in our baby buggies. If they were fleet-footed enough to escape, you could probably kiss that dress and hat good-bye as you saw them bobbing up and down the street. From time to time, we also took the cats to the pond across the street and threw them in just to watch them swim. We weren't really trying to be cruel, it was just a curiosity to us to see cats swim without lessons.

One day just after we moved, a black dog with a white spot on its throat followed Daddy home when he turned from the main street toward our house. This dog just fit us perfectly and he stayed. We named him Friskie. Daddy taught Friskie to protect us, and if any of us children began to scream, Friskie would run to see what was happening. Once one of our neighbors was just horsing around with us and we were screaming, so Friskie bit him on the butt. Daddy loved the kids and he wanted Friskie to protect us. He loved to come home and have us run up the street to meet his car. He would let us climb all over the hood and trunk then drive us slowly home the last block or so. Then he would get out and wrestle with us while Friskie barked a warning to him not to go too far.

Daddy put up a cable for us in the back yard and attached a pulley with a handle. We could climb a tree, grab the handle and jump, and slide down across most of the width of the yard. Of course, you had to "bail out" before you hit the tree supporting the cable at the other end. He also put up a swing and a tire swing for us. Pete and his friends built a triangular club house in the back yard which we used as a base from which to pelt each other with horse apples gathered from the Bois d' Arc tree. Sometimes we spent the night up there, and we would often take naps in it.

Since we didn't get an allowance, we had to earn money in whatever manner we could. One way we earned money was to bite into a jalapeno pepper. For some reason, it was worth fifty cents to Daddy to see us do that. Most of us remember Daddy in his green khaki work clothes. He liked his clothes ironed, and when we were teenagers, he used to pay us to iron them. This gave us another way to earn money. Of course, Mother would do the starching. Sometimes, we would use pants stretchers inside the starched clothes as they dried. This sure made ironing the pants easier but it always took me a long time to figure out the pants stretchers.

Daddy also paid us to pick cutworms out of the annual garden he planted. We got a nickel for each, Mother says. Today's store-bought tomatoes sure don't taste like those did. He usually planted varieties of peppers, tomatoes, onions, corn, and sometimes a few other vegetables. One time we had gotten a truck load of sand for the garden, I guess, because it was sitting near that spot. Mother had gone to a scout meeting at the school, and Daddy was in the house. We kids were raking the sand up into a pile then playing king on the hill.



Whoever used the rake last didn't turn it over. When Pete ran toward the hill, he stepped on it barefoot and it went completely through his foot. You never heard such howling, but I think we girls were howling worse than Pete. It was so gruesome. Daddy was used to solving problems like this on the range, so he took Pete in the house, put his foot in the bathtub thoroughly washing out all the punctures, then he poured methyrate through the holes. We all were crying and telling him how mean he was and how he should take Pete to the doctor, but Pete got well in spite of our fears.

Occasionally, Daddy and Mother would take all of us to the dime store and turn us loose with a quarter each. While this was really a treat, it was also hard to decide just how to spend that quarter. I usually got paper dolls. Speaking of paper dolls, Mother used to draw quite well as she had taken drawing in school and learned body proportioning. She was very good. Mother's paper dolls always looked like Betty Grable from her famous swimsuit pose; they faced forward but they had her hairstyle. Then she would draw us a page full of very imaginative clothes which we got to color and cut out. These were my favorite paper dolls; I wish I still had one as a keepsake. Actually when I think back about the dolls and clothes she drew, and the rooms she decorated, I realize that Mother had a lot of creative ability.

Mother and Daddy used to play cards with us when we were younger—we played *Old Maid* and *Gin Rummy* with the cards that had pictures of little foxes on them. I don't ever remember our parents letting us win. If we won, we were just lucky. Mother was good at cards. We also played dominoes, checkers, and Monopoly. Daddy was good at checkers and dominoes. Monopoly was just took too long to me. I couldn't sustain my interest in the game unless, of course, I was winning which wasn't too often.

Each year at Christmas, Mother decorated our living room with red and green garlands, draping them over each other, sometimes hanging an ornament in the middle of each drape. I can remember her up on a chair with a ruler measuring the garland so that it hung evenly all around the room. She made our living room beautiful, and she never wanted our help. (She told us that her father had decorated their home for Christmas when she was young, and he didn't want his children's help either. It seems to be a family tradition. At one time, when her own family had very little, her father worked for a bakery where he could get lots of different cookies. That year, he completely covered the top of their dining table with various types and colors of cookies working them into an intricate design.) Daddy usually picked out the Christmas tree and often bought it on his way home from work. He would saw off the bottom and trim the top to make it fit the room. Back in those days, he sometimes had to make a stand as all these metal ones we have now weren't around. Then he would put on the lights, the bubble lights, and the white plastic star outlined with red with a light inside it, and we children would put the ornaments and tinsel on the tree. Mother would make popcorn, fudge, and maybe hot chocolate while we children finished decorating the tree.



When we were small we put white cotton, which you could buy in rolls like polyester quilt batting, under the tree to resemble snow. On top of that we put little houses that had colored cellophane windows and small trees around the houses. We would fix the tree lights so that a light would show through the windows. Mother told us her uncle who was in the Navy often had a small model train running around his tree and that she would have always liked to have had one for us. I don't remember Daddy ever telling us about one of his family's Christmases, but he told Mother they often got fresh fruit for Christmas and how great a treat he and his brothers and sisters felt that was. Mother and Daddy never put out our presents until Christmas night after we went to bed. We left fresh chocolate chip cookies out for Santa. We figured he came because the cookies were gone the next morning and presents were arranged under the tree. We left a Coca Cola with the cookies too until we joined the LDS Church, then we left a glass of milk with the cookies. Nothing is worse to me than milk that has gotten warm from sitting out. I was surprised Santa left us anything after that.

Mother helped us make colored eggs for Easter. Seems like we had to hard boil about six dozen eggs in order for everyone to dye about six each. We would sometimes put a few drops of oil in the dye to get a pretty mottled effect. Mother made our Easter baskets herself from what she would buy at the grocery store, then she would hide them out in the yard to be found after we got home from church. We also used to have Easter egg hunts with both real eggs and those awful marshmallow filled eggs which no one but the ants liked—but they look so much like Easter you feel compelled to buy some. After Easter, we would have lots of egg salad, potato salad, and deviled eggs.

Mother, like Uncle Bill, said Daddy could do anything he set his mind to and do it well. He refinished the trailer after we moved into the house in order to sell it. It was beautiful. When he finished, he traded it for a white 1951 Mercury which I now realize was almost a new car. When we had lived in Arkansas, he had reupholstered the trailer sofa with cording and all. Mother said the women in the neighborhood used to come down every night to check on his progress because they all thought that he would make a big mess. To do the sofa, he used a small black Singer sewing machine that he had when they got together. Mother said Daddy taught her how to use the sewing machine and all the decorative attachments, and he helped her sew Elaine's baby clothes.

Once he refinished an antique crank-type wood telephone for one of his bosses. I remember watching him painstakingly work on this in the back yard. When he finished it, he wasn't satisfied so he stripped it again and started over. I will never forget that. It taught me that I didn't have to live with something I had done if my efforts didn't satisfy me the first time.

Daddy could draw Indians and horses very well. His horses looked like real with all the right shadowing, he even caught the look in their eye. I can especially remember one picture he drew, the face of an old Indian who looked especially weathered and wise, like he had seen many summers.



Daddy took the large porch we had left over after he traded the trailer and moved it to the side of the lot behind the house. Whether it had four sides when he built it or he enclosed the fourth side at this time, I don't know, I just remember it was enclosed. Then he installed Mother's wringer washing machine and two rinse tubs inside the porch. No matter how hot or cold Dallas was, Mother was out there washing. It took lots of work to wash the clothes of so many children and babies—this was before disposable diapers and we usually had two or three in diapers. I don't ever remember Mother having a coat back then nor do I remember her complaining about it. She usually had a sweatshirt that she had cut up the middle and made into a jacket. She always talked about trimming the edge with rickrack but I don't think she ever did it. Our clothes were always clean and starched. Mother's starch was cooked starch, too, and it was never lumpy or streaked on our clothes. Our whites were white and our colors were bright. She rinsed and rinsed the clothes. Both Mother and Daddy both took great pride in what they did. Often we helped hang out the clothes but I'm sure she did most of this when we were in school. In the winter, the clothes would freeze instead of drying on the line, and when we brought them in, they would thaw and be wet again. Then we had to hang them over the space heater to dry them.

We never looked like orphan children except perhaps in the summer when it was really hot—over 100 degrees—then we would run around in our little white cotton panties. Of course, this was when we were younger. Once I remember Sherril being upset about something, I don't remember what it was, but she decided to run away from home. She had a little doll's suitcase that was round like a hat box and about four inches deep and eight inches in diameter. She took off up the street wearing nothing but her white cotton panties and carrying her little doll suitcase.

Old broom handles always made great stick horses. Westerns were popular then and we knew our own Dad had been a cowboy, so we loved to play cowboys and Indians. There were never enough sticks to go around because our horses didn't foal, so we were frequently guilty of "horse" stealing. When we girls wanted to play "ladies", we would take these same sticks and poke them through paper plates to make a parasol, then wrap ourselves in tablecloths for our long skirts. There was always potential for a war if someone rode off on your parasol.

When Carol Lynn was young, she earned the substitute name "Care Less" because she had several accidents while playing. Once she stood up on the bottom of an upturned garbage can which gave way. She fell through and cut the top of her nose in a "V" shape. Another time, she was playing Den Mother and demonstrating how to make kindling with a hand axe. She had her index finger, which she was using to hold the wood, running in the same direction as she was chopping. She hit the deadly blow and split the end of her finger in two. Until she went to the doctor, she could point in two directions with the same finger.

We played outside a lot because we had no air conditioning. In Texas you just couldn't comfortably be in a house in the summer. We used to rake up dirt to make dividing



lines for houses and streets. We didn't have that many toys but never felt handicapped because of it. We just invented things—sometimes imagined them—but if you're all in agreement, then it doesn't matter, does it? We played mostly with each other. Sometimes a neighbor, Steve Platt, or his sister, Mary, would come down. We had enough sisters that we had built in friends, but it was harder for Pete who was the only boy.

Steve used to come to play with Pete. Pete was small and thin. He didn't really get his height until he was about 18 and now he's over six feet. Steve was my age, a year older than Pete, and he was very self-centered and spoiled. If Pete didn't play his way, Steve would beat up on Pete and run home. This used to make all of us really mad. Daddy often told us when you're facing someone larger than you, pick up something and even the odds. One day Steve started to beat Pete up, and I was standing nearby. While I was about the same height as Steve, I was not nearly as filled out. It didn't matter. I saw a length of green rubber hose on the ground about five feet long and picked it up then commenced to beat old Steve. I got in several good blows before he got away. He stayed away for a while, but to my knowledge, when he came back he never bothered Pete again. While Steve and I were in the same grade, this incident was never a problem until later when we were teenagers. Then, he was desperately cute, played a guitar, sang with a group, and he wouldn't look at me.

During the fifties and after the atom bomb, the discovery of uranium became a very talked about thing. There were documentary type TV shows and many articles written about uranium. If you could discover some, you would become very rich. One time Daddy felt sure that he knew a place in Arizona where there was uranium, and he went back there for about a week to look for it but, alas, he didn't find it. Mother says, if he really knew where uranium was, he wasn't gone long enough to find it since the natural vegetation growth over the years changed the appearance of the land. Daddy also told us that he was sure he knew where the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine was in Arizona, and if he had enough time, he could find it. It all sounded romantically adventurous.

For a lot of years, Daddy subscribed to "Arizona Highways." I think he missed Arizona very much. He told us that Zane Grey was his favorite author, and he had read most or all of Zane Gray's books. Daddy said he had been to most of the places where the stories were set. I remember when he went back for his mother's funeral. He bought a new grey suit from J.C. Penney's and a new Stetson hat from the Stetson store in downtown Dallas. I recall that he took the train to Arizona but Mother thinks it was the bus, so we don't know which it was. He was gone about a week. Mother said that he brought home some pictures which one of his relatives later borrowed to have copied. While they were returned, they were never shown to us. I don't remember even seeing a picture of any of our four grandparents until I was about 35 years old. While that didn't seem too unusual at the time, now I know that our family was like orphans, and that you can be an orphan and still have parents. My husband, Travis, has a wonderful family who have taught me what a great support group aunts, uncles, and cousins represent to children. The lessons of the tolerance and the continuity of life are present when children know their relatives and can see the relatives' weaknesses and



strengths, yet see that each is still accepted and loved. We did not have these things in our life from either side of our family.

Mother's father died some time in the fifties, too, and she rarely talked about her family to us either. As a matter of fact, she never even told us when he died. Because of the circumstances that surrounded her father's death and the fact that he was dead and buried before she knew about it, she did not go home to California to visit. For some reason, both of our parents held everything inside of themselves never sharing either their feelings or experiences with us, their own children. Whether that was common to the times or not, I don't know; I don't have any other reality to relate it to. Since neither of our parents talked about their families that much, we had no idea what our heritage was. Our whole existence was what went on within our own home. If a person's home life is not as strong as it could be, sometimes knowing their relatives can be what strengthens them. I can really see that in my husband's family who lived close to each other, knew all their extended family members, and knew their ancestral history.

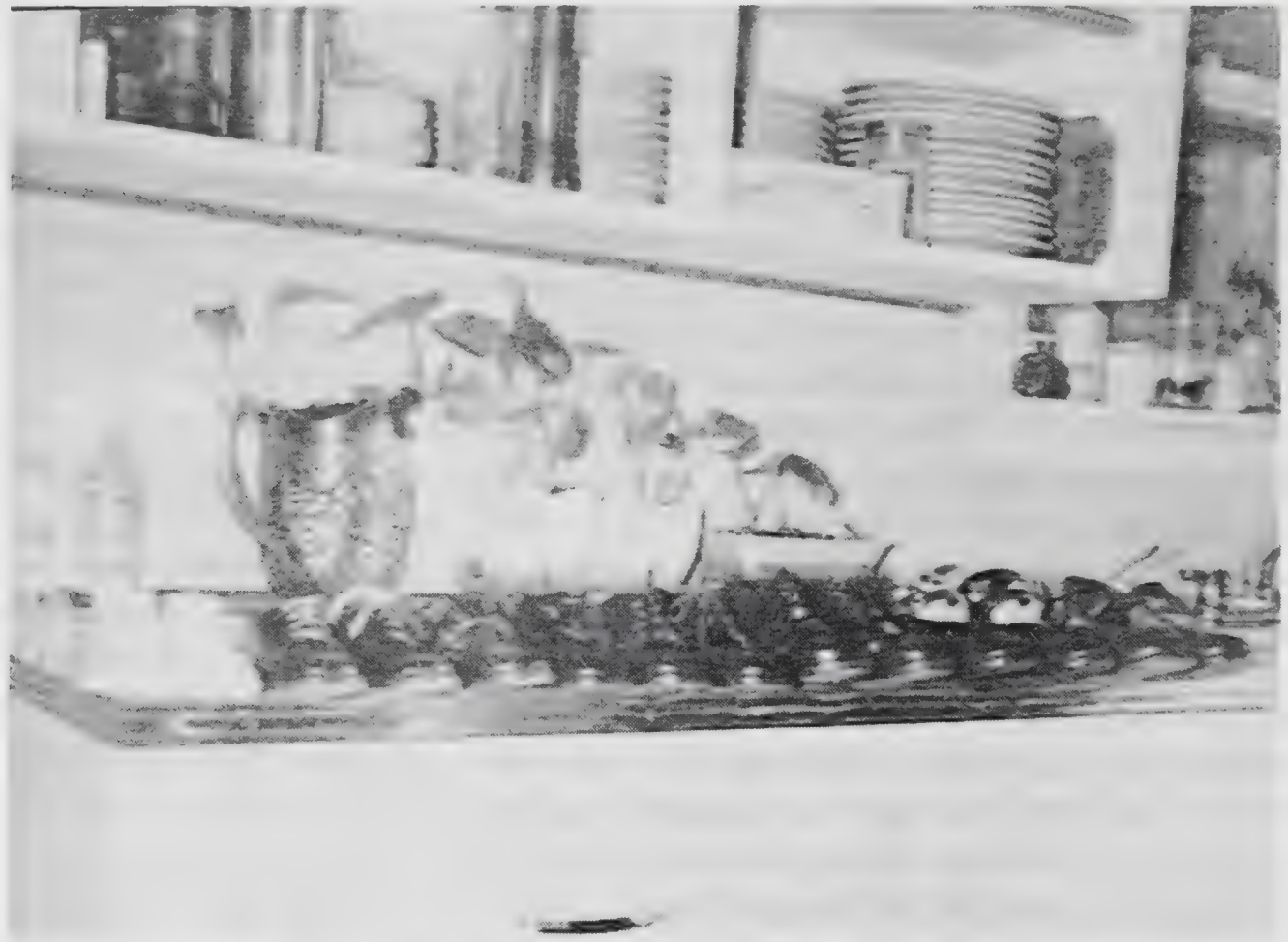
Mother said that when we moved to the new house, we went to a Baptist church which was held in the B. H. Macon Elementary School cafeteria. I don't remember us going to any church myself except that I do remember going to Vacation Bible School each summer, and sometimes we went to more than one—the denomination didn't matter. When I was nine, a couple from the LDS Church, a Brother and Sister Hill from Utah, began teaching us the Gospel lessons. We had gone to church a couple of times with Daddy. He met this missionary couple who said they were looking for someone to teach, and he told them he knew a whole family they could teach. We took the lessons, and Mother, Elaine, Pete, and I were baptized on the same day. Daddy baptized us all at the LDS Church on Turtle Creek Boulevard. The font was on the stage. We didn't have all the nice white baptismal clothes that we now have, so I wore a white skirt Mother had made with bright colored peacocks on it.

After that we began attending the LDS Church regularly. Mother would take us to Primary on the bus back when Primary used to be during the middle of the week. We would get all scrubbed up like the little girls in *Madelaine Goes to Paris*, or whatever other adventure she had, and follow in a neat little row; Pete, too. Poor fellow, he was so outnumbered. We'd catch the bus a couple of blocks from the house and ride downtown and transfer to another bus. We all sat together quietly and were well-behaved. Mother said she often got compliments on how well-behaved we were, especially for such a large group. Then we would get off the bus and walk a couple of blocks to the Church. This was an all day affair—to prepare all the clothes that had to be starched and ironed, to bath all the kids, then to take this long bus trip, which probably took at least an hour and a half each way not counting the walking. This makes me really appreciate Mother for her dedication.

I remember us kneeling and praying nightly around the three open sides of a bed for years. We took turns saying the family prayer. We also always blessed our food. These



things have been easy for me to teach my own family because of those early memories. On Saturday night, Daddy and Mother would polish our shoes, and Sunday morning the shoes would be lined up on the kitchen cabinet from the largest pair to the smallest. Daddy had bought a *Book of Mormon Stories for Children* which he read to us some evenings.



Shoes all polished ready for Sunday morning

When we went to church together, I used to try to hold Daddy's hand. His hands were big, and rough, and his nails always had a residue of grease under them which is characteristic of a mechanic. When grease gets into the bed of the nail, the only thing you can do is let it grow out. Janie says she can remember him trying to clean his nails with his pocket knife. I was proud of his hands, and proud, too, when we sang songs and I could hear his strong voice. I don't know if it was a good voice or a bad voice but it was good to me. His favorite song was *Ere Your Left Your Room This Morning*, and he used to tell us his mother's favorite song, but I don't remember it. I idolized Daddy and he must have known it. It is easy for all of us to like someone who thinks we're great. I used to think he was like Abraham Lincoln or someone else with unusually fine character. When you idolize someone, you usually project them as larger than life, so it is sometimes difficult when you learn that your idol is a human being.

On our way home from church, Mother often sang to us. She had sung in the glee club at school and has a very lovely voice. Two songs that we especially loved to hear her sing were *Little Brown Church* (I think this was one of her mother's favorites) and *Old*



*Rugged Cross*. She knew all the great ballads of the forties, too, but our favorite, bar none, was *When Jack Was a Lonely Cowboy*. We requested this song over and over. It was always nice to have our Mother sing to us.

We usually went to church in the 1939 black Ford which had no air conditioning, piled two deep in the back, so we would wet a diaper at church before we left for home and hold it in the window. Until it dried out, it would cool off the air that blew into the car. Of course, this potential advantage made a window seat a prime location. Mother and Daddy would sit in the front seat, and she would always held the smallest baby in her lap, with the toddlers sitting between the two of them. We would sit in the back with the largest kids on the seat and the smaller kids on our laps. The law would never allow this today but times were different then. In the summer, this double-deckering made it especially hot. I often got car sick when I was young and quite often got a bloody nose when we rode in the car—I wonder if we were going too fast? With all the kids we had, it was really convenient to have two car doors that opened facing each other—sort of forming a privacy stall. We often had to stop on the side of the road while little bottoms squatted down and tinkled. There was no real privacy—not once you squatted—you just couldn't see the other person seeing you, that's all. For a while, we carried a small portable potty in the car, but once someone stepped in it, and that was the end of that.

After Daddy got the 1951 Mercury, we would often stop on the way home from church at Ashburn's Ice Cream Shoppe in the Casa Linda Shopping Center, and all get a chocolate ice cream cone. That was a great treat when you had such a large family.

Frequently, Daddy would bring home a gallon of A&W Root Beer. Now there is no root beer better than A&W draft root beer. It was soooo creamy. Sometimes he would take us to A&W, and we would get our own frosted mug of root beer, and from time to time, we could even get a root beer float. A&W had curb service, and they gave free baby-sized mugs of root beer to all the little children. They must have never made money when we came. For you grandchildren who read this and think too much is being made of this, you have to realize that people didn't go out to eat then like they do now. Not only did we not go out, but there weren't the many places to go without going to a full-service restaurant. That alone kept most folks home. While there were A&W's, Dairy Queen's, Sonic's and Pig Stand's, none of these were inexpensive in relationship to today's fast food places.

Janie remembers that when Daddy would take the younger kids to the Velmar Root Beer Stand, the kids would order a green drink called a "Wildcat". Rebecca said Daddy used to tell them, "Those Wildcats are going to tear your tummies up." Both Janie and Rebecca agreed the drinks weren't very good, but they had a swizzle in them with a little monkey whose tail hooked over the rim of the glass. The kids ordered them for the "prize". I guess this was a forerunner of McDonald's kid's meal.



Often Daddy would come home with a large box of two dozen doughnuts. We had a Southern Maid Doughnut store not too far from our home and you could buy two dozen for about \$1.50 then. (None of the current donut shops make donuts as good as Southern Maid's used to be. They cut too many corners today, so they can't get the same quality.) We'd get about two donuts apiece, and Mother would make hot chocolate to go with them. The infrequency with which these things happened in our lives made each of them very special and memorable.

Speaking of food, another fond memory that I have is how good we ate—at least when I was at home. When I was young, Mother was at home all the time, and she prepared great meals for us, in spite of Daddy's assertions that he was a better cook. Not one of my friends with smaller families ate as well as we did. We had roast or fried chicken on most Sunday's and other good things each night of the week. Dinner was something you could really look forward to! Daddy saw to it that our kitchen was full of fresh fruit. He went to the Farmer's Market and would sometimes buy several bushels at a time. I think we were often wasteful because he made fruit was so plentiful to us. When he went to the store each night, he bought six half-gallon cartons of milk and two large loaves of bread—each and every night. When we first started to school, Mother made our lunches for several years. Each morning, she got up and baked fresh cookies for our lunch that day, usually chocolate chip, but sometimes peanut butter (yum!) or oatmeal. At Christmas, she would put pecans and maraschino cherries in the chocolate chip cookies—now those were great cookies. She told me that sometimes on Saturday night when we were young, we would have cookie night where we just had cookies and milk for dinner. I don't remember that, but I'm sure we all loved it. Cathy reminded me about how we used to crumble fried bacon into our Cream of Wheat, top it with brown sugar and milk, and eat up. When she told me that, I remembered how great those tasted together.

At Thanksgiving we would have a great big ham or turkey with all the trimmings, and Mother wouldn't make just a couple of pies, she always made a variety including most of the following: cherry, apple, pecan, pumpkin, mincemeat, and lemon meringue—oh, wow! I still love pies more than cakes. She made most of the refreshments for the Pete's Cut Scout meetings, too. She was his Den Mother. Everyone knew her baked cookies and cakes were the best. She even made cakes with cooked icing which always turned out right. At night, she often told us if we would pick the nuts from some of our stored pecans, she would make us a pan of fudge. We're all fudge-a-holics.

Daddy told us that he often cooked for the chuck wagon when they were on the range, and that it was his job to make bread for the family. He was a very good cook, but he always cooked quantities like he was still cooking for a cattle drive. He was proud of his cooking and often wasn't tolerant of other "schools of learning." Once after being especially haughty to Mother about his prowess, he proceeded to "show her" how to bake a pie. We all listened to him brag and watched the pie through the glass in the oven door. It was a beautiful pie—right up until the time he began to take it from the oven. Then, as he pulled



the rack out, the pie just slipped right out of the back of the pan and into the bottom of the oven. He had forgotten and greased the pie tin, so Mother had the last laugh. We waited till the oven cooled, got spoons, and ate the pie from the bottom of the oven. The true moral to this must have been that God prefers humility, but ours was waste not, want not.

One time Daddy made some tomato preserves in Mother's 18 quart pressure cooker. He scorched them just ever so slightly so none of us would eat them. Mother said she doesn't remember what ever happened to them. When they got this large pressure cooker, it was not what Mother wanted. She had wanted a small Mirro pressure cooker but Daddy felt that it wasn't large enough to be practical. When it arrived from Sears, she said it was big enough to bath a kid in. Sometimes he would use this to make soup for the family. While his soup was good, soup made in this size pan lasted too long. Now I know that my own propensity for cooking large quantities is genetic. Another thing that Daddy used to make were "wind cakes" which Mother thinks is about the same thing as sopaipillas—fried bread. We all liked these. Daddy was the one who taught Mother to whip the white Karo syrup with cold butter to make a spread which we all loved for our pancakes.

Our family experience was different from the first child to the last child since the child-rearing period was almost 40 years from beginning to end. When you consider this, you can see that there was enough time for our reality to be very different. When Rebecca was three month's old, Mother went to work nights as a nurse's aid, so she was often tired and they had more "left-over" nights. Also, after Daddy died there just wasn't the same amount of money for food. Barbara remembers eating lots of beans, but said they didn't mind because Mother was so good at preparing them.

When Elaine, Pete and I were younger, Daddy used to take us on bike rides. We would ride with him to this little store just past the park on Elam and Old Seagoville Road, and he would buy us a soda and some Lik-M-Ade which we put in our sodas to make them fizz out the bottle top. This was pretty neat for us especially when you consider that Daddy was around fifty at the time.

Sometimes Daddy would come home from work and say, "Who wants to go swimming?" Of course, we all did. Mother packed up the babies and we all changed and double-decked ourself in the car and went to the pool. We swam for several hours with Daddy, while Mother sat outside the fence on a blanket with the babies—you know, you have to become a parent yourself to appreciate these sacrifices. Daddy taught us the basic strokes at the pool. He was a good swimmer, although once he jumped off the high board and hit his head on the bottom of the pool. On the way home from the pool, Daddy would stop and buy an ice cold watermelon. When we got home, he would slice it into moon shaped slices, and we'd eat it outside like little pickaninnies, spitting the seeds at each other. Then we'd wash off with the hose before we came in the house.



This brings to mind the time Daddy took Elaine, Pete and me to Lake Whitney to fish and camp overnight. Pete and Daddy were fishing from the boat not very far away, and Elaine and I had on life vests and were playing just inside the water's edge. Elaine got out where her feet wouldn't touch the bottom and began screaming, "I'm drowning, I'm drowning." Of course, she wasn't drowning at all, but she thought she was. Daddy jumped in the water from the boat and pulled her ashore. In the process, he lost his wallet which had all his money in it. He was usually a cash type of person; I really don't remember him using a checkbook too much. Well, the wallet began to sink to the bottom and, then, we really did have a crisis. Pete remembers that Daddy dove and dove searching the bottom of that murky lake until he found it.



Walter building the outhouse

saw the door open with Daddy sitting there working, she went back home and got her camera and caught him in that pose. You have to look twice at this picture to see that he has all his clothes on and that he is bent over working with the hammer.

As long as we're talking about water, we may as well add the stories about the bathrooms and baths. When we first moved to our house, we hooked into a neighbor's water line and split the water bill with him. We didn't have our plumbing hooked up yet so, for a several of years, we had an outhouse. Daddy built it. He dug the pit and built the building over it and made it with both adult and child sized "potholes." He used lap siding and red shingles just like our house, then he painted it with white exterior enamel on the inside so you could hose it down. He even put linoleum on the floor and trimmed it out and made lid coverings with handles to fit both holes. While he was setting on the toilet putting linoleum on the kick face of the seats, a neighbor who lived in back of us (Ollie) passed on her way to visit Mother. When she



While we got our sewers hooked up a couple of years later, we continued to use this little facility because it was so convenient when you were out in the backyard playing. Daddy always put lime down the holes to keep the natural order (or odor) in balance. Once a neighbor turned in a complaint to the City that someone's outhouse was smelling up the area. At the time, the City was discouraging outhouses because the sewers had been installed there. The City Inspector came to our house—we were probably the target of the complaint knowing this crabby old neighbor. When he looked at our outhouse with all its fancy finishings, he told Mother it was like looking at the Taj Mahal compared to some he'd look at. He gave us a clean bill of health. What he didn't know was that Mother even used to wax the floor in our outhouse!

For several years, we had to take our baths in a galvanized tub before we got our plumbing. We had two sizes, a regular round one and a longer oval one. We would fill them up in our large kitchen and just bathe away. Bathing went from the smallest person to the largest because, most of the time, the smaller kids were the cleanest. When we first lived there, Daddy built a shower in the woods on the Crow's lot next to our house. We used it during the summer. Once when Mother was showering, someone drove up and turned around in our driveway. Even though she was showering in a cotton dress, she was scared that she would be caught. Later on when a house was built on this lot, we would shower in our swim suits in the summer with the hose in the fork of a tree in the back yard.

Sometimes on the weekend, Daddy would take us to the drive-in. When we were growing up, drive-in theaters were popular in Texas because of the lack of air conditioning and the record heat. Daddy especially loved westerns and war movies, and both he and Mother loved John Wayne. Mother would pop two large grocery bags full of salted and buttered popcorn and make Kool-ade. We would stop at the store on the way to get a couple of large sacks of candy, usually chocolate malted milk balls and french burnt peanuts, which Mother would divide equally among us. Daddy would park up front near the swing sets for intermission time. When the show began we were back at the car sitting all over it—you couldn't do to a car today what we could do then, the hood would cave in. In the fall, it was always a treat to sit on the hood because the motor was warm. This was the way we went to the show. We looked like Ma & Pa Kettle's family with the kids hanging all over the car.

While Daddy didn't watch too much TV, there were a couple of shows that he liked very much. He loved *What's My Line?* and *Twenty Mule Team Borax presents the Old Ranger and Death Valley Days*. Another favorite of his was *The \$64,000 Question*. He especially liked to watch people answer the difficult questions. I remember how disappointed he was in mankind when he found out the show was rigged. I don't think he ever watched another program of its type.

One of my memories was how smart Daddy was and how intelligent he looked. I know that I was prejudiced, but perhaps it was the set of his eyes or his broad high forehead. I was amazed, as a young person, watching him read something from his footlocker full of



technical mechanical manuals which told how to grind crankshafts to a precise measurement using a micrometer. It seemed the same as reading the very technical computer magazines today. When we were young, he used to be able to diagnose a needed car repair by listening to the motor through a wrench with one end touching the motor and the other by his ear—of like listening to the railroad tracks for the train. After I married my first husband and we headed to Washington State, he tuned up and repaired my husband's Renault Dauphine. We only had four days to get there so Daddy's repair time was limited but he told us that if we had any trouble at all, it would be with the water pump as everything else was fine. In Lubbock, Texas, the water pump went out but we didn't have any other trouble all the way to Seattle.

When I was around twelve and was experimenting with makeup, I had some pretty red—meaning bright—lipstick and other goodies. I caught Daddy napping on the sofa in the living room one day, and I made his face up. I put red circular rouge on his cheeks and applied the red lipstick, then I took his gray hairs and pulled them up on the top of his head so that they stood straight up and tied them with a red ribbon. Just then someone knocked on the door. Daddy woke up and, not knowing how he looked, went to answer the door. I watched him talk to them completely unaware of how he looked. As he closed the door and turned back toward the room he caught his reflection in a mirror by the door. He looked at me and said, "Damn sister, why'd you do that!" I loved it!

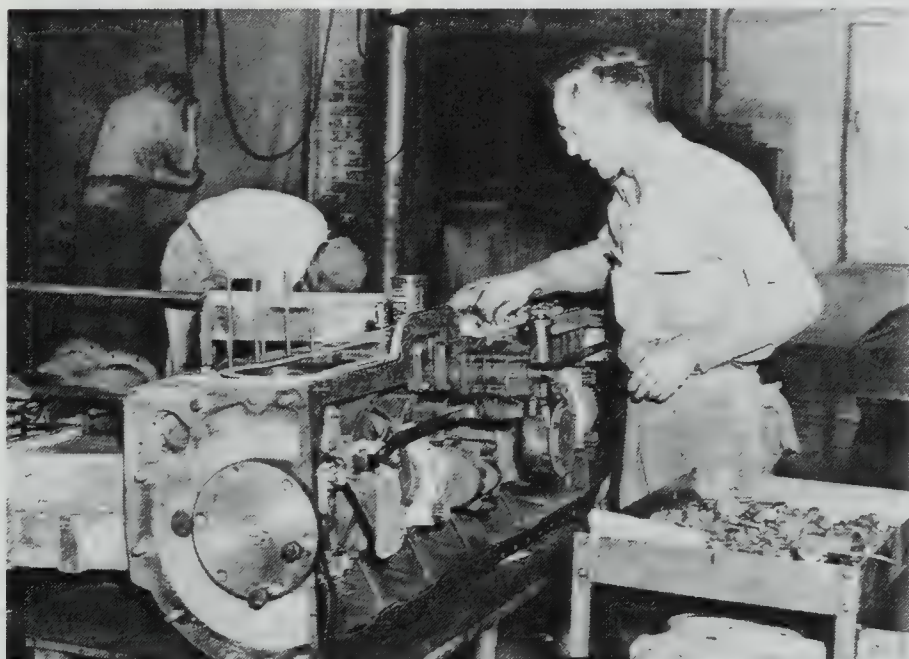
He had to have some Irish blood because as he got older, he frequently partook of the spirits. Even so, he went to the grocery store every night for milk and bread, and I often went with him. Once we were shopping together after he had been drinking. He pulled a jar from the bottom of a pyramid display of quart jars of pickles, and they all tumbled down. He still had the wits to hand me the jar, and I was holding it when everyone came running.

Personal things always embarrassed Daddy and he just couldn't seem to handle them. I remember when I was dating asking him to stay and meet my dates and he always said he would be there, but when I went to get ready, he would slip out of the house, get in his car, and disappear. I felt bad then, but I have forgiven him because it doesn't seem like it was such a big deal now.

When Elaine graduated from junior high school, Mother and Elaine went shopping downtown for a dress for her. Mother said they found a white formal at Titcher's that looked wonderful on Elaine but it fit so nicely that Mother was afraid for Elaine's health—she had rheumatic fever when she was young which had left her with a heart murmur. Mother told me that she probably was overly worried because the dress wasn't really too tight. Later, Daddy and Elaine went shopping together, and they came home with the most beautiful pale yellow organza dress for her junior prom that I have ever seen. He paid \$65 dollars for it back in 1960, and it was from Margo's, a chic shop here in Dallas. I remember how lovely Elaine looked with her dark hair and skin in that pale yellow dress. It was classic and without lots of frills, just the type of thing Elaine would pick out—she always had excellent taste. I



envied that solitary shopping trip. Elaine was very generous to me and let me wear her dress later to several dances.



Walter working on a crankshaft at National Welding

When I moved out, Daddy would frequently drop by in the evening to see me at my apartment. He never came with empty arms; he usually brought me two full bags of groceries. Those groceries were especially appreciated since my roommate and I had no car and our rent took half of both of our salaries, before taxes.

Daddy was a real hard worker and, for the most part, usually had more than one job—sometimes more than two. I

remember him working at National Welding and Grinding Company at 2929 Canton Street in Dallas. Then he would often come home and go to work for someone else, and on weekends he would work for Jimmy Albright, a millionaire with a ranch in Rockwall, Texas. Mr. Albright had Daddy drive his grader on the ranch and move earth around to contour the land more to his liking. Daddy took Elaine, Pete and me with him then. This was a real treat for us city slickers, because there were little pigs, chickens, cows and bulls to see on the ranch. A Brahma bull chased Pete once, and Elaine took a picture of me being chased by a baby pig. We could ride the horses and row on the small lake. The horses names were Whirl-a-way and Chigger. Whirl-a-way was a big chestnut horse, and Chigger was a white and chestnut pinto who would turn around and bite your leg if you weren't cautious. This is where we got to see Daddy ride. On the way, Daddy would stop and buy vienna sausages and other special things to take to the ranch with us, things we rarely got to eat. At the end of the day when Mr. Albright paid Daddy, he usually gave each of us a dollar also. It was like being paid to have to go to Disneyland.

Daddy also worked for Lane Plating in Dallas, and for Crown Brick in Mesquite. He was working for Lane Plating when he had his first stroke and Mr. Lane regrettably laid him off for fear he would fall into a vat of acid. When funds were short after his death, Mother sent Carol with some of Daddy's tools to see Mr. Lane and he bought them for his shop, but Mother sold his smaller tools to Jesse Mills who would later become Nancy's husband.

When Daddy worked for Crown Brick, he often drove their large flat bed brick delivery truck home. He was teaching me how to drive then so he let me drive this truck home from the store one night. I turned too wide into the driveway and gouged Mother's car from back to front with the bumper. Nothing in the truck was automatic and it was very



heavy and hard to handle. Daddy just looked at me and said, "Damn, sister, why'd you do that!" I said I didn't mean to, but—there it was. When he was teaching Elaine to drive, she ran into the corner of our house before stopping. We were all inside watching the television which was in that corner of the house. This scared the heck out of us! The TV almost fell off the stand from the impact. He probably said the same thing to her.



"Our" creek. L to R: Pete, Sherril, Elaine, Eline, Nancy and Carol

Mother and Daddy were divorced on July 6, 1964. Daddy had a stroke during this period of time. When he told the family about his stroke, Mother recognized the symptoms of his stroke from her experience in the nursing home. His walk was unsteady and his speech was not quite the same. They remarried on November 11, 1967. Around August of the next year, Daddy had a heart attack and was hospitalized in serious condition. He had just eaten an pear and had thought it must have been a little too green so was giving him indigestion. When the chest pain kept up, Mother recognized that he was having more serious problems than that. Paul, Carol's boyfriend, was there, and they all managed to get Daddy into the car to take him to the fire department, which immediately transported him to the hospital. (You'll hear about Paul a lot in the following stories.) I remember visiting Daddy in intensive care and seeing all the tubes. I didn't realize how serious his health problems were. I wish I had spent more time with him before he died. I believe that these visits were the last time I saw him alive. He was hospitalized for a while, then he was released.



Mother said he was home for only a couple of days before he had his fatal heart attack, about two weeks after his first one. Mother and Nancy were home when he had his final heart attack. He was in the bathroom and fell into the bathtub. Nancy heard him and got Mother who lifted him out of the tub. She felt that the Lord helped her because it was as though he weighed nothing. Nancy had called the emergency number while Mother gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but he was probably dead by the time they came. He was pronounced DOA at the hospital.

When Daddy died, our oldest sister, Elaine, was 24 years old and our youngest sister, Rebecca, born in 1961, was seven years old. Daddy died Thursday, September 5, 1968. It was a school day for most of the kids. Elaine and I were at work in Dallas. All of us except Sherril lived in Dallas, she lived in Chicago. Daddy was buried on Saturday, September 7, 1968, at Laurel Oaks Memorial Park in Mesquite, Texas.

On the day Daddy died, everyone was running late for school. Mother was in the car honking for the kids to come. Barbara said she got to the front door, then remembered she hadn't kissed Daddy goodbye. Even though it would take more time, she ran back and kissed him and told him she loved him before she went to school. She said later than she was really grateful she went back even though it made Mother more upset.

Paul, who was at our home when Daddy had his first heart attack, was the one who went to the children's schools to tell them Daddy died and bring them home. Janie said she knew Daddy died when she heard the ambulance go by her school.



Walter in Arizona

WALTER, DAVID, GUYTON



We had the funeral home put Daddy's glasses on him so he would look "right" to us. He always wore wire-framed glasses. We don't remember him any other way. He looked very much like himself, very natural. He was dressed in his temple garments. Some of his family came from Arizona for his funeral. As I remember, they only stayed about twenty minutes afterward before having to begin the return trip home. It was unfortunate that we were not able to visit longer. To my knowledge, this was the first time we children had ever seen any of our extended family. Daddy was buried in Laurel Oaks Memorial Park in Mesquite, Texas. The grave diggers had agreed to work on Saturday so everyone could be home for the funeral. Daddy didn't have any insurance when he died. When his employer let him go after his earlier stroke, Daddy's insurance had ended shortly thereafter. We children all chipped in to purchase a double cemetery lot for him now and for Mother to use later. Mother paid for the casket with the social security, her own funds, and some outside help. The funeral was held at our LDS ward, and one of the songs we sung was *I Know That My Redeemer Lives*. Mother said that there were lots of flowers from friends and from the people for whom Daddy had worked. We buried him in the only casket we could afford, and Al and I bought a spray of red roses for the top of the casket.



Jerry, around 1957

Elaine had already finished college and had gone to work for Hartford Insurance Company. Eventually she transferred from Dallas to Connecticut, then to Washington D.C. While she was in Washington, she met and married Colin M. Warnes who was an attache in the State Department. They were married in an LDS Chapel in Washington D.C. and Mother came from Dallas for the wedding, and Al and I came from Connecticut. Colin was assigned to the Embassy in Germany for several years, then to the Embassy in Newfoundland. When they came back to the United States, they ended up in California where they eventually divorced. Elaine speaks fluent Spanish, French, German, English and limited Texan. She

worked in California as an executive for an insurance company for quite a few years and often had to travel to Germany for them. Recently, she moved back to Dallas where we all hope to get reacquainted with her.

When my husband, Al, graduated from college, he got a job with Hartford Insurance with Elaine's help. We also moved to Connecticut, then back and forth between Connecticut and Washington D.C. before settling in St. Louis and having two boys, Nicholas and Jonathan. We tried to come home for Christmas with our vacation as often as we could.



Sherril and her husband, Rene Rendon, moved back to Dallas from Chicago. Terry Hill was her son from her first marriage, and she and Rene had four girls, Juanita, Estella, DeeDee and Rosa. Sherril is divorced and the children are all grown now.

Nancy got married after Daddy died, and she and her husband Jesse got into the natural life and even bought a 25 acre farm south of Dallas. While they are now divorced, they have two children, Jesse, Jr. and Rebecca. Both children are in college, and Jesse attends Texas A&M on a scholastic scholarship.

The rest of the family was still at home was continuing to be a family and doing some of the same things we older children had always done. During the few years that Mother and Daddy were divorced, the LDS Church came and built a nice long room on the back of our square house giving it an L-shape. For the first time in their lives, each girl had her own bed and dresser. Brother Atkerson got the dressers from a hotel which was being demolished by his insurance company and he purchased the beds himself. When we older kids were growing up, we had only one dresser drawer apiece and slept three to a bed so this was very up-town. Sherril made the curtains for their new room, and Mother decorated the room very attractively. The kids were proud of their "girls' dormitory wing."

Some of these goodies for this room were purchased with green stamps. Mother used to shop on Wednesday because it was double green stamp day. Trading stamps represented a great deal of their shopping ability. Lots of time was spent pouring over the Green stamp book deciding what you could "afford." For a while when the family was making these Wednesday trips to the grocery store, Mother's car would not go into reverse. We tried not to forget and park by the store because it was very embarrassing to have the store clerks, who went to school with us, see us pushing the car off. We tried to park where we could drive forward but sometimes we forgot. When this happened, we would just line up on the car and sing, *Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel, Push Along*. Since money was scarce, a common form of entertainment was to take a long country drive on Sundays. One Sunday drive ended abruptly when the a long narrow road country road came to a dead end without enough room to turn around. This time, the family could sing all the verses.

When Daddy died, he had a red truck which Mother traded for a Fairlane Ford. Paul went with her to make the trade. This is the same Ford Fairlane Mother totalled when she fell asleep at the wheel and hit another car on the way home from her all night job at the nursing home. While no one was seriously injured, the woman driving the other car refused to get behind the wheel again for at least a year. Before they traded the truck, Janie said the family would go to the drive-in with it and lie in the bed to watch the show. To me that would have always been ideal, almost like watching big screen TV from the sofa. Sometimes they would take popcorn and sometimes they would take fried okra (a very popular southern food). Sometimes they made their own drive-in. Paul came over on Friday nights and they would make some popcorn or something else to munch on. Then they would take the TV



outside and put blankets on the ground and pretend they had all gone to the drive-in movies. I wonder how Carol felt about having her date in the back yard with her younger sisters in tow?



L to R, Standing: Barbara, Elaine, Marcia, Nancy, Carol, Cathy. Seated: Sherrill with her son, Terry, Janie, Jerry, and Rebecca. About 1968.

Mother worked nights at a nursing home so the girls were now at home all by themselves at night. They always had trouble with peeping toms. One guy who lived behind them was especially a problem. He watched for Mother's headlights when she left, then he would come and climb up on one leg of the house and peer over the curtains on the other. Once he even tried to get in the house while Marcia was in the kitchen talking on the phone. The girls called the police quite a few times but they didn't know who he was then so they never caught him. One neighbor offered to sit on top of the house with his shotgun but the police advised against. They said he would be charged with murder for shooting someone on their property. They suggested Mother get a gun because, for the girls to shot someone would be self-defense. Feeling protective, Paul, and Marcia's boyfriend, Herbie, decided to spend the night on top the house with their guns to catch the guy. (They knew what the police told the neighbor but they were young and undaunted.)



Paul and Herbie tied their ankles together with a length of rope in case one of them went to sleep and started to fall from the house. Looking back, they were a dangerous twosome—especially to themselves—two kids with loaded guns, tied together at the ankle. Well, the fellow did come, and they gave chase, but not before they almost killed themselves. They had forgotten their legs were tied together and hadn't jumped off the house in unison. When they recovered sufficiently from this leg-splitting experience, they were just able to catch the peeper in the beam of Paul's flashlight as he went in the back door of the house behind our home. The police came and the kids told them what had happened. The police talked to boy's family, and, shortly after that they moved away. Ironically enough, the boy's grandfather was a patient in the nursing home where Mother worked. This wasn't the only incident of peepers they had, but he was the worst, certainly the most humorous.

Since Marcia and Carol are so close in age, they did a lot together. Once when they were on the softball team at the Church, they each bought themselves a brightly colored short set with a white blouse. The shorts fabric had a Mexican motif and the white shirt had a sombrero applique made from the same bright fabric as the shorts. They called themselves "Speedy Gonzales" while playing on the team. When the house was being painted, Mother sent Carol and Marcia out to paint the back porch. They had on their Speedy Gonzales outfits. Carol swears Marcia dripped paint on her on purpose so she retaliated by dripping paint on Marcia. It end up with the two of them chasing each other up and down the street with their paint brushes doing each other in with this oil-based paint. Not only did they ruin their Speedy Gonzales outfits but they practically had to have a bath in gasoline to get the paint off their bodies. Carol said that Marcia's perspective is different about who started this whole event but since she is donating the story, she insisted we use hers.

Marcia was still in high school when Daddy died and was on the drill team. She was sponsored by Jackson Hardware Store who paid for her uniform. She married the next year and had four blonde boys, Billy, Bradley, Benjamin, and Brent and, later, a daughter, Rachael.

Carol was a senior in high school when Daddy died, and she went to Ricks for two years before she married. One summer, she talked Mother into taking their first vacation. If you have never done such a thing in your life, to make this decision is a big undertaking. I remember buying a color TV after I got divorced. This event seemed like a major step toward independence in my life—a declaration that I could provide the things for my children the same as my ex-husband. It was a very confidence-promoting event. Well, their first vacation was the same thing. It was to the beach at Galveston, Texas, via Austin and San Antonio. Barbara remembers that, during their outing at the ocean, she was terrified to go into the water over her knees for fear of sharks. She had even asked Mother for \$1 to go to the pool near the beach. Since Mother grew up by the Pacific Ocean in California and had been in it often during her youth, she really thought that Barbara had lost it.

While Carol was in college she met and married Larry Jensen. After their marriage, they moved to the Dallas area and have three boys, Gary, Steven, and David. Their first child,



a daughter, passed away shortly after it was born. Both Gary and Steven have graduated from high school and David will in a couple of years.

Mother became inspired by Nancy's prowess as a farmer and she decided to raise some chickens. Nancy had told them what type to buy, and Mother bought 50 baby chicks and Billy, Marcia's husband, bought 25 baby chicks. They fenced off a portion of Mother's back yard for a chicken pen. These chickens were supposed to lay all the eggs the two families needed but their city chicks didn't have the knack for it. Mother and Billy never got one darn egg. When it was determined that this was not a profitable venture—the chickens were eating better than anyone else—Mother had a chicken-killing party and invited everyone. They killed all of her chickens in two days. Billy took his to their home. Larry, Carol's husband, and Bill did all the head chopping and Carol and the kids plucked the feathers, then they fried up a mess of chicken. Reports are that this was the toughest chicken dinner they ever had.

Mother and the four younger kids saved their change for a while. With that and a credit card, they took the second family vacation, this time a trip to Arizona to meet Daddy's family, then to California to meet Mother's family. They picnicked on the side of the road on potted meats and canned tomatoes, and slept in the car. When they got to a New Mexico roadside park, Janie ran out barefoot into the dark expecting grass but found cactus. Barbara came to her rescue and piggy-backed her back to the campsite where they put Janie on the picnic table to pull out the stickers.

At another rest stop, Barbara was using the facility. As she was doing her business, she was contemplating this shiny reg bug with a long curly tail which was crawling on her foot. When she left, she told the woman next in line about the bug. The woman went in and screamed, "Arggh! A scorpion!." Barbara started screaming with her not knowing what she was screaming about. She ran back to the car to yelling, "What's a scorpion? What's a scorpion?"

One of the stories the kids told me about their trip is when Janie and Rebecca went down to Uncle Don's Midway store. They had some beef jerky and an ice cream sandwich. He told them they could have all they wanted. Well, this was a treat to them, and it made them feel rich and important to have a store owner for a relative. Except for three pieces left for Miss Manners, they ate his whole new jar of beef jerky. Then had lots of ice cream sandwiches. Janie said she got so sick from too much luxury that she tossed her cookies and her jerky. She says she still doesn't eat beef jerky. Mother said Uncle Donald sent them home with a big sack of goodies from their store.

One night Aunt Beulah's boys took them to see the Milky Way from the mountain tops. They thought that they had seen stars before but never anything like that. It was amazing to them. Janie said it looked like a piece of black velvet with jewels thrown across it. Since we had never met any of our family before, the kids told me how good it made them feel to have Aunt Beulah's boys introduce them to other people as "their cousins." It felt



great to have family! Since Aunt Beulah's boys ages were just about the same as the girls, they had lots in common. The girls said Aunt Beulah's family was so nice to them, they couldn't get a wish out of their mouth before it was being filled. They thoroughly enjoyed their trip!

Maybe we were poorer than we thought, or just ignorant, but we played with bugs a lot. Janie told of how they used to try to catch lightening bugs at night in jars and make rings out of them. On a summer night, they would catch June bugs under the street light and tie a string around them to make a "live" kite. Barbara said she killed a lot of bugs before she got the knack of this. She always pulled the string too tight and cut the poor bugs in half. One time Janie made herself a "kite" which she took into the house. She said her "kite" began attacking her so she went into the closet with the string and shut the bug outside. Then she realized that she was the prisoner so she pulled the bug tight to the closet door and ended her imprisonment and the bug's career as a kite.

In the summer in Texas, it would get so hot that the asphalt would bubble on the street in front of our house. The younger kids said they used to go out in the street and play in it, popping the bubbles, or writing their names in the really liquid areas. For some reason, they said, we were never smart enough to wear shoes then because we would dance up and down in the street until we couldn't stand it, then run into the yard to cool off and start all over again. I guess this answers the query in one of the previous paragraphs—we were stupid.

Rebecca broke the growth bone in her elbow when she was young. She and Terry, Sherril's son and oldest child, had piled all the pillows on the edge of the bed and were jumping on the bed together. Terry saw that Rebecca was about to hit the pillows so he decided to pull them out from underneath her. When she hit the bed, the springs catapulted her into the air and off the bed. She hit on the floor on her elbow.

Rebecca and Janie were a real pair of cards. One time they covered themselves with mud and sang "an ethnically incorrect song." The lyrics were, "Mama wants a nigger baby, nigger baby, nigger baby, Mama wants a nigger baby" which they performed with an Al Jolsen type dance. Janie said she especially remembers that her underwear never got white again after this. Mother was over at the neighbor's house so they went over there to serenade her and the neighbors. The neighbor's boy, Bruce Julian, ran after them with a water hose trying to wash them off but he had limited range.

Grover Tyler, another neighbor, had made a big board game out of plywood and placed it in his front yard. It was sort of like a Parchesi board but they called it "Wahoo." When it was your turn, you would throw the dice and move your marble the appropriate number of spaces trying, at the same time, to knock your opponents off the board. The kids said they used to go over there and play it for hours at a time.





L to R, Back semi-circle: Rebecca, Nancy, Eline, Janie, Elaine, Sherril. Front row: Carol, Jerry, and Barbara. Around 1983.

Janie and Rebecca remember going to work with Mother when she worked the night shift at the nursing homes. They would get bedding from the home and sleep on the sofas in the setting area. They said it was very eerie when they woke up in the morning and all these old people would be standing over them, staring admiringly. Even so—to wake up and see all those unfamiliar faces peering down on you! After they awoke the next day, the old folks would play cards and checkers with them.

One year Sherril made doll clothes for the dolls her younger sisters were going to get for Christmas. Her own daughters asked who she was making them for and she told them some little poor children. Barbara said that on Christmas morning, they got Barbie dolls with some very elaborate and beautiful doll clothes. Sherril also made a formal for Barbara to wear to her Rose Prom. Barbara said she thought that she was going to be the only one without a new dress but she actually ended up having the prettiest dress there, one with hand sewn bead work! Sewing is an art form to Sherril and it has been a way that she has expressed herself over the years. She even made my wedding dress with appliqued lace for my marriage in the Temple to Travis.



up with her quick wit. When she finished high school, she went on to college at Ricks and met and married Ramon Haderlie. They have three children, Brian, Kelly and Lisa, and live in Kent, Washington.

Barbara finished high school and had the shortest term at BYU anyone ever had. The girl she had gone out there with was so homesick and complaining about wanting to come home that Barbara finally said, "Okay, let's go." They were home in two days. She married Jeffrey Melbourne and they have had three children, Christi Jo, Jeffrey Jr., and Jason. Barbara has had some college since her two day "seminar" at BYU, and writes beautiful poetry, some of which has been published.

Janie married Calvin Goodrich and they had a daughter, Jennifer. Shortly after they divorced. Janie has always worked and had managed the MIS department at some of the largest law firms in Dallas. She is now married to Bob Williams who is an executive for the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas.

Rebecca married Mike Palo and had two children, Michael Jr. and Gina Palo, two great soccer players. Rebecca is divorced, works for a CPA firm in Dallas, and goes to school at night.

Pete was hit by a car when he was in his early teens. It was a bad accident and did a lot of damage to his coordination and vision and has limited his ability to work at most things. He was married for a brief time. He currently lives in a boarding house in Dallas and enjoys visiting with all his sisters at frequent family get togethers.

One by one the kids left, then it was just Mother. Yet Mother has spent most of her "retirement" still involved with their lives. While so many of her daughters have worked, she has been the baby sitter, the rescuer of stranded kids and parents, the one who took grandkids to doctors, tumbling, school, etc. Actually she has spent a lot of time serving her family. She has an interest in ceramics. She has taken some lessons and paints very well. Just about all of her children have something in their home that she has made for them. Some of her grandchildren have taken lessons with her and made some of their own things.

Mother loves to read and has read every book, most, more than once, written by Louis LaMour—she loves the western stories. It is really interesting that Daddy and she had such similar reading taste. His favorite author was Zane Grey. Currently, she is interested in life-after-life type books.

Mother has always had a beautiful yard. She really likes flowers and would often spend her extra money buying things for the yard or a new plant for inside the house. Maybe she got that from her own father who had a prize rose garden. Now that she is older and has a hard time getting up and down, she is not as able to do her yard work. Carol and her boys have done the fertilizing and mowing for years. On Mother's Day, we usually gather at



a hard time getting up and down, she is not as able to do her yard work. Carol and her boys have done the fertilizing and mowing for years. On Mother's Day, we usually gather at Mother's home and bring several flats of flowers and plant them so Mother can still have the flowers she loves. We come and have a "Pot Luck" dinner and spend the day. It doesn't take long to do the flowers because there are so many helpers, so we just visit. Having a large family to visit with is lots of fun.



L to R: Standing: Marcia, Eline, Carol. Seated: Elaine, Cathy, Jerry, Barbara, Janie, with Rebecca in front. June 1993.

Last year, Mother had a facial cancer removed from on the side of her nose next to her eye. Because they needed some skin to graft over the area where they cancer was removed, they did an eye-lift job on Mother's eye lids and used the skin to patch the area where the cancer was removed. I thought that was efficient of them and down right friendly to make a woman's eyes look better at no extra cost. Mother has made a complete recovery and is working hard to help with the family histories. Her children have gotten together twice to do two videos of various parts of her life. It will probably taken two more to finish. She and Eline are currently working on genealogical information about her family.

Each of the children, as they have grown, has reached back to help the others still at home. I think that has been something about our family that has been very special.



## Walter's Children while married to Inez McNeil

### **Ella Goodman-Marble Green**

(Written by Ray Marble)

Walter Floyd Goodman and Inez McNeil (first cousins) were married in Gallup, New Mexico on February 14, 1928. Their first child, Ella, was born in Vernon on November 5, 1930. Both parents worked at the Goodman sawmill. While living at the sawmill, Ella came in contact with a two-man buck saw and cut her wrist severely. With no car or doctor available, Mother held Ella in her lap while holding a large button over the cut, applying pressure for many hours before the bleeding stopped.

When Ella was almost 3, I was born; she became my personal bodyguard and keeper. She had gotten a doll and doll stroller for Christmas, and I became her doll.

Living in a small lumber cabin made from rough lumber sawed at the mill, we were crowded when Mother's sister, Leah, and four of her children came to live with us during the winter of 1933-34. Being in the front room with 6 children wanting to play, share toys, and not being able to go outside because of the deep snow put a big burden on Ella to fight for my rights to play with our toys. She was still fighting my battles until I was almost 8 years old.

Spring finally arrived, and the snow started to melt on the south side of our house. Mother and Aunt Leah decided to let us go outside to play in the sun, if we would stay out of the snow. Well, that snow was just too inviting, and we ended up getting wet. Mother and Aunt Leah had had all they could take of us being in that one room together, so they took their scissors and cut strips of rubber innertube the length of the truck tires. They nailed one end to the cabin wall where we couldn't get together, and tied the other end to the boys' bib overalls and to the girls' wrists. I think it only took being tied to the wall for one day for us to get the message to stay out of the snow.

Father and Mother were divorced with Ella was about 3½. After the divorce, Mother went to stay with one of her sisters in the area. While there, Ella was dancing around with her favorite doll one day and lost her balance by tripping over the fireplace hearth edge. Her doll fell into the fire and she fell with her palms and forearms into the hot coals as she reached to rescue her doll. Mother didn't have the finances to take Ella to a doctor, so they poured karo syrup over arms and wrapped them in clean white dish towels. Mother had to hold and rock Ella because she was in so much pain from the burns. However, her arms healed without any scarring at all.

Mother began cooking for the Fern and Claude Phipps family ranch hands at Vernon, and our sister, Dierdre Floy (Dee) was born in St. Johns.



Ella started the 1st grade in Vernon. Aunt Ongeline Marble was her teacher. While living at Vernon, Mother met Lee Roy Marble and they were married. Between Christmas and New Years of 1936, the family moved to Graham where Ella continued in the 2nd grade. We lived by Uncle Andrew and Aunt LaVerna Skinner while Daddy and Uncle George constructed a home. During this time, Daddy was employed by Uncle Frank Skinner as a farm hand.

In March, our first Marble brother, Lee Roy, was born in Safford. When the family moved to the Red Knolls/Ashurst area, Ella and I became pig herders. Daddy had a sizeable herd of pigs (between 30 and 40) pastured in an alfalfa field with an electric fence around it. When one would get out, Ella was quick to recognize that one was missing, and she'd say, "Ray, there's one out over there, go get him." She was afraid of the electric fence. During this time, Ella attended school at Ft. Thomas.

One of our chores was to wash and dry the dishes; this continued our close relationship of working together.

In 1940, Ella was baptized by Daddy at Ft. Thomas, and Mother and Daddy were sealed in the Arizona Temple. Ella, Dee, L.R., and I were sealed to them as a family.

The family moved back to Hubbard when Ella was in the 6th grade and we attended school for a year in Thatcher. Daddy started farming at John Nulton's place. A second brother, Elmer, was born in 1942, and a third brother, Koyte, was born in 1943.

Mother, Ella, Dee, L.R., and I worked in the fields together, chopping and picking cotton. When our fields were completed, we'd hire out to other farmers. Ella continued to work in the fields until she graduated from high school. Being the oldest girl, she still had other responsibilities to help with the cooking, taking care of the younger children, and housekeeping.

Daddy invited his blind, polygamist grandmother to come stay with the family. It was Ella's duty to help her to the outhouse if she needed to go during the night. Ella always disliked this job because the family had a mean old turkey. This turkey would always run up and peck your legs to pieces. Ella began carrying a big stick with her any time she went out of the house. The turkey came at her one day when she was assisting the grandmother; she took a good swing at the turkey and hit it right in the middle of the neck. That old bird had a permanent bend in his neck from then on.

In May of 1949, Ella graduated from Safford High School and went to work for Long Enterprises. In the fall of that year, she went on a date with R.B. Patterson. While returning home, R.B. stopped to talk to one of his friends who was crossing the Gila River. R.B.'s car had a real bad muffler. We think this is where they started becoming poisoned by carbon monoxide. When they pulled up in front of our house, they visited for just a few minutes.



R.B. cracked his window and the fresh air rendered them both unable to control their motor skills. They were thus unable to open the window any further and the car was still running. Dee was up early in the morning to get a drink of water and noticed that Ella was still not in from the car. She told Mother, and I was asked to go check on them. I couldn't wake them up. I pulled R.B. out and put him across the seat of Mom's '48 Nash. I then pulled Ella out and laid her across the floorboard of the car. (Remember that these old cars had about a six inch rise from the drive shaft that ran the length of the car.) We raced for the hospital in Safford. Ella was under oxygen in the hospital for about 3 days while she recovered.

Our last sister, Sharon, was born in 1951. It was about this time that Ella met Brooks Green. Ella liked to dance and would attend the local dances with Mother and Daddy. They met at one of these dances. Brooks tells of how much Ella liked to dance; he thought she was one of the best dancers in the valley, and most of their dates consisted of dancing. They were married in Lordsburg New Mexico, on June 29, 1952.

During their early married years, Brooks worked at a Chevron service station, and Ella continued to work for Long Enterprises until February 1953. A daughter, Debra Ellen, was born in Safford on April 22, 1953. When Debra was two weeks old, they moved to Ft. Grant where Brooks was employed with the State Industrial School for Boys.

While living at Ft. Grant, Ella was fixing lunch one day when two boys, working unsupervised on a work detail, stole some guns and entered Brooks and Ella's home, pointing the guns at Ella and taking her hostage. Ella would not go with the boys unless Debra was left with the neighbor. They left in Ella's car with Ella driving slowly out the gate. Debra was four years old at this time, and anxiously awaited the time when Brooks came home for lunch. Mrs. Gebler let her run down the sidewalk to meet her dad when he was at the end of the walk. Debra told her dad that her mom had gone off with two Indians. Brooks immediately knew Ella had been kidnapped. Brooks went back to the kitchen to tell Monroe Bull what had happened and to get his jeep to follow Ella and the boys. The boys had Ella stop twice on the dirt road going to the Wilcox highway. The first time they stopped they wanted Ella to get out of the car and lean across the trunk of the car. She refused; she felt they would kill her if she did. The boys finally agreed to let her just crawl across the front seat into the back of the car. The second time they stopped, the boys thought someone was following them, so they pulled off to watch for dust on the road. When they didn't see anything, they pulled back onto the road and started toward the junction.

In the meantime, the Safford Sheriff's Office had been contacted and three men started out to intercept them. County Attorney Ruskin Lines, Deputy Larry Peck, and Under Sheriff Frank Chesley arrived at the junction just before the boys and Ella got there. The boys panicked, let go of the steering wheel and the car swerved off into a sand bank and high-centered diagonally. One of the guns discharged through the right floorboard of the car. This was the first time the law officers realized the boys were armed. Frank Chesley came up to the left side of the car to apprehend the boys. One of the boys took aim and was going to



shoot him at point blank range. Ella reached up over the front seat and raised the barrel of the gun so that the gun discharged off through the roof of the car. Frank then shot down through the window and the bullet hit the boy in the ribs. The bullet followed the rib and came on the back. Larry Peck kept the other boy pinned down from the back right fender by shooting at him every time he stuck his head out of the car. When he realized his companion had been shot, he decided to give up. Brooks drove up shortly after this and was ready to haul these two boys off for a good working over, but Steve Vucevich said he'd better let them be taken to Safford to be tried as adults. Ella had to testify in court against these boys. She received a plaque from the American Legion for her bravery.

In 1960, Ella attended and graduated from the Sanford College of Beauty, working as a beautician for a short time. She was very meticulous in her work. she later went to work for me at Vumore until early 1964.

Their son, Steven Brooks was born at Safford in 1965, and Ella had surgery for thyroid in 1966.

In December of 1991, Ella was operated on for cancer. After the surgery and biopsy of surrounding tissue, she was given a clean bill of health. When surgery was scheduled to reverse the colostomy in March of 1993, the doctors told her they couldn't do it then and sent her to Tucson. After tests were performed, she was told that she had cancer of the lower extremities. Ella and Brooks came to stay with Debra. With the tender loving care of her daughter and her husband, Ella survived almost 9 months. She passed away on December 4, 1993.

Ella was active in the LDS Church all her life; she served in the Primary, Sunday School, and Relief Society organizations.



## Walter Ray Goodman-Marble

I was born July 3, 1933 in St. Johns, Arizona, the second child of Walter Floyd and Inez McNeil Goodman. Mother named me Walter Alma, but Father would not accept this name, and I was blessed as Walter Ray. My parents were living and both of them working at the Goodman Family Sawmill just south of Vernon, where Daddy was doing the sawing and mill repairs and Mother helping with the cooking. Mother had been cooking at the sawmill since she was 14 years old. Because of Mother's cooking responsibilities, it became Ella's responsibility to take care of me, she being two and a half years older than I. She had received a doll and stroller for Christmas, but when I came along I became the doll that rode in her stroller for many years. She was my personal body guard, even when I started to school.

My parents divorced when I was 7 months old so I never really had the chance to know my Father. Mother told me that I was always embarrassing her when I started to walk because I was looking for my Father; at Church and any place I saw a man, I'd go up and grab him by the leg and ask, "Are you my Daddy?"

Mother remarried when I was 3 years of age to Lee Roy Marble, and in December of 1936 after school had let out for Ella, we moved from Vernon to Graham, just north of Safford where Roy started farming with his uncle, Frank Skinner. This move cut off all family ties with the Goodman and McNeil families, and when Ella started back to school, she was Ella Marble, and the name Goodman was never mentioned again.

Because I was always going to work with Daddy (Roy), I learned to work at an early age. In those days, they were still farming with horses. We came in at noon this one Saturday, unharnessed the horses, and as I removed the bridle from the last horse, he wheeled around and as his front feet hit the ground, he kicked out with both back feet, hitting me in the stomach and sending me across the corral.

One day Daddy, Albert Skinner, and I saddled the saddle horse and rode about a half mile to where Daddy's sister lived; we tied the horse and walked across a narrow foot bridge where we visited with Aunt LaVerna and her family. Well, Albert and I finished our visit before Dad did, so we decided we'd walk home. As we crossed the canal which was full of muddy water just a few inches from the bridge, we both fell in; the water was moving under the bridge so fast the bridge seemed to be moving. Albert, being 6 years old, and I only 4, were being swept under and down at a fast pace. Albert was doing his best to keep our heads out of the water but could not keep us up. If he had ever let go of me, I would never have been found. Finally the adults missed us; we were found and pulled out of the canal. From this experience Mother could not wash my face or hair for many years, other than with a damp wash cloth. To this day, I do not enjoy swimming.



The family moved that fall from the Skinner place to Ashurst near Ft. Thomas where Daddy continued to hire out working on farms, and I attended the 1st grade. It was while living in this area that Mother and Roy were sealed in the Arizona Temple; Ella, Floy, and I were sealed to them without being adopted.

I was baptized on my 8th birthday by Daddy, and it was at this time I found out I was not a Marble because I was baptized and confirmed by the name of Walter Ray Goodman. It was about a month later that Walter and Laura came by our home and wanted Mother to let them take me for awhile, but Mother would not allow this without Ella going with us. We went to Safford and spent one night in a motel; for some reason I developed a toothache for most of the night. I don't think I let anyone get too much sleep. We spent the next day with Laura shopping and Walter telling us that they had lost their children in a fire. That evening they took us home. Walter came by again about a month later, but Mother would not let him take us anywhere again. These were the only two times I ever remember seeing or visiting with my natural Father until Grandma Hannah Goodman's funeral, where I saw Walter again for the final time. We visited while eating dinner, and he told us about his family in Texas. I was about 27 at this time.

We moved back to Graham about 5 miles north of Safford where I started the 3rd grade. My parents purchased a home and Daddy started farming by leasing several local farms; with the war still going on, it required the entire family to work to make a living. I started milking from 6 to 10 cows morning and evening, and taking care of the milk—separating the cream from the milk that was not being used by the family. I also fed the cows, calves, and horses. After we completed the work on our farm, the family was hired out to other farmers in the valley.

Just a couple of weeks before school started for the 6th grade, I did a foolish thing which almost cost me my life. While my parents were in town shopping for school clothing, a boy a couple of years older than I came by and we started burning ants with gas. I got too close to a spot that was already burning and poured gas on another ant bed, when the fumes ignited. I jumped back, pouring gas all over my upper body, setting myself on fire. I fell down, and rolled over and over until the fire was out, but I still received 1st, 2nd, and 3rd degree burns over 50% of my upper body.

In 1947, when I was 14, I had an appendectomy early one morning, so Daddy had to milk our 9 cows. Eight cows had been sold by noon, and that was the end of my cow milking days.

On August 21, 1951 Ella, Floy, and I had our names legally changed from Goodman to Marble because I had to register for the draft with Uncle Sam.

In my senior year of high school, I joined an Army reserve unit in Safford with two cousins—Henry Jesse and James J. Marble—and with Donald E. Hancock. I received my



service No. ER 19390424, and in May of 1952 I graduated from Safford High School. In July while leaving for my second two-week reserve training, Donald Hancock's sister, Sharon, caught sight of me as I arrived with duffle bag and dressed in Army fatigues for travel to Camp Cook, California. I got in trouble before I ever met her for not writing to her during the two weeks at camp. It was on the bus coming back that Donald mentioned that his sister would like to hear from me. Sharon had made the comment to the girls standing with her that evening, "I'm going to marry that man." I finally met her about 4 weeks later, and we started dating. We enjoyed dancing together (she being a great dancer), and we enjoyed being together. We became engaged on her brother's birthday —November 21, 1952.

With the Korean War (or police action) going hot and heavy and the reserve unit we had joined being discontinued, the four of us were eligible for the draft, so all of us volunteered for active duty. We entered the Army on February 9, 1953 and received 16 weeks basic training at Camp Roberts where we received orders to serve in Korea. We were given 7 days delay in route to report to Camp Stoneman. We drove all night and arrived home the next day. Sharon and I were married that evening by her uncle, Edwin Hancock. Sharon had taken a job as a switchboard operator with the telephone company and had only 2 days left on her week off before she had to go back to work. After 6 days of married life, I had to report at Camp Stoneman, California where we shipped overseas on the *General Miggs*.

I served 13 months in Korea, becoming communication chief in my company, then the 25th Division was pulled out of Korea and sent to Hawaii in preparation for the Indo-China uprising. We left Inchon Harbor and 4 days later were caught in Typhoon June with waves in excess of 100 feet, which threatened to break our ship apart for 4 days. During these 4 days, no meals were served and everyone had to remain below deck. With over 5,000 men on board, we were stacked in hammocks 5 or 6 men above another. This was the worst experience of my life.

While arriving in Hawaii, we were stationed at Schofield Barracks. While serving there, Sharon came over for three weeks and we were sealed in the Hawaiian Temple on November 10, 1954. I served 1 year, 4 months, and 27 days overseas, received an honorable release from the service, and returned home.

Knowing that I didn't have the finances to go into farming, and after working several jobs, I started work with Antenna Vision, Inc. in December of 1955 in cable construction, becoming Construction Foreman. I transferred from construction to Cable Television Technician in February 1957 in the Globe-Miami area; in September 1957 I transferred back to Safford where I became manager of the Safford Cable System. While working here, I enrolled in an electronic correspondence course with National Radio Institute which I completed in the evenings. This prepared me to pass the Federal Communication Commissions test for a First Class Radio Telephone License, and I became a Microwave Field Engineer for Antenna Vision's microwave company known as American Television Relay



(ATR). I have gone through three sales with ATR, and we are now owned by MCI. I have worked for MCI 12 years now. This December 1995, I will have completed 40 years of service in this work.



Ray and Sharon Marble

Sharon and I have been blessed with four children—one boy and three girls.. Michael Ray Marble and Cyndi have two boys, Sean and Jameson. They live in Mesa where he works as a Probation Officer for Maricopa County. Marsha and Rick Hansen live in Thatcher, and have three daughters, Mellani Jo, Melissa Rae Stegall, and Micah Hansen, and a son Rick Hansen. Mellani is now married to Emery Whitmire and they live in Pima. LaDawn and Rick Setser live in Mesa, and have one daughter, Jordan Lee. Our last child, Ralene, is now deceased after living only 17 days.

I have been an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints from the day I was baptized, holding the office of Deacon, Teacher, Priest, Elder, Seventy, and High Priest. I have served as a Stake Missionary for 4 years, First Counselor in a Bishopric for 4 years, Bishop for 5 years (my call as a Bishop came from President Spencer W. Kimball, another Gila Valley boy), a member of a High Council for 7 years from an alternate to Senior Member, Thatcher Regional Welfare Agent for 5 years, Sunday School President, High Priest Group Leader, Stake Missionary again, and at the present time I'm First Counselor in the Safford Arizona Stake Mission Presidency as of April 1995.





Mike and Cyndi Marble with Sean and Jameson



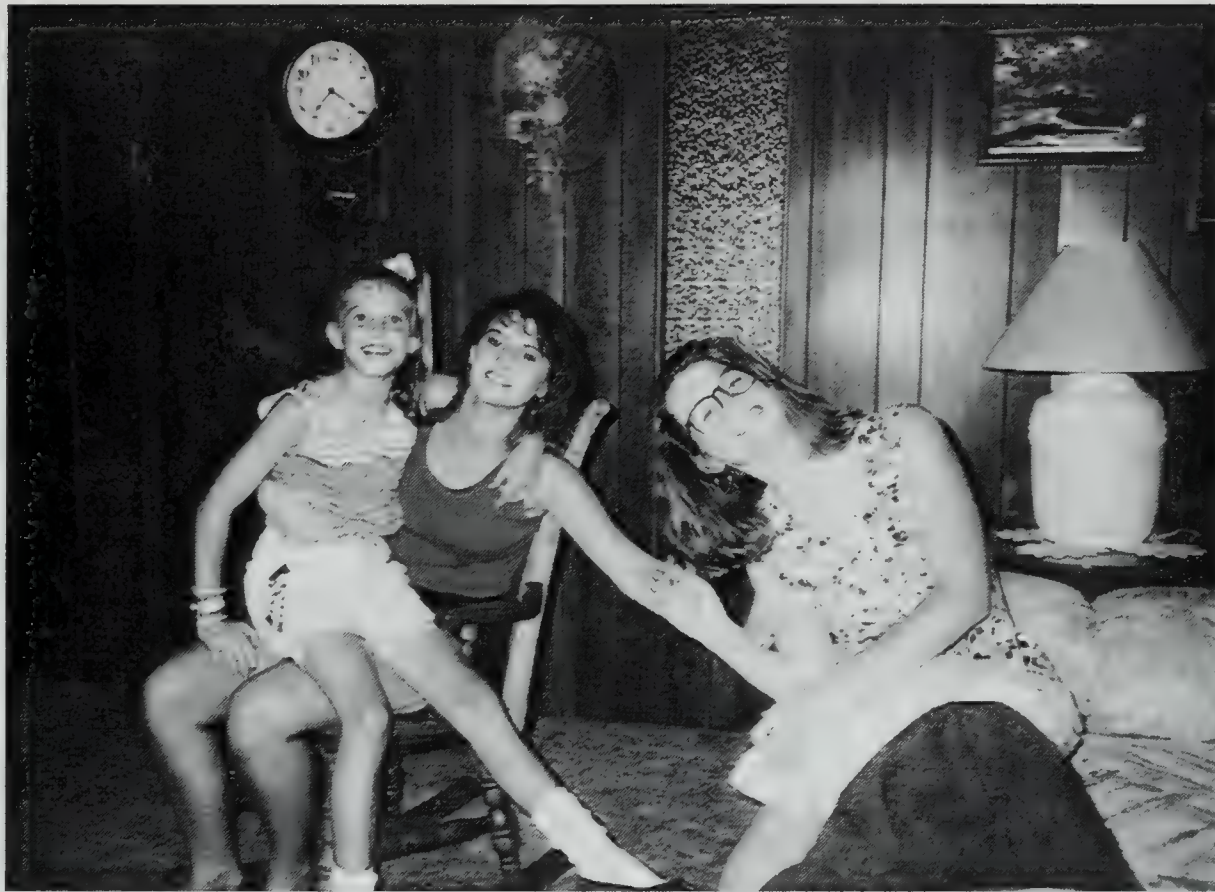


Rick and Marsha Hansen Family. Children R to L: Ricky, Micah, Mellani Stegall.



Rick and LaDawn Setser, with Jordan Lee





Granddaughters Micah, Mellani, Melissa



## Walter's Children while married to Laura Brownfield



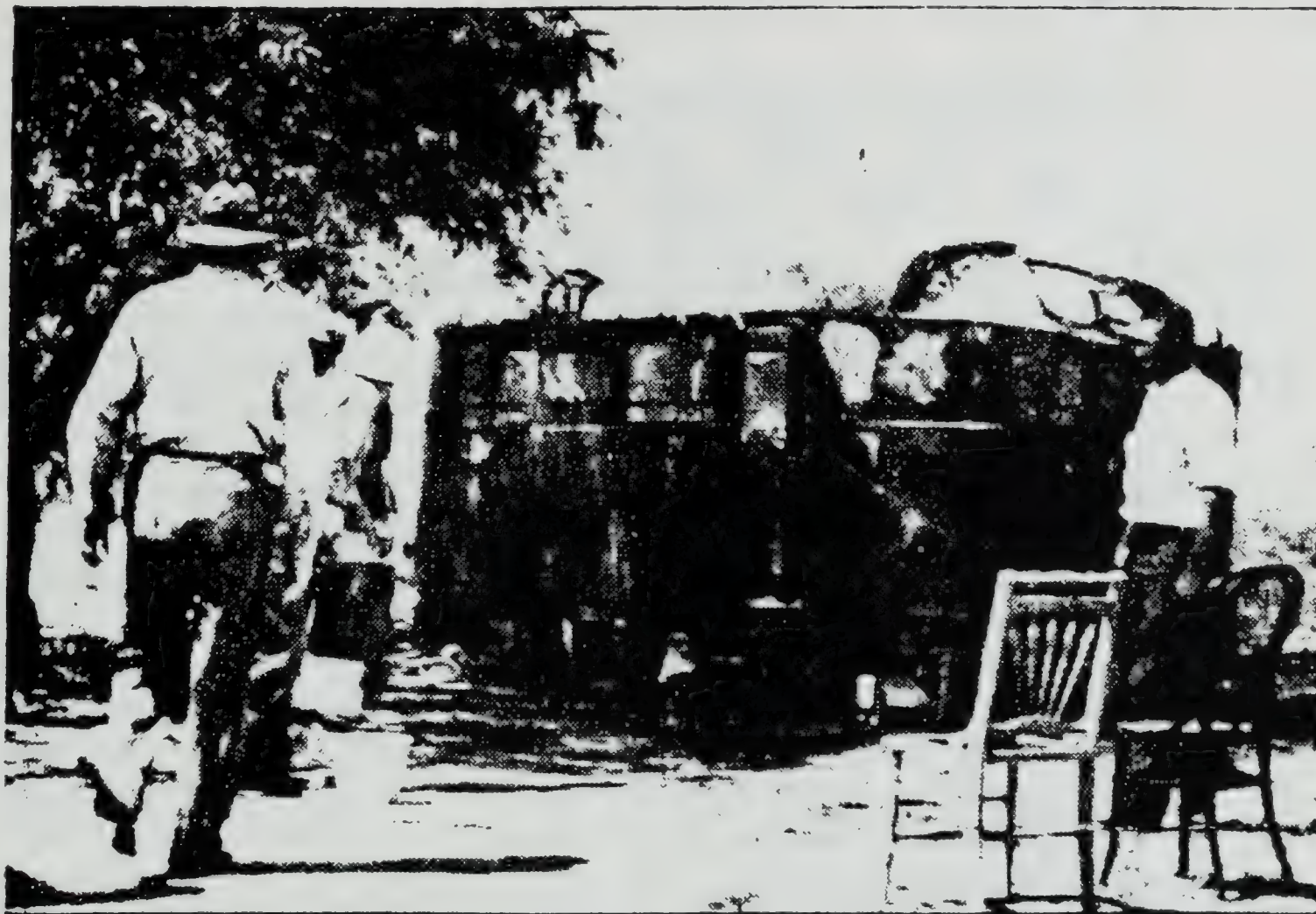
Lloyd, Laura, Walter  
Dragoon, 1941

After Walter and Inez were divorced, he married Laura Brownfield, a stepdaughter to Uncle Jess McNeil. They had two still-born children—Walter James (born November 24, 1934) and Angus (born January 3, 1935). After these two heart-wrenching experiences, they were blessed with two healthy children. Laura Elane was born on December 6, 1935 in Holbrook, and Walter Floyd, Jr. on March 24, 1937 in Miami. Tragedy was to strike this couple once again. On April 29, 1938, both children were burned to death in a trailer house fire. Details are contained in the newspaper article included below.

When America began preparing for World War II, ship-building on the West Coast boomed. Walter and Laura moved to the Los Angeles area where both worked as welders in the shipyards; Laura was one of that cadre of so-called "Rosie the Riveters."



## House On Wheels Becomes Flaming Coffin



This automobile house trailer became a flaming coffin for two infant children when it was swept by fire at Morristown, 38 miles northwest of Phoenix, early yesterday afternoon. The blaze apparently was started by a kerosene stove while the mother was absent obtaining a bucket of water. The children were asleep, and the trailer interior was a mass of flames when the blaze was discovered. First of those to arrive on the scene carried buckets of water 100 yards but could not halt the fire in time to save the children, one nine months and the other 2½ years old. This photo, snapped by Thomas Parks of Morristown, shows efforts being made to quench the flames.



# Trailer Fire Claims Lives Of Two Tots

## Stove Is Believed Cause Of Fatal Inferno

(Exclusive Republic Dispatch)

MORRISTOWN, Apr. 29.—Two helpless children burned to death here early this afternoon when fire starting from a kerosene stove swept the automobile house trailer of Walter F. Goodman, a mechanic for the Tanner Construction Company.

The victims were Walter Flood Goodman, 11 months old, and Elaine Goodman, 2 1/2 years, only children of Mr. and Mrs. Goodman.

### Both Were Asleep

Both were asleep in the trailer home when fire broke out soon after their mother, Mrs. Laura Goodman, had gone a short distance away to obtain a bucket of water. It is believed the stove exploded or flared up.

The structure was a seething mass of flames when the alarm was sounded.

Mrs. Goodman, hysterical, had to be restrained by neighbors as she attempted to rush into the burning trailer when screams of one or both of the children could be heard. Her husband was at work on a nearby road construction job, and did not reach the scene until about the time the fire had been extinguished.

The boy was asleep in the rear part of the trailer and the daughter slept in the forward portion nearest the door. The stove was still nearer the door, however, and when the flames broke out the girl's escape probably was cut off.

### Neighbors Fight Flames

Thomas Parks, Morristown postal employee, said the door of the trailer stood open, but a screened partition was in place.

Neighbors carried water in buckets for about 100 yards, but could not halt the blaze.

The fire was extinguished when a tank truck with a hose line was hurried from the Tanner company's construction project north of here, J. R. Thoman of the Arizona Highway Patrol reported.

Four months ago, while the family was residing at Taylor, the son was severely burned on his hands and face when he crawled into a fireplace. Splints placed on his hands had just recently been removed.

The bodies were taken to Wickensburg after Robert C. Storns, justice of the peace and ex-officio coroner there, came here to investigate.



Walter's children while married to Geraldine Scrubbs

**Eline Goodman Rodriguez Tynes**

(Travis T. Tynes, Jr. Family)

I was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, on April 10, 1945. My mother tells me her labor with me began while she and my dad were watching *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* at a theater in Little Rock. Maybe that is why I am so interested in WWII history. I am the second oldest of eleven children, and am the tallest of all the girls.

After my brother, Pete, was born, we moved to Texas—just like the bumper stickers say, "We weren't born in Texas, but we got here just as soon as we could." All the rest of the children were born in Texas, and we're all Texas proud.

My family lived in a mobile home when I started school in the first grade. At Christmas time of that year, we moved into the home my parents built and it has been our family home ever since. When we first moved to our new home, very few people lived near us, but we were surrounded by lots of trees and nearby there was a very deep and wide chalk creek. I remember spending lots of time in the trees and down at the creek. Once Pete killed a water moccasin in the creek right next to my foot when our whole family had gone there to wade. That was the first of two times in my life that my brother came to my rescue. He also became my defender when I was physically assaulted by an older girl in school. He split her slip and broke a front tooth.

I went to work when I was twelve cleaning house every Saturday for a lady across the street who had had heart surgery. I worked at that job for four years, and added a second house to my Saturday cleaning routine. I also mowed a lawn and babysat almost every night of the week, all until I was sixteen and old enough to get work in a dime store. I either bought or made all the clothes I wore after I went to work. I taught myself to sew when I was twelve, and wore the first thing I made. Barely seventeen, I quit school while in the 11th grade and got my first full-time office job. With my first paycheck, I purchased a brand new Singer Zigzag sewing machine. Just a few months later, I moved out on my own into an apartment with a girl who worked in the same office. I went to business college at night on a loan which Daddy co-signed for me.

At age 18, I married my first husband, Albert P. Rodriguez, who had just been drafted into the Army. After his basic training was over we moved to Tacoma, Washington and lived there a year until he was shipped to Viet Nam. I returned to Dallas where he finished college after his return from Viet Nam. Then we moved to Hartford, Connecticut, Washington, D.C. and St. Louis, Missouri, with his job. We had two boys, seven years apart; Nicholas Anthony



was born October 10, 1969, and Jonathan Daniel was born August 14, 1976. Both were born in St. Louis, Missouri.

Nick and I read lots of story books together. We went swimming and ice skating and took lots of factory tours with other mothers and children. We built a race track table for his slot cars and learned how to repair them ourselves. I was his Cub Scout Den Mother. I never got to help Jon with his Cub program, but I did make up and sing many songs to him when he was little and have attended *lots* of Jon's baseball games as his biggest fan. Both boys and I made lots of fancy pinewood derby cars. They were never really fast but always won the best looking award. Our cars were the best I'd seen until Jon and his step-father built him a pinewood derby car that was a duplicate of a red Lambourghini complete with air-scoop and tinted windows. Being a mother has been the most important thing in my life. I have never done anything that was more fulfilling.

After Nick's birth, I decided to read the scriptures all the way through. It seemed to me that a good parent should know what she believed. It took me a year to finish all the Standard Works. It was a profound experience that has had a significant impact on my religious life and formed the foundation of my testimony. I have been active in the LDS Church ever since that year.

Before Al and I moved to Connecticut, I attended and taught at Patricia Stevens Modeling School. I entered the Eileen Ford "Model of the Year" contest and had to get a GED in order to compete. I was second in the local competition. I free-lance modeled in Dallas and St. Louis, and worked as a house model for a major department store in Hartford, Connecticut, and for Elizabeth Arden's Red Door Salon in Washington, D.C. I also taught modeling in St. Louis for several years. I always modeled expensive designer clothes, and got to model for very important people, yet it never bothered me that I went home in a J.C.Penney's dress. For the most part, it was usually the same one—it rarely got dirty just wearing it back and forth to work.

One other achievement that I am proud of is my involvement in the Stop ERA/pro-family movement after we moved to Missouri. My first knowledge of the so-called Equal Rights Amendment came from a radio interview of Phyllis Schlafly to which I had listened. While I felt the problems set forth by the opposition were real, I simply didn't agree with their solutions. I worked closely with Mrs. Schlafly who spearhead the movement against the ERA. She invited me to teach the women selected from each state to attend annual pro-family leadership training. I taught them how to use makeup, and to dress for and appear on television. In addition, I headed several organizations that made frequent trips to the state capitol, and I have spoken before both the Missouri Senate and House Committees on this bill. During this period, I was elected by the State of Missouri as one of about twenty-four statewide delegates for the International Women's Year Conference held in Houston, Texas, for which \$5 million had been funded by the federal government. Later, I was also chosen as one of two persons to represent Missouri at a pro-family lobbying effort in Washington,



D.C. I became involved in this movement long before the LDS church became involved because of the impact I feared passage could have on my younger sisters' lives. I was also appointed by Governor Kit Bond of Missouri to serve on a group studying the problems of teenagers.

As these events were winding down for me, we moved back to Texas, to the Plano area. Nick was in the third grade and Jon was a toddler. About a year later, I filed for divorce, and we three were on our own for about five years. At the end of this period of time, my best friend, Judy Rugg, introduced me to my future husband, Travis T. Tynes, Jr. Her husband and his brothers had grown up with Travis and his brothers in Monroe, Louisiana.

Travis was born on June 16, 1948, in Monroe, where he was raised. He was the second of five children. His forbearers were pioneers to the northern Louisiana area, some of whom came down the Mississippi River on rafts from Canada. (It is a very interesting irony that his family worked in the sawmill business in Louisiana.) While he was young, Travis played the piano, played in violin in the Monroe Youth Symphony and became an Eagle Scout. He served a two-year Spanish-speaking mission for the LDS church in Los Angeles, California.

When he returned, he attended Ricks College where he met and married Robyn LaWayne Gibby of Burley, Idaho, who, like me, was also one of eleven children. He finished school at BYU with a degree in accounting and moved back to Monroe where he went to work for an accounting firm and got his CPA. Travis and Robyn had a daughter, Megan Schellece Tynes, on June 29, 1976. Robyn died of cancer in 1984.

Travis and his family have been very active in the LDS church. They were some of the original members in Louisiana. His grandfather served a mission that he paid for by growing a plot of cotton, when the cotton money ran out, he had to come home. Both his father and grandfather were Branch Presidents, and his father was a Bishop. Travis himself was called to be Bishop in his ward when he was 28 years old, and he served for two years, when he was called to the Stake Presidency for four years, and then as District President for three years.

Travis and I met February 2, 1985, and were sealed to each other in the Dallas Temple March 2, 1985—one month later and the fourth time we saw each other. We felt very much like God had brought us together. Even when the Lord moves in your life, it doesn't mean all his paths are easy. It is not easy to bring two different families together, but it has been good for all of us. There were times when we thought that Jon and Megan, who were two months apart in age, would never be friends, and there were times that Travis and I thought we would never be friends. It takes a lot of work to come together in heart. Now Travis is my best friend, and Megan and Jon are best friends.



Nick was 15 when we got married. He had a little over three years of school to finish. He played the violin in the school symphony orchestra for about six years. He earned his Eagle Scout, and was a very active body builder before his LDS mission call to Italy. He is now married and has his own story in this chapter.



Megan and Jon  
in their orchestra letter jackets

Jon and Megan began as worst enemies and ended as best friends. We didn't know how they would ever come together, the baby and the only child—what a combo, but they did. They both played and lettered in Plano Senior High's Symphony Orchestra, which has received national recognition. Jon played the violin and Megan, the viola. Both of them attended Ricks College this past year. In high school, they learned to cooperate really well and, most of the time, worked on their homework together—you know—"you answer the odds, and I'll do the evens."

Megan and Jon and their dates even double-dated for Homecoming and Senior Prom!

Jon loves baseball with his whole heart and always has, and he has played every year since his first eligibility—even most seasons. Now he loves hoops just as much. Jon received his Eagle Scout award last summer. He enjoyed college at Ricks and the friends he made, and is looking very much forward to his mission call late this summer. Last year, he started a lawn mowing business with a friend. It was so successful that he sold the business for a profit at the end of the year. This year he plans to do the same to help finance his mission. After his mission, he plans to return to Ricks, then go to BYU. Jon has received his mission call to the Argentina, Buenos Aires Mission, and will report at the Mission Training Center on August 30, 1995. He desired a Spanish-speaking mission, so is delighted with his call.

Megan wants to be a teacher and always has since we became a family, and she is working toward that end now. Megan received her Young Women's Award her senior year of high school. She will attend Ricks one more year before transferring to BYU. Megan looks forward to getting married but is in no hurry—and Dad really feels good about that. She is very artistic and creative, and loves to make posters and do art projects. For the last two summers, she has worked with me in the law office I managed. She couldn't have worked any harder if we weren't related. This summer, she probably will also do office work. Megan and I have become very close, and we enjoy talking together about the psychology courses we've both taken.

Travis had his own CPA practice in Louisiana which he sold when Robyn became ill. When we met, he worked as the controller for a S&L. We lived in Louisiana for one year



I have worked almost continually from the time I was twelve years old. In my adulthood, most of my work has been in office work, except for several years modeling and my community involvement, most of which took place either before Nick was born or when he was young. A lot of the time, I have gone to school at night while working full-time. Now, I'm going for the first time during the day. I love school and am very excited about learning. My plans are to keep going. I'm only 49 so I don't know what I want to "be" yet, but I'm looking at creative areas—I'm tired of business. Maybe I'll get to play all the mothers and grandmothers in college thespian productions. I'm also taking ballet—for the first time—what fun for me. I had some in modeling school.

One thing I am certain about, God has been very good to me in my life and to my family. I am very glad to be a member of this family. The more I learn about both my parents' heritage, the more I love my relatives—some of whom I have never met and the others of whom I met only during the last few years. Learning about my strong, determined pioneer heritage helps me understand myself more. I know that there is purpose in life and that families are very important. I love both my parents and am grateful to them for my life, my sisters and my brother. I love Travis who has been so kind to me, to my family and to our children, and I especially love our children. I look forward very much to the time when I am able to share in my grandchildren's lives.



Jon at baseball





Jon's Court of Honor—Three Eagle Scouts, 1994  
Travis, Eline, Megan, Jon, Nick

### Personal History of Nicholas Anthony Rodriguez

I was born St. Louis, Missouri, Rodriguez and Eline known as Nicky as a known as Nick. We until I was seven, Plano, Texas. I Jon, and thanks to remarriage, a sister, mom's marriage to 15, we moved to where he lived. We Plano, and I lived



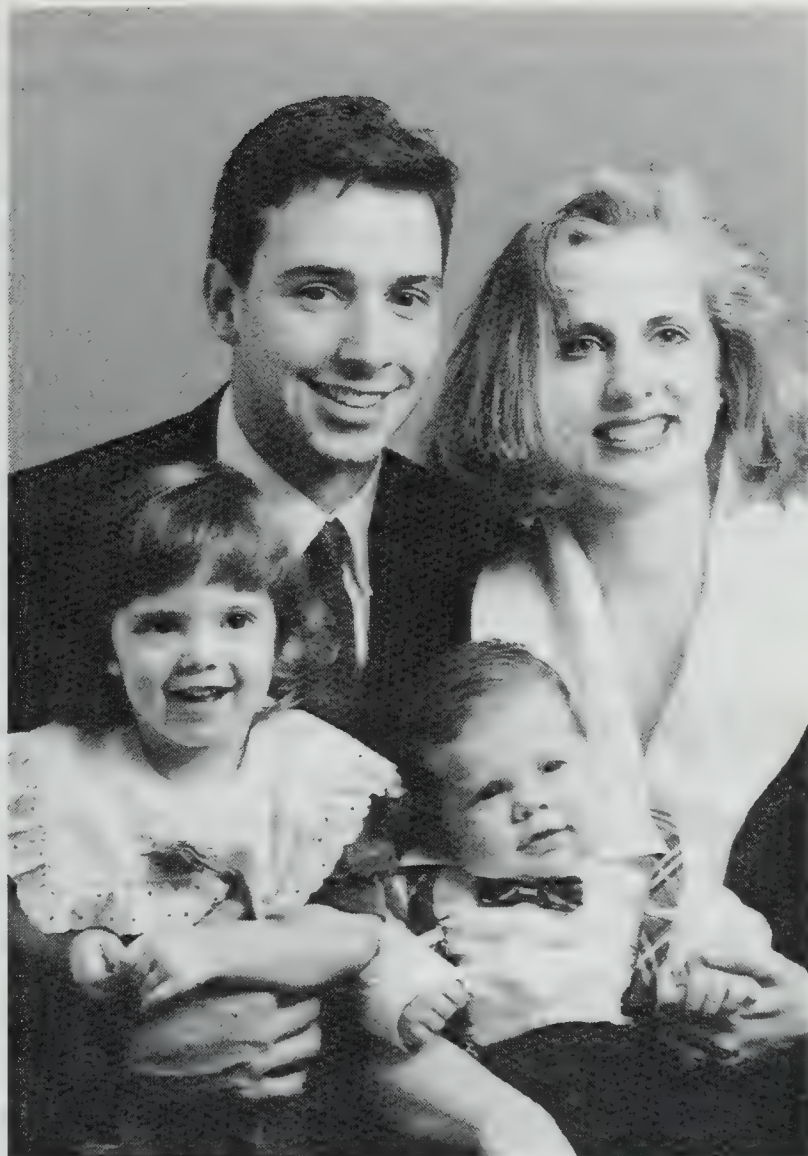
Nick and Tara Rodriguez

On January 4, 1989, I left to serve a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the Italy, Catania Mission. I served two years in the Puglia (southern Italy) and on the island of Malta. My mission was a wonderful two years and a great learning experience and prepared me for my adult life.

October 10, 1969 in to Albert P. Goodman. I was child, but now I'm lived in St. Louis and then moved to have one brother, my mom's Megan. After my Travis when I was Monroe, Louisiana soon moved back to there until I was 19.



Three days after my return home, I met my sweetheart wife, Tara Annette Durden, the second time. We first met at a church youth conference when she was 14 and I was almost 17. Because she was too young to date, we just saw each other periodically at church youth dances. A few years sure can change things, though. Three days home and at church again, I met her. This time she could date and I asked her for an "appointment" (missionary lingo); she accepted and two weeks after that date we were engaged. On July 13, 1991, we were married in the Dallas Texas Temple. Tara was born June 11, 1972 to Vincent Edwin Durden, Jr. and Billie Marian Bell, the youngest of seven children. She was born and raised in Sherman until she went to college in Denton where she lived when we married.



Nick, Tara, Ashton, and Dallin

We have stayed in the Plano-Dallas area ever since, and not too long after we married, we found that we were expecting our first child. On April 16, 1992, we were blessed with a beautiful baby girl with dark curly hair, Ashton Elizabeth, born in Plano. Closely following, we have a friendly, smiley son, Dallin Anthony (he goes by Dallin and "D.D."), born August 31, 1993, also in Plano. Even more closely following, we have another beautiful daughter, Taylor Channing, born September 2, 1994 in Plano. She is a special blessing to our family, even though she lived only about an hour and then passed away. She had a genetic disorder called Trisomy 18 that prevented her life; that was nothing that could be done to stop her death. She was buried on September 5, 1994 in Holloway Cemetery in Luella, Texas. All of our children are blessings to Tara and me, and we love them and are grateful to have all of them. As Taylor's headstone reads, "Families can be together forever." It is this knowledge that makes our lives easier to live and take things as they come.

We currently live in Dallas. Tara stays at home with the children and I work in sales and continue to pursue my education also. I enjoy cooking, especially Italian food. Tara enjoys doing crafts and decorating. Together (the children, too) we enjoy reading, studying the scriptures, and spending time together as a family and serving in the Church. We look forward to the years ahead, raising our family together.



### Carol Lynn Goodman Jensen

I was born November 30, 1950; my birth marked the half-way point of the eleven children born to Walter Floyd Goodman and Geraldine Flora Scruggs. Because of my birth order, I was fortunate to witness and participate with the family through a lot of evolution and change.

Situations in our home demanded that the children grow up quickly and take on responsibility early. During my years of growing up, I tended a great deal to my younger sisters. I enjoyed very much caring for them and have had the reward of having close relationships with each of them through out my life.

I have some very fond memories of our home and most especially with my sisters. They were my good friends, companions, and strength when I needed them. We had many hours of joy and fun playing in a yard that had wonderful trees, lots of frogs and horned toads, delicious dirt for mud pies (we know it was delicious because we sampled each other's cooking), and great beauty because of our mother's love for flowers. Our mud pies were often decorated with the flowers, leaves and berries that were so abundant in our yard.

Mother was always complimented by friends and strangers on the beauty of her yard, and I spent many hours helping her plant and care for her flowers. Hence, I developed a great love for nature and gardening myself and continue to indulge in it when time permits to this day. Nature spoke a great deal of peace and comfort to me in those days, and my first desire when going on any trip is to spend time with nature. I've often felt I was somewhat of a country girl trapped in the city.

Because of problem that remained unresolved in our home, I never got to know my father very well. Daddy was quiet, withdrawn, and troubled as far as I could understand as a child, and he continued to worsen until my Mother and Daddy divorced when I was around 12 years old. After the divorce, I don't remember seeing Daddy much until he became ill and Mother remarried him when I was 17. The following year Daddy died when I began my senior year in high school. I do remember that Daddy was a hard worker who rarely missed work (he was a heavy duty mechanic) and was very gifted with his hands. I would like to have known him better.

After graduating from high school, I was fortunate to be able to attend Ricks College (1970-71). It was my first time to ever leave Texas. I then came home for the summer and met my future husband at a church activity before going to Brigham Young University that fall. We dated the year I attended BYU, and were married the following November after Larry graduated with a Political Science degree from BYU.



Texas became our home; after seven months of marriage we were informed that there would be an addition to our family in about eight months. Bonnie Lee surprised all of us by coming into the world a full two months early. She was born December 5, 1973. Because she was premature, she quickly developed other complications and for the next 28 days her condition was very unstable. After I relinquished her life to God in prayer on the 28th, she passed away the following day. I was blessed by God with incredible comfort and love throughout her death and burial, and have since always felt very peaceful about the whole ordeal.

Gary Allen was in a rush to be born also and rushed into life five weeks before his time on July 6, 1975. Thankfully, he was healthy and strong and continues to be so. Gary is our strong-willed extrovert who, since graduating from high school in 1994, has used those strengths to do well in his job of selling new trucks and vans for Nissan. He worked hard in Scouting (earned his Eagle) and loves the outdoors and all living creatures, and has pretty much kept a steady zoo around here of one kind or animal or another. He is very gifted in photography and made great contributions to his high school yearbook for two years. He will be attending a local junior college in the fall and working part time. Gary is a good thinker with a good memory and is willing to take on the responsibilities and risks that one needs to accept in order to grow.

Steven Craig was the only guy we had that cooperated a little better with the schedule of being born. He was born on January 16, 1978, and is our quieter one but likes to have lots of friends around. Steven was very laid back and cooperative as a child and was very caring of his brother, David. He is a very intelligent and bright young man. He loves a variety of music and is especially gifted in drawing and has won several ribbons with his various art work. He played lots of soccer and basketball when he was younger, and frequently scared his mother to death with his skateboard tricks. He has also earned the rank of Eagle in Scouting. Steven also loves animals, especially his cat, Petter. Steven will be graduating one year early from high school because he was willing to attend summer school one year to be able to do so. He also will be attending a junior college this fall and working part time.

David Martin joined the family on November 2, 1979, jumping the gun by about three weeks. He was a very good natured and easy going baby (as was Steven), and to this day continues to be sensitive and caring to others. David is our more serious person who puts a lot of thinking into his spiritual walk with God. He has excelled at school and is very gifted in playing the piano. He especially likes playing classical and jazz. He enjoyed sports when he was younger, but now spends his time on school, piano and participating in youth activities at our church. He is in his first year of high school (9th) and is very talented at writing. He writes poetry, stories and articles for the school newspaper and any special publications. David also is an Eagle Scout.

As a mother of three boys, you can pretty well guess what I have been doing since our marriage. For eight years, I was a den mother and helped all my boys earn their Cub Scouting



ranks. I have attended school off and on during our marriage and finally graduated with an Associates Degree in 1994. I love school and would like to continue at some future time. The most significant event in my life was when I desperately looked for God, and, true to his word, "If ye seek me, ye shall surely find me," I found Him and accepted Jesus Christ as my savior in 1986. I am finishing in May 1995, a wonderful, intense Bible study that has nourished me and fed me through a lot of tough times, and has helped me to come to know my Savior, practice faith in Him, and seek His strength, mercy and courage to live life no matter what the challenges. I'm now coming close to have an empty nest and have no idea which direction my life will take, but I look forward to whatever it might be with hope, enthusiasm, and expectancy. I'm now working parttime at the junior college from which I graduated, doing computer work and at times helping in the office and classrooms of the Garland Independent School District. One of my greatest blessing has been my delightful sisters and our ongoing love and relationships—sharing with one another, crying with and for each other, rejoicing in our victories, fighting about our difference, supporting each other in the challenges of life, and just being there for one another.



Larry and Carol Jensen Family. Standing, L to R: David, Carol, Gary, and Larry. Steve is seated.

During all this family "development," Larry returned to school, earned his Masters of Business Administration in 1980, and then passed the CPA exam in 1982. He has since worked for the IRS, an accounting firm, and Mobil Oil where he is presently employed as a tax accountant. Larry has always worked hard for our family to provide for our needs, sometimes holding down two jobs to do so. During all these years, we've lived in various places in Texas—Dallas, Denton, San Antonio, Houston, Austin, and presently in Garland.



After I spent several years helping our boys through Cub Scouting, Larry took over and really gave of himself to help our boys and others earn their Eagle ranks. He was Scoutmaster for several years, and when not Scoutmaster was still working hard in other scouting capacities to help the Scouts in our troop. He not only was there to help with his own boys' growth, but was responsible for greatly contributing to the advancement of eight boys to the Eagle rank, also.

Having never had the opportunity to live around other Goodmans, we are very much looking forward to the publishing of this book to get to know our extended family. I realize we are all deeply indebted to Alyn and Gloria Andrus for a zillion hours of time and effort to make this possible. Our family thanks you for giving to us something we cannot possibly compensate you for.

### Freedom

As I see the red blood spout  
 And trickle down his trembling arm,  
 I turn away and fall to my knees,  
 Hiding my quivering lip,  
 For I know this pain deep in my chest  
 Is caused by the fact  
 That this was meant for me.  
 And it is then that I remember  
 The time I first saw  
 That blood.  
 In the crowded street,  
 Outside the courthouse,  
 The angry mob had struck him down  
 And spit upon his gentle face,  
 As the tender flesh on his sun-beaten back  
 Was torn by the lash of a menacing whip.  
 Beads of blood forming,  
 Flowing,  
 Dripping down this splintered cross  
 To which I weep below.  
 Not blood but love coming from those wounds,  
 Cleansing and freeing all who are willing  
 To discover the love of one man, one God.  
 Yet, still, he waits for an open heart.

David Jensen, Age 15  
 Spring 1995



**Marcia Sue Goodman Harding**  
(Geoffrey T. Harding Family)

My name is Marcia Sue Goodman Harding. I am the seventh child of Geraldine Flora Scruggs and Walter Floyd Goodman. I was born on September 19, 1952, in Dallas, Texas. I am married to Geoffrey Taylor Harding and we currently reside in Garland, Texas. I am the mother of five children and the grandmother of two precious grandchildren.



Billy, Bradley, Benjamin,  
and Brent Denham, 1982



Marcia and Rachael, 1995

Geoffrey was born in Franklin, Massachusetts on June 20, 1951. He is a convert to the LDS Church and served a two year mission in West Virginia. He received his Master's Degree in Social Work from Our Lady of the Lake University in San Antonio, Texas.

My children are as follows:

Billy Ray Denham, Jr., who was born September 22, 1970, at Dallas, Texas. He is married to Rebecca Alligood Denham. They currently reside in California.

Bradley Lynn Denham, who was born on December 31, 1972, at Dallas, Texas. His wife is Cheryl Mellot Zuniga Denham. Cheryl is the mother of my two grandchildren, Christina and Bradley Jr. They currently reside in Arizona.





Benjamin, Eagle Scout, 1993

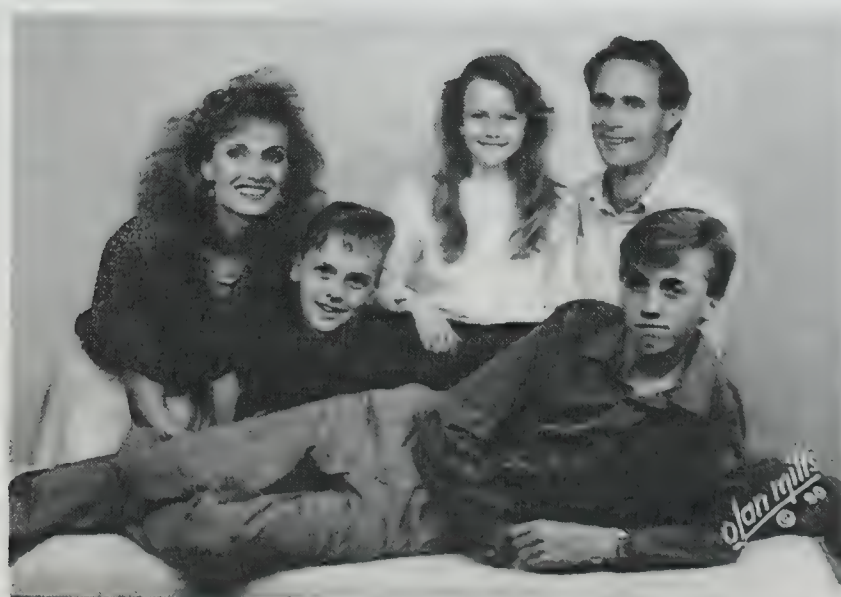
Benjamin Wayne Denham, who was born June 3, 1976, at Plano, Texas. Benjamin graduated from high school last year and is currently living with my husband and me and saving money for college. Benjamin is an Eagle Scout.

Brent Allen Denham, who was born January 1, 1978, at Plano, Texas. Brent chose to live with his father in January 1994. They currently reside in Arizona.

Rachael Leigh Ann Barnes, who was born August 13, 1981, at Dallas, Texas. Rachael currently resides with Geoffrey and me and will attend Lakeview High School this year. She is active in the Young Women's Program at church. Rachael is artistically talented and plays the guitar.

I am currently enrolled as a junior at the University of Texas at Dallas and am completing a bachelor's degree in American Studies. Geoffrey and I are active in the Dallas

14th Asian Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I consider my family and my testimony of the restored gospel to be my most valuable possessions.



Geoffrey and Marcia, with Benjamin, Brent and Rachael





Christina and Bradley, Jr.



Marcia with diploma and her Mother



## Personal History of Billy Ray Denham, Jr.

There might be some dispute as to whether my being born into this world was a blessing or a curse. Everyone I came into contact with while growing up in my youth either thought I was a saint, or a little less than such. I'm sure the majority would agree to the latter. Nevertheless, this is some of my story.

I was born September 22, 1970 in Dallas, Texas to Billy Ray Denham, Sr. and Marcia Sue Goodman. Not only did God grace me with goodly parents and Texas blood, but I was later given four brothers and a sister to torment. They are in respective order of birth from oldest to youngest under me: Bradley Lynn, Benjamin Wayne, Brent Allen, Travis, and Rachel Leanne.

I don't recall much of my childhood. Nor do I really have many fond memories to share. My parents were divorced when I was very young. After that, the rest of my youth was pretty much difficult to bear for me and everyone around me.

I do have one story I want to tell that I have always remembered. I was told my Grandpa Denham was somewhat of a rancher and cattleman. Anyways, when I was younger, I must've mentioned that I wanted a pony for my birthday, cause he bought me one. Grandpa bought me a Shetland pony, complete with saddle and all. Now, I don't know if all Shetland ponies are the same, but this one was a bugger. All he wanted to do was be brushed and fed. But that was okay, cause he was my pony. Then it came time to ride him.

Daddy saddled him up for me, and I was so excited. I was only 6 or 7 then, and, because I was so small, my feet couldn't reach the stirrups on my saddle. But I didn't care. Dad put me in the saddle. He and Mom were on either side of me. Dad said to tell the pony "giddy-up," and nudge his sides with my heels. Nothing happened. This mule wasn't movin'. Dad tried a little coaxing, but to no avail. Then my mother took the reins and said, "All you have to do is give him a little slap on the rump like this." Whap!

Next thing I knew I was holding on for dear life. That pony was off and running! I remember holding on to the saddle horn screaming, "Whoa, horsey, whoa!" and "Daddy, help me!" all in one breath. Because my little legs were too short for the stirrups, with each bounce in the saddle I was a little more sideways and bouncin' off. Before long, I was underneath the pony holding on to the girth, looking back between the horse's legs, seeing Daddy running after us, yellin', "Hold on, Billy. Hold on, son!"

The good Lord was watching over me then. Cause next thing I recall was my little arms couldn't hold on anymore, and I fell. The horse's hooves landed on either side of me, but not a blow was felt. Dad said he and Mom were so mad, they each took turns getting on



the pony trying to teach him a lesson. However, he taught them lessons instead. He bucked 'em both off time and again, till they were too sore to try any more. I never saw that pony again. But, to this day, I still love to ride horses when I get a chance. I've had my fair share of falls, kicks, and bites; but I still get back on and love to ride.

I graduated high school in San Antonio, class of '89. Shortly, thereafter I joined the Marine Corps and graduated boot camp in San Diego recruit depot the day before Thanksgiving, 1989. What a new world I was now living in. My career in the Marine Corps would prove to be highly successful. In just six short years, I've served 19 months stationed in Guam with Security Forces, Pacific; the rest of the time in Camp Pendleton, CA. While with my unit (1st Battalion, 4th Marines), in California, I've made two deployments overseas with memories galore. I've served my country in Somalia, the Persian Gulf, and anywhere else Uncle Sam's seen fit to send me. I was given the Navy Achievement Medal in November '94 by the commander of Naval Forces, Central Command (Southwest Asia Area), he being a three-star Admiral. I was also meritoriously promoted to Sergeant by my Division Commander (1st Marine Division), in May '94; he being a two-star General.



Billy on a military training mission in Jordan, 1994

There are many more highlights in my service to this country to write, but let's just suffice it to say that has been quite an experience, and it will come to an end this coming August 28, 1995. I'm somewhat sorrowful to leave, but ready to move on in life.

The story of how Rebecca and I met is a book in itself. So let me tell the short, short version. I went on a date with her older sister, Susan. She took me home to meet the family; I saw Rebecca, and the rest is history. Six years later we were married in the Dallas



Temple—December 29, 1992. We've been happily married ever since. Rebecca is my best friend. We are exactly alike in so many things. Shall I say, we were a match made in heaven.

Today we live in Mission Viejo, sunny southern California. Rebecca is a pharmaceutical assistant and she is studying for her medical assistant's certification. She'll graduate in June of 1995. I'm finishing out my last few months in the Marine Corps and preparing for my return to civilian life.

We'll move to Glendale/Phoenix this August. There Becky will put to use her medical assistant skills, and I hope to pursue an education in Medicine as well at Arizona State, starting next year. We're setting our sights high!

Through it all, so far I can say one thing has been for sure. My Father in Heaven and Savior have been with me always. For that I am forever grateful.



Billy and Becky at their wedding reception  
with Grandma Goodman, 1992



### Cathy Ann Goodman Haderlie

I was born in Dallas, Texas on March 31, 1955. I am the eighth of eleven children born to Geraldine Flora Scruggs Goodman and Walter Floyd Goodman, Sr. My Mother was from California and my Daddy was from Arizona. Mother told me that I was born in the car on the way to the hospital.

We lived in a nice but *very* small home (only 2 bedrooms and 1 bath for the whole tribe). I remember two double beds to each bedroom and dovetail sleeping arrangements. Two older sisters would sleep with a younger child. The older sisters would sleep on the outside edges of the bed with their heads at the top of the bed. Then a scrawny little kid would sleep in the middle with their head at the bottom of the bed. The poor older sisters usually got pee-peed on by the younger one. Thus, the little kid always had the nickname of pee-tail. We had great times in those beds before sleep overtook us. We loved to tell each other stories. We frequently played "When I got to California I'm going to take. . ." Guess who taught us that one.

My sisters and I played for hours with the neighbor kids outside in our yard. I used to think that Mother let us play outside so we could be kids and have fun. Now I know it was a combination of survival for her and fun for us. The neighbors wouldn't let us play very often in their yards. I was told by one of them that there were too many of us. We would kill their grass, and pretty soon their yard would look like ours. I take some resentment to their statement because Mother had a beautiful front yard. She wouldn't allow us to "trash up the front yard." She loved beautiful flower gardens and received many compliments on hers. Even strangers driving by would stop to comment on how lovely her yard was. I remember being sent out in the front yard often with a brown grocery sack to pick up "ALL" the trash, even popsicle sticks for heaven sakes. Your job wasn't over until she or an older sister inspected the yard. The older sisters loved to exert their authority during this inspection. We younger kids called them Hitler. I'm glad they got pee-peed on by us in the bed at night.

We had many different varieties of trees in our yard, and we loved to climb them. We had Pecan, Oak, Cedar, Horseapple (Bodark, I think), Persimmon, Mulberry, Memosa, Plum, and others I don't remember the names of. The Persimmon fruit was especially good for pelting someone that annoyed you. I ought to know; I was on the receiving end of many peltings. I loved to climb the trees and hide in them for privacy. The trees outside were more private than the bathroom in the house. Someone was always knocking on the bathroom door. They were also great to hide in from chores. If mother couldn't see you, well, you didn't hear her, right? At least, my hearing was directly related to her line of vision.

Most of my memories are with Mother as Daddy died when I was in junior high school. I remember going to the drive-in movies to see westerns with the family in Daddy's red pickup truck. Mother would pop two grocery bags full of popcorn with loads of butter



and salt, and Daddy would buy candy "to rot our teeth out with" as he would say. In my case, he succeeded.

I also remember Daddy helping to feed the little kids. When he wanted you to eat something you didn't like, he would say, "ummm nun-na" meaning good. I still use that saying even though I was teased when I used it in the high school lunchroom to encourage a friend who wouldn't eat some of her lunch. They published it in the Senior Pub book as the funniest saying.

When my older sisters started wearing makeup, Daddy told them "you look like a bunch of Indians with war paint on." He liked the natural look. He also told us that "a woman's hair was her shining crown of glory," and if we dyed it, "you'll go bald." I was thirty before I did my first dye job. Some of my older sisters weren't afraid of going bald even in junior high.

When the older sisters came home from a date and lingered in the car too long, Mother would flick the porch light off and on fast. You had to tell your date that was your mother, and you had to come in or she was coming out. The whole neighborhood knew Mother's signal.

I loved Christmas time at home. Mother decorated the living room beautifully with drapes of red and green crepe paper and lights around the mirror by the front door. We loved it when Daddy brought the tree home to decorate. We never got that tree to stand up straight; too many people giving directions. One year we fastened the tree to the wall with string and tacks to keep it from falling over. I remember decorating the tree with bubble lights. I burnt my fingers on the bubble light each year by touching them. I couldn't resist them; they were so pretty.

One Christmas, Mother and Daddy let us sleep in the living room with all the Christmas tree lights on. I'm sure they couldn't wait for us to fall to sleep so they could unplug the tree "so the damn house wouldn't burn down," as Mother would say.

Mother would take us Christmas-light looking every year. We would layer ourselves in the four-door Chevrolet and drive to the rich part of Dallas to oooh and ahhh. We looked for hours and sang Christmas carols. Then Mother would sing to us on the way home. We loved to hear her beautiful voice singing. Our favorite song was *Cowboy Jack*. To this day, I love to travel at night. It feels safe and peaceful. Sometimes I can hear my mother singing *Cowboy Jack*. I sing along with her to my kids.

We got new dolls every Christmas. The old dolls didn't like the hair cuts we gave them. One Christmas, we got up to a couch full of identical dolls sitting in a row. Mother had made a different colored dress for each doll of small gingham check. She let us go over and choose our own doll. I chose the purple gingham. I wish I still had one of those dolls.



I loved to pretend that I was playing the piano on the windowsill in front of our big swamp cooler when it was on. You got a natural vibrato in your voice from the wind blowing in your face. One day I decided to have a concert, so I turned on the swamp cooler and sat down in front of it to play. As I opened my mouth to sing, a Texas-size cockroach was hurled out of the swamp cooler into my face. You get a natural vibrato with a screen too. After that, I always let the piano warm up before I sat down to play.

I attended B.H. Macon Elementary just two blocks up the street from our home. In the fourth grade, I caught my dress on fire in class. We were sitting on the floor in groups and I leaned against an electrical outlet that had a bare prong hanging out of it. I didn't feel the shock through my clothes, but it caught the sailor collar of my favorite dress on fire. The teacher saw smoke coming off my back and threw a coat over me and began to beat on me. I thought I had really messed something up for her to hit on me like that. Then she sent me to the principal's office. That's when I found out I had been a burning bush, I was on fire but not consumed, and she was just putting me out.,

I went to junior high school at Fred F. Florence. I joined the pep club at school and sang in the school choir. I graduated from H. Grady Spruce High School in 1973. My fondest memories of high school and junior high were with my girlfriends in the pep club and attending all those football games. I still enjoy high school football. I also attended Skyline High School for one year, for their career development classes. I took industrial sewing and pattern making. Later in life, I helped support my husband and myself through college by sewing in a clothing factory in Provo, Utah.

After I graduated from high school, Mother took us to visit our relatives in Arizona and California. It was so strange to see people that look like you. I had never met any of our Arizona relatives except briefly at Daddy's funeral. We loved Arizona and the freedom to run around at Aunt Beulah's. We felt rich because Uncle Donald owned a store down the road from Aunt Beulah's, and he let us eat ice-cream from his store for free. California was also fun. We liked the beaches and the beautiful flowers. We met Aunt Margie and Uncle Bozo, Mother's sister and brother. I really enjoyed Aunt Margie. She was a spit fire. Uncle Bozo's boys were fresh with us girls, and we were glad to get away from them. I wish we had been bold like Aunt Margie's girl. When they pinched her on the boob under the water, she screamed out loud, and Aunt Margie jumped into the pool, clothes and all, and held the pervert under the water until we thought he would drown. We girls hooted and hollered. Aunt Margie didn't take crap off of anyone. I admired her for that.

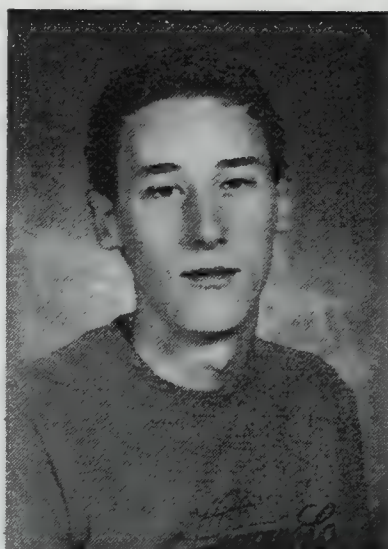
I went to Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho the summer of 1973. There I met my husband, RaMon R. Haderlie. We were married January 5, 1974, in the Idaho Falls Temple. Ray, as I call him, graduated from Brigham Young University in December of 1977 with an Electronics Technology degree. We then moved to Seattle, Washington to work for Boeing Company and have been here ever since. We would love to move closer to family, but employment has not permitted that yet. We have three children—Brian Ray born November



11, 1975, Kelley Rae born August 11, 1977, and Lisa Ann born June 3, 1982. Each child is different and each is loved.

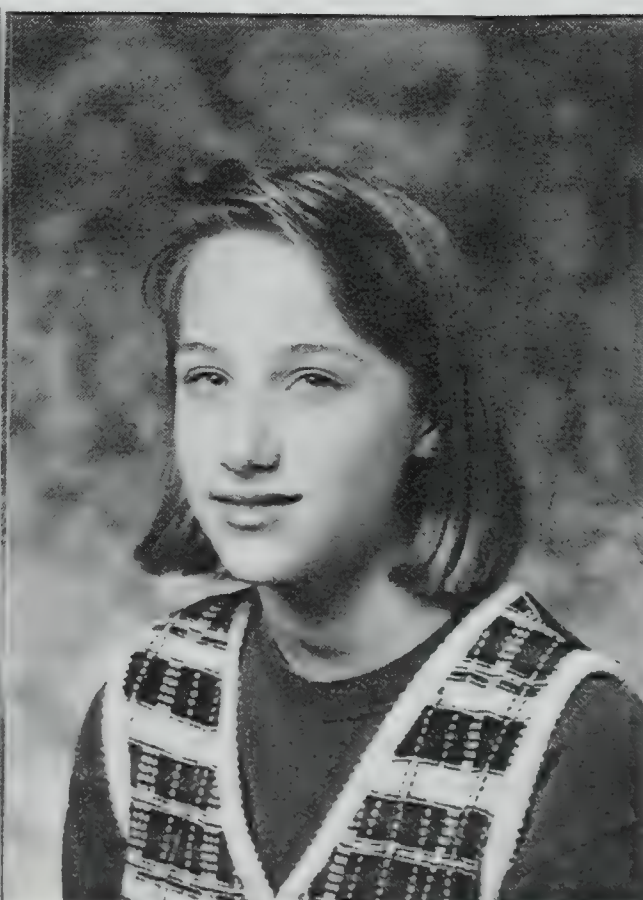


Miss Puss



Brian Ray

Brian is almost 6'3" and loves the outdoors like his father does. At age 15, he climbed Mr. Rainier (14,410 feet) for the first time with his dad. Many other climbs followed. He loves to ride mountain bikes. He played the trombone in junior high jazz band. Brian graduated from Kentridge High School in 1994, and was listed in Who's Who in American High School Students his last two years. Brian attends Green River Community College now and is working on his AA.



Kelley and Lisa, 1994

Kelley loves to run. She's on the school cross country and the track team. She's an exceptional student and a member of the National Honor Society at Kentridge High School. She will graduate in 1996. She played the piano, trumpet and French horn in grade school and junior high. Kelley loves animals, especially African animals. She is very pro-environment. She would love to write and take photographs for National Geographic.



Lisa is almost 13 and is just beginning to define who she is. She has always loved to be around people and will talk your ear off. Lisa is an honor student at Meridian Junior High. She plays the flute and made the 7th grade basketball team. And if her sister has her way, Lisa will be a track and field lover, too.

Miss Puss, our cat, is like a member of the family. Actually she thinks she owns the house. She acts just like our kids. She doesn't listen to anything you say either. The kids are so attached to this cat that for years they tried to get me to add her name to our family group sheet.



Ray and Cathy Haderlie Family, 1992

When the kids got a little older, a little wiser, and a lot more smart-mouthed, I returned to college to obtain a degree. I graduated from Green River Community College with highest honors in June of 1992 with a two-year degree (Computer Applications Specialist). I now support a Vice President of an engineering department and manage an office of 16 engineers for him.

In October 1986, after much soul searching, I left the Mormon church. I am very happy I chose to do so. I now attend the First Church of the Nazarene with people who are very loving and supportive to me. The Lord has been good to our family through the years, and we praise him for that.



## Barbara Jo Goodman Melbourne

My mother, Geraldine Goodman, says I entered this world as tenaciously as I have lived in it. Did I consider waiting until we arrived at the hospital and received the appropriate medical assistance, no, I obviously decided to arrive at my time, my place with or without the help of a doctor. Thus, on March 7, 1956, I swung into life as we were coming through the swinging door of the hospital, and have been making my own decisions ever since. Evidently that strong headedness was my inheritance from the Goodman gene pool—a quality that probably did not make for good relations with Mom. I think she had had all the strong-headed relationships she wanted. It seems quite a few of us girls inherited this characteristic, and I'm sure living with that many independent decision-makers wasn't easy. You know, too many chiefs and not enough Indians.

I have very few specific memories of myself as a young child. I do remember how much pleasure came from simple things, like a huge candy cane broken up in pieces and shared on a Friday night as we watched TV together. Or going to Griff's for their 10 hamburgers for \$1.00 special. Lying in a bed in the middle of four other people and getting your back scratched either way you faced. (But you also had to scratch either way.) And, of course, the companionship that came from having so many siblings, along with the frustrations that were equally a part of a large family.

Daddy was a very quiet and deliberate person, who shared very little of his life or his emotions. Like all of us, he had his good point and his points of struggle. By the time I was born, he had a pretty consistent struggle with alcohol, a vice that unfortunately caused a lot of pain in our family life. In reflection, I find it quite sad that Daddy allowed alcohol to rob him and his family of so much. The good and strong qualities he possessed as a person, a father, and a husband were clouded by his altered personality once he had given in to his weakness. A statement to each of us about how sin can rob us of the blessings God had intended for us to have.

Being the ninth of eleven children (seven of which were girls) had its advantages and disadvantages. You had a lot of Moms to look after you when you were in need or in danger, and yet you had the same amount of them telling you what to do and when to do it. Likewise, you had plenty of closets to borrow from, but alas plenty of hand-me-downs to inherit.

Since we lived in a sparsely populated area, my sisters and brother became my playmates and friends. Not so bad since I had plenty to choose from. I remember hours and hours of sun-filled afternoons of creative play that my children would probably think was boring. But it wasn't to us; we had everything from racetracks to dirt mansions and occasional war excursions (some make believe and others a result of heightened differences of opinions.) There were also plenty of picnics (with mustard and Mayonnaise sandwiches) and countless nights of catching fire flies. We built some pretty awesome club houses together during the day, and enjoyed some exciting, but harmless, evenings of skinny dipping



together in our 2-foot swimming pool in the back yard. (After Mother went to work, of course.)

As the years went by, it became increasingly difficult to be so close to the bottom of the pile of so many talented sisters. Anything I would be interested in trying to do or develop in, had been done by someone above me, and quite well, I might add. All of the girls had inherited both Mom's and Dad's creative abilities. I think I kind of decided, as the old adage says, "It's too hard an act to follow!" (With a small revision!) The only thing I found I really topped anyone in was getting to the top of trees. So I spent a considerable amount of time climbing trees, house tops, rock ledges, etc. Thus was born a "tom-boy!" It proved to be a valuable addition to my personality when things were tough. But because I was more blow than go, I could have been easily exposed for the frightened little girl I was if anyone had challenged my assertive exterior.

At 16, and for the first time in my life, Mother took the last four of us girls to meet our relatives, both Goodman and Scruggs. There was no doubt which side of the family I received my looks from. When we arrived in Arizona, I went into Uncle Donald's and Aunt Evelyn's store and asked them if they could tell us how to get to Vernon. They both took one look at me and said, "You're one of Walter Goodman's girls, aren't you?" What a shock that was to me, I had no idea my dad was famous! Meeting all our cousins, especially Aunt Beulah's boys, who took really good care of us city girls, was a wonderful and enjoyable experience. We later went to Uncle Bills' and Aunt Mary's in Flagstaff. When we got out of the car and walked up to their trailer, Aunt Mary came running out, yelling, "Walter, Walter, Walter, she looks just like Walter!" It had never really occurred to me before that my Goodman heritage was so dominant.

While the Goodman name is a proud inheritance, it also offered its drawbacks. I remember vividly a skinny, buck-toothed boy by the name of Billy Burdick, with coke bottle thick glasses, who danced around me daily in the Fifth Grade singing, "Barbara Badman, Barbara Badman!" I gave Billy ample warnings that his life was in danger, but his overwhelming crush on me caused him to ignore those warnings and persist with his taunting song. Eventually it cost Billy his front teeth! And it cost me my fantasy that my handsome teacher would think I was a real woman and fall madly in love with me. Instead, he threatened to make me wear pants the rest of the year and line up with the boys for recess, since I was acting like one. I would rather have lost my front teeth!

I did, however, recover from my shattering experience and manage to become a young woman after all. On September 13, 1974, four months after graduation, I chose to exchange the Goodman name for Melbourne. Jeff and I had dated through our Senior year and I was convinced that I could not survive going off to BYU without him. We have now been married 20 years, and have 3 children—one blue eyed, one brown-eyed, and one green-eyed. Their personalities are as varied as their eye colors. Our daughter, Christy Jo, was born May 5, 1975. She is an interesting blend of her dad and her mother. She has a kind heart and a



gentle spirit and a very good head on her shoulders when she wants to use it. Christy has always been one to try and help others with their struggles, and her wisdom has often exceeded her years. She now works and cares for her almost 2 years old son, Cameron Cory Smith, born June 20, 1993. He is a beautiful independent little guy. There's no doubt he has Goodman in him. He's the apple of our eye and the terror of our home. His energy is as endless as his charm. But truly, he is a joy and a treasure to us all.

Our second child, Jeffrey Jr. was born May 3, 1979, and is a Sophomore in high school. The day Jeffrey was born (as a matter of fact, a couple of hours afterward) several tornadoes touched down all around the hospital. I prayed it wasn't an omen. It must have had something to do with his torrential little aggravations he poured out on his little brother later. But those event were scattered among may witty and humorous little events an antics. He has "somewhat" outgrown the aggravation, but continues to be quite good for a laugh. Jeffrey just started his first job at Albertsons Food Stores and is learning that money goes a lot faster than it comes. He is very much like his dad. He is very gifted with his hands and can fix things really well. I appreciate having two fix-it men around the house. He enjoys, and is very knowledgeable about computers. He is interested in pursuing a vocation that will enable him to use those gifts and skills.

Our third child, Jason Michael, was born December 30, 1981. He is the spitting image of his Mom, and is Goodman through and through. He has an opinion about everything, and loves to talk and converse about life. He says what he means and means what he says! He and I can enjoy the best of conversations and also have the strongest of disagreements. He is very creative and loves to try new (daring) things. He is only in the seventh grade, and yet very perceptive about people. He is interested in pursuing a vocation in the law enforcement field, with a law degree to boot. Whatever Jason does, he will have to be the boss!

My husband, Jeff, has enjoyed an 18 year career in the graphic arts field, and has always worked hard to provide for our family. His years of hard work and devotion allowed me to stay home with our children as they were growing up. I have only recently (in the last 3 years), gone to work. He is a considerate husband who has tried hard to give me my heart's desires. Jeff encourages me constantly, and has always been extremely supportive in whatever ways he could. If we could afford it, he would love to let me go back to school full time and get my degree. Like all couples, we have had our challenges, but I appreciate the love God has shown me through my devoted husband.

The years I spent home with my children were good years, filled with growth and fun. I acquired some college credits during those years, but mostly stayed busy with my children and church activities. I enjoy writing, especially poetry and would like some day to publish a book of poetry. For whatever it's worth, if I won the lottery, I would travel for a couple of years, then go back to school full time and get my degree in Industrial Psychology. I feel a little behind in my professional life, but am still grateful for those years with my children. I am now employed in an office doing secretarial work, and am trying to balance all the



different aspects of being a working mom and wife. I am enjoying seeing my children grow and develop, and am anxious to see what they do with their lives.

Life has been an interesting adventure, sometimes negative, sometimes positive. Of everything that has occurred in my life from beginning to end, one thing stands out above all else. At 30 years of age, I met and accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior in a way in which I had never known Him, even after a life time of activity in the church. He became as real and as personal to me as anyone had ever been, and I have enjoyed many years of fellowship with Him ever since. He has taken my life and literally transformed me from the inside out. I am forever grateful to Him for His guidance in my life and know that apart from Him, life holds no real meaning. It is my firm conviction that none of us need ever wonder about our position with God after we die, if we have come to Him through the Cross of Christ. Through the cross we have been given *total* forgiveness and redemption and need never have to fear standing before Him. What a gracious and loving Father we have, to have given his perfect Son for our salvation. "This is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son as an atoning sacrifice for *our* sins." (1 John 4:10) "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believes* in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life." (John 3:16) May we all believe and receive is my prayer!



Elaine



Dee, Sherril and Rosa with  
Granddaughter





Nancy and Becky



Rebecca, Michael, and Gina

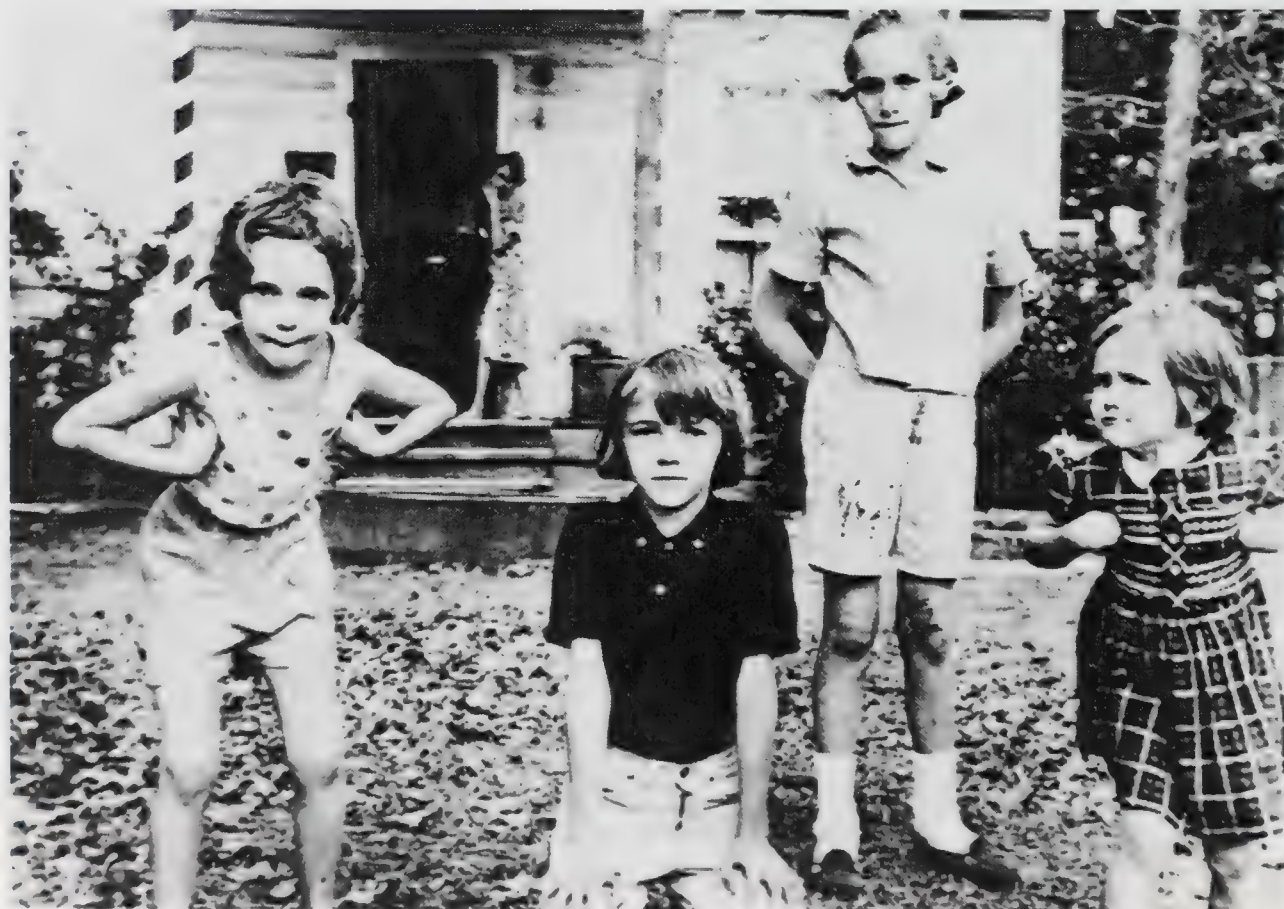


L to R, Top: Marcia. Middle row: Carol, Ray, Pete, Sherril.  
Front row: Janie, Rebecca, Barbara, Eline. July 3, 1993





Pete, 9, and Waggles



Janie, Barbara, Cathy, Becky, with Marcia in the door



## Chapter 11

### Donald Eugene Goodman

(This chapter is a compilation of interviews between Uncle Donald and James E. Cook of *The Arizona Republic* in 1981, and between Uncle Donald and Gloria Andrus in 1990, and a short history written by Aunt Evelyn in 1994.)

Grandpa Goodman was making cabinets for the U.S. Army at Fort Apache when Donald was born there on November 16, 1905, the fifth of the ten Goodman kids. At the time of his birth, Frances was 8, Willie 6, Alvin 4, and Walter 1-1/2. The family soon moved to Cibecue, where Grandma ran a trading post. His first memory is when he was about 4, and the family was camped for the summer in Jumpoff Canyon, south of Show Low, during the time Grandpa run cattle on the Fort Apache Reservation.

Soon the older children were getting old enough to attend school, so Grandpa rented then built a house in Pinedale. Grandma and the children stayed in Pinedale during the winter, but when school let out, it was off to Jumpoff Canyon. Supplies were loaded onto a buckboard and taken to the head of Jumpoff. But the buckboard had to stay up on the rim; the entire family would get on their horses and go down to camp. They lived in Army wall-tents while in Jumpoff Canyon. These were about 12 x 14 feet, with a floor and sides built up about 4 feet with a tent on top of that. Several of these clustered together—one for cooking and eating and a couple for sleeping—made up their living complex.

Frances, 16, and Donald, 8, were baptized on August 1, 1914. They were both baptized by W. R. Brewer. On the following day, Donald was confirmed by John Lewis, and Frances, by E. Thomas, Jr.

Don recalls the time when he was about 9, that he and John had to take some horses to water in Clay Springs. One of the horses cut in front of Don's horse, causing them to fall. When he was able to get off the horse, his broken right foot stuck out crossways of his leg. Grandpa was getting ready to ride back to the Reservation, so Don told John, "You go get Pa, he's just ready to leave." Grandpa came and took Don home and put him to bed. He worked on that leg for an hour before he finally got it set. The nearest doctor at the time was in Winslow, about 80 miles away, with a horse and buggy the only way to travel there.

After the leg was set, because they had no materials to cast the leg, Grandpa built a three-sided box to set on the bed to hold Don's leg immobile. At first the leg didn't pain him at all; but soon John and Lloyd were running around and playing near the bed. One of them accidentally hit the box and broke the leg again. By the time Grandpa was able to work on it, the leg was quite swollen and very painful. Don felt that it did not heal as straight as it would have had the last accident not occurred.



After Grandpa sold out on the reservation, he bought another herd north of the Mogollon Rim. "The country was all open then, so they ran wagons," Don remembers. "Pa was hardly ever home, just as he went by." "Open" meant unfenced, and a "wagon" was a crew of ranchers and cowboys that teamed up to work a whole district. Wherever the chuck wagon stopped served as home for the night.

On the dry farm at Clay Springs, water was hauled from three or four miles away. When Don was about 12 (around 1917), Grandpa bought a place at Linden that had a little open well on it, and the family moved there. Don remembers, "They left me there at the ranch in Clay Springs. Ma showed me how to make up a batch of biscuits before they left. I made some, but they were pretty damn rough to get by on."

The next year, when he joined the family at Linden, a Holbrook dairy was sending a representative into the area to buy cream. Grandma had a cream separator, so Don and John gathered up 15 or 20 old range cows and milked them. Some of the cows were pretty "waspy." For most of them, the boys had to sit on the fence and rope them, tie them to the fence, and get in the corral and milk them. Milk from about 15 of them would only amount to about five gallons of milk.

Don attended the little country schools wherever the family lived. "I never did get my eighth grade diploma," he said. "I went through the eighth grade, but Pa pulled me out of school about two weeks before we had the final tests. I had to do some riding for him. We had had a bad winter and the cows were dying and bogging down out in the flats." It appears that Don attended the Walker School for his first five grades, went to the 6th grade at Clay Springs, the 7th grade at Linden, and the 8th grade back in Clay Springs.

The summer he was 14, Don rode into the camp of the Hopen Land and Cattle Company, a big outfit on the Fort Apache Reservation. He was hunting and it was late in the day, so he decided to spend the night with some of the cowboys he knew. The big boss out of Phoenix, Cleve Cavness, offered him a job.

When the cattle were gathered to ship in the fall, they were put in a holding pasture, estimated to have six or eight sections in it. Cavness told Don they needed somebody to ride the holding pasture fence every day. It took all day to go around it, but he was to ride around it each day, throw the cattle back away from the fence and fix any holes that might be made.

Don told Cavness he'd do it. He went home the next day and fixed up "a little old hot roll that wasn't too much of a bed." Grandma suggested that he'd better take more bed than that because it could get pretty cold down there. Don said, "No, I haven't got any way to carry it, only up on my horse behind me."

"They took me on some drives before they put me on the fence. This just kept going on. Old Cavness was gone for a couple of weeks. He came back and I was still riding with



them. He told the foreman, 'I thought you were going to put Goodman riding that fence.' The foreman said, 'Hell, he's a better cowboy than what we got riding that fence. He don't get lost half as much.'" Don laughs at the memory. "So I kept riding with them. I shivered myself to sleep quite a number of nights. I never did tell anybody."

He worked three years for Hopen. Each fall he rode on the five-day drive to Holbrook, where the cattle were loaded into railroad cars and shipped east. It was dawn-to-midnight work, unless the cattle were restless and decided to move all night.

Grandpa bought the sawmill south of Vernon in 1924, and left Don with the cattle at Clay Springs. "My dad tried to give me that outfit, what few cows we had left. I said no, I guess we'd better sell the damn things and pay them on that sawmill. I stayed there about two years, gathered the balance and sold them.

In 1924, when the recession which followed World War I finally reached Arizona, the banks began to close and called in loans to cattlemen. Grandpa had satisfied the banks, but Don had to ride with the big bank roundup to sort out the family's cattle.

"I think as big a bunch as I ever saw throwed together was down there at Day Lakes, right where that pulp mill stuff (effluent) runs in," Don remembers. "I think there was something over five thousand head of cattle in the Dry Lakes. We moved them cattle to Holbrook and shipped them out to satisfy the banks."

Don joined the family at the sawmill and worked there, but not happily. He went to work for Naegle Land and Cattle Company in the Springerville-Vernon area. "I started riding a bunch of little broncs they'd started, and helping gather cattle."

In 1935, Bob Francy, a rancher in Vernon, asked Don to help take a party of dudes on a pack trip in the White Mountains, offering him \$150 for 15 days. "Gosh damn, that was a gold mine for an old cowboy making \$30 a month."

Francy had worked at the Grand Canyon for years, and he told Don he could make \$60 a month as a guide, plus an extra \$15 if he would entertain. Don worked at the Canyon until the fall of 1939, as mule guide, packer and horse guide. Three nights a week, he was one of the entertainers at Bright Angel Lodge. He sang old songs about the hardship of cowboying and the folly of dudes.

Don had a special talent that not even Robert Ripley was able to describe. Ripley visited the Canyon in 1938 and put Don in his *Believe It Or Not*. Don could hum and whistle at the same time. The effect was something like a Jew's harp. He tells that he learned the skill while riding into the wind as a boy. On stage, he fanned his hat in front of his mouth to create a wind. Folklore collectors at Northern Arizona University have recorded some of his songs.





Don at Grand Canyon



Getting ready for a ride down the canyon

When asked about his musical talents, Don answered, "I'm not sure where my musical abilities came from. Just seemed kinda natural to me, and I guess to Beulah. I've often wished that I had taken a little more interest in it than I did, and really entertained more. Before I went into the Army and got that throat trouble, I loved to sing. I could sing all night and never sing the same song twice. If I was in the mood and had the right kind of crowd, especially around a campfire, I was alright. I didn't have to take my guitar with me when I went down into the Canyon. They had one down there at Phantom Ranch that I used. Usually I only went to Phantom Ranch about every 10-12 days. Each guide would take a turn going to Phantom Ranch because usually the people who went to Phantom were the wealthier guests and they'd stay overnight. I understand they don't do it like they used to. A one-day trip would go down Bright Angel trail and come back up Bright Angel Trail. I understand now that they go down the Yaqui Trail and come up Bright Angel. The only people who got to go down the Yaqui had to stay overnight.

"When I was not taking a group down into the Canyon, I'd be up on the South Rim. The first two summers I was there, I guided, going just down into the canyon. The last two years I was there, I didn't go into the canyon. I worked with the horses and took rides along the rim. Horses never went down into the canyon, just the mules. So anybody who wanted to take a horseback ride, just rode the rim. I still entertained, however, about once a week in the Bright Angel Lodge. I really enjoyed that, and I was around the horses I loved.

"There are several reasons why the Canyon used mules rather than horses in the canyon. Mules won't hurt themselves, but if a horse gets scared, he'll might jump off the bluff with a rider. A mule won't do that. Another thing, if you send the guide down first, the mule



will just naturally follow. Horses don't do that, they're too independent. That's why I liked the horses better.

While at the Canyon, Don met Yellowstone Chip, an entertainer who worked the Canyon in summer and was head wrangler at the Wigwam Inn in Litchfield Park (west of Phoenix) during the winter season. He asked Don to move down to the valley in the winter of 1939 and break horses for the Wigwam Inn, which was more or less a dude place. Don moved down, and there he met Evelyn Rostberg, a North Dakota girl, who was waiting tables at the Wigwam. The next spring, he went to work at Camelback Inn. From there, he applied to drive "test" for Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, to see how Goodyear tires held up on desert roads. Mostly, he drove a Mack tractor-trailer with 1400 pounds of water slung high in its trailer to make it top-heavy. It was a test of how the sidewalls would hold up. Truck tires were made of genuine rubber, and Don says he didn't have many flats. But now and then he drove a Chrysler passenger car to test the new tires of synthetic rubber.

"We'd take two or three sets of tires along and come back without any," Don said. "They'd throw the caps (treads). They couldn't get 'em to adhere to the body. I'd drive that there truck down toward Casa Grande and almost into Tucson and then turn around and come back -- driving for 8 hours each day. I did that for about 18 months until I went into the Army in 1942."

Goodyear offered to get him a draft deferment, but he chose to go into the Army. He and Evelyn were married before he left. Evelyn recalls, "Don and I were married in the afternoon of April 27th, 1942, in Wickenburg, Arizona, at a place that was known as "Where the Knot is Tied." This place had a big sign "Licenses Issued and Knots Tied." We even had to wait for the judge's return from the movie house. Two close friends of ours were also married on this date. After rice throwing and congratulations from friends, the four of us left for the Utah National Parks—Zions and Bryce for an interesting and short trip. Don already had his induction papers and had to report on the 4th of May, so we didn't have much time



Headed down the canyon



for a honeymoon. After Don and I returned to the Wigwam Resort, Don reported for his physical on the 4th in Phoenix, and on the morning of the 5th, was in Fort Bliss at El Paso. He then went on to Camp Walters at Mineral Wells, Texas. I left Arizona and joined him at Mineral Wells, where we lived together at the Baker Hotel. After a short time he was called to Camp Hale in Colorado and then overseas.



Evelyn and her G.I.

"We were now expecting our little 'Joe,' so I hopped in our Chevrolet and headed across country to Larimore, North Dakota (just west of Grand Forks), where I was raised. My brother, who was a lieutenant in the Navy, also stayed there; his wife, Louise, taught in the local school, and I helped another brother operate his cleaning establishment. Louise soon had a little daughter, and we had our son, Joe, born at St. Joseph's Hospital in Grand Forks. He weighed 9 pounds 3-1/2 ounces, and the nurses named him Bennie Goodman, a popular dance band at the time. Don's brother, John, already had a son named Bennie, so we settled for G.I. Joe; our Catholic friends said, 'Joseph, that's nice.' Don came to Larimore on a week's pass, so saw his son before he went overseas. These two babies were raised together until three years old when each moved away with his and her parents. They are close friends yet."

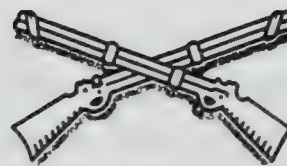
Don remembers, "I'm the only son who served in the Army. The rest were the wrong age, or too much family, or something. Walter worked as a welder in the shipyards in California; he worked out there until after the war was over. Bill took his physical exam and was

waiting to be called into World War I, when the armistice was signed. I was only about 12 years old during World War I.

"I was 38 at that time Pa had a stroke. I was stationed at Camp Hale, Colorado (near Leadville), but got a pass and came to see him right after the stroke. Then I went back, and I was there about six weeks and got a call from home. They said if I wanted to see him alive, I'd better come back. I got there late one night. He couldn't talk or anything, but I think he recognized me and knew that I had come, because I walked up and spoke to him, and I could see his muscles kinda tense, but that was the only response. He died the next day, May 26, 1943.



Dear Bud & Family  
 Guess I will spend  
 Xmas out here in the  
 hills. Lucky even to  
 get a few cards to  
 send. I would  
 like to be there. May  
 get to see Walter while  
 I am here. But nothing  
 sure.



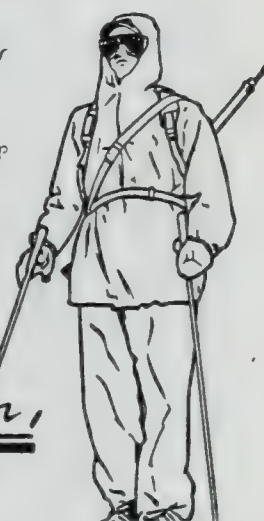
87th MOUNTAIN INFANTRY REGIMENT

Season's Greetings

And Christmas Cheer

With Heartiest Wishes

From a Mountaineer



Bud & Uncle Don,

Letter from Donald to Alvin, Christmas 1943



Germany, 1944. Donald is first person on left, back row



"Little Joe was born just before I went overseas. I got to see him once before I went across. I think I had a week's pass and went up and saw him one time. They gave everybody a pass before they went overseas. Evelyn was staying with her mother in North Dakota, and worked for one of her brothers who had a cleaning establishment. She didn't teach school again until she got to Vernon.

"When I went to school and they tried to teach me history and geography, I'd think, 'What do I care about that history. That's a hundred years ago; all past life.' But after I went overseas and we got to seeing places and checking up on history, then I thought, 'Damn, I wish I had been a little more interested in history when I was going to school.' A lot of those kids would say, 'This is so-and-so.' The kids younger than I knew a lot more about places in France and history than I did. I then regretted not knowing more."

After basic training in Texas, Don was put in charge of a detail of men going to Fort Lewis, Washington. "I ran onto an old cowboy there. You know, you can damn near tell a cowboy when you see one walking around. And this old boy, he says, 'Where you from?' I says, 'Arizona.' He says, 'What do you do?' I said, 'Just punch cows.' 'Hell,' he says, 'that's what I am, a damn cowboy from Montana.' He says, 'Do you know what you're in?' I says, 'No, I don't know what I'm in.' He said, 'You're in a damn ski troop outfit.'"

Don explained the throat trouble mentioned earlier which caused him to lose his singing voice. "A whole bunch of us, while we were in Camp Hale, lost our voices and couldn't talk. Some of the soldiers were discharged because they never did get to where they could talk. They kept them there to try and get them over it, and then they tried to figure out what had caused the problem, but I don't know what they ever did find out. I heard one rumor that it was arsenic in the soil that caused it, but I don't know. But there were about 800 soldiers affected.

"Camp Hale was located near Leadville, right on the top of the mountains, about 14,000 feet. This was a ski camp. The 87th. Mountain Infantry was a ski unit. What the Army planned when they started this ski troop was to train ski troopers and a mule-borne light artillery unit for an invasion of Europe through Norway instead of across the (English) Channel, and why they changed their minds, I don't know. I think it was the way they came up through Africa that changed their minds, because they got clear up into Italy, and were fighting in Italy before we crossed the Channel. But, my outfit, the 87th. Mountain Infantry, went across into Africa. They were the ones that did all the main fighting in Italy, because of the mountain terrain. So, they really took a beating. I hurt my knee at Camp Hale and was taken out of the group before they were sent overseas and put into the motor pool. That's how I didn't have to go across with them.

"When I was shipped back into El Paso to be discharged, there was another of my old 87th Mountain Infantry buddies shipped there at the same time. We visited for quite awhile.



He said, 'Don, you won't believe this, but of our company that we were with in Camp Hale, I'm the only one to come back—everyone else is gone.' I think I was probably blessed to have hurt my knee, and that's the way it was supposed to be.

"I served in England, France, Holland, Belgium, and then Germany. I was billeted about six months in England before "D" Day. My old outfit went across the Channel about "D" Day plus 21, during the Battle of St. Lowe. I went across the other way in the motor pool. I was called a trouble-shooter; if a truck in a convoy of ammunition or gas going to the front broke down, I was supposed to either go out and get it started and get them on the road, or get it back to ordnance for the transfer, so I wasn't actually at the front most of the time. After the armistice was signed, I went across Europe as a driver for a legal officer, looking for violations of the Geneva Convention. We were sent down into Bavaria, so I got to see Hitler's hideout, the Eagle's Nest, they called it.

"When I got out of the Army in '45, I told Evelyn we'd come by Vernon to see Mom and the family and go on back to Goodyear. You see, whenever a soldier was taken off a job, he had the job promised back if he got back. After we'd been here about three or four days, Lloyd came to see me. He was operating that sawmill down at Cross Roads for C.D. Moore, so he came down one day and said, 'Don, Moore wants someone who knows how to set up a planing mill. Do you want to take the job? He'll pay you \$1.25 an hour while you're building the shed and setting up the planer, and then he'll pay you so much a thousand after that.' That sounded like a pretty good deal to us. Goodyear wasn't union, but they always paid union wages, but I didn't know what I would have gotten had I gone back. That \$1.25 an hour was pretty good wages at that time.

"I worked there from '46 to '51. Someway or another, Lloyd had a little '6 Cat that I skidded for him on the forest. Then he got a loader, but I can't remember for sure how it came up that he quit down here at the mill. It may have been then that he went on that mission. Anyway, after he left here, he took his machinery and worked on the reservation. He worked down at Sells and on the other reservations."

Back in the sawmilling business that he hated as a kid, Don set up a planing mill and operated it for several years. Every time he had a chance, however, he'd take off and "punch cows."

Evelyn remembers, "That was really pioneering when we first came up here in forty-six. Living in a mill shack, and there was only one phone in the whole area."

Nancy was born in McNary on February 20, 1947.

Don was the constable for a dozen years or so, serving papers and keeping the peace. "It got pretty rough once in a while when two sawmills were running here. The job paid \$15



a month when I started, and \$18 a month when I quit. They passed a law that constables had to be paid at least \$5,000 a year, and that ended my job fast."

The Page Land and Cattle Company hired Don to do a lot of cowboying. And when former world champion cowboy, Earl Thode, drowned in a nearby lake, Don ran his ranch for three years.



Don and Evelyn, with Joe and Nancy

One wet winter the sawmill was closed because of snow and mud, so Don was working for Emily Michener who owned Timberline Ranch, mostly a dude ranch for girls. "I was ridin' a little old horse and he jumped into a tree with me and broke my leg. I got phlebitis in it to where the doctor said I'd probably lose it. So about that time the Cross Roads Station came up for lease, and I wasn't so sure I wasn't going to lose my leg anyway."

They leased the station in 1951 from Bob Francy, then bought it in 1952. That's when they changed the name to "Midway." Evelyn recalled, "The sawmills closed down. We had the archaeology camp from the Chicago Museum of Natural History for 17 years, and Emily Michener's camp for 20, 30 years. After each one of these was closed down because of death, we thought Vernon would die down so we could quit. But business still held up. There are more people moving in all the time."

Don and Evelyn lived in a duplex near the store, until it burned down several years later. Evelyn felt the loss keenly. "In about 1956, we had the misfortune of losing our lovely duplex home by the store. It caught fire from faulty electrical wiring. We then had to arrange for living quarters in the store, which is now where the Post Office is." They had no fire insurance so they ran the store, Evelyn taught school, and Don punched cows, while they built a new house. Evelyn continued teaching school at various times, and with Don cowboying, and with Joe and Nancy helping run the store, they managed to make it, and to stay on that corner for 33 years.

Evelyn also became Post Mistress of the Vernon Post Office in June of 1982, and kept it until 1987, when she had heart surgery.

Don also drove school bus until he was 65. He served on the Round Valley School Board, and on the Board of Directors of White Mountain Communities Hospital in Springerville.



Don expressed his love of the family with this sentiment: "I've always been proud to be a Goodman. That's one thing that anyone who ever knew my Dad would say—that he never had an enemy in the world."

"Once when Little Joe went to the Union Hall in Phoenix, the secretary asked him, 'Are you one of *THE* Goodmans?'"

Evelyn wrote: "At this time, Nancy, Dan, and children have taken over Midway Station, and we live nearby at Timber Knoll, when we are at home. Otherwise we're in either Alaska or San Diego."

"We both feel so very fortunate and so grateful for the health we are enjoying in our 80 some years of living."



Don and Evelyn



Don doing what he likes best



### Joseph Donald Goodman

I was born on May 27, 1943—one day after Grandpa Goodman died. I attended Vernon Elementary School through the first eight grades, and went my freshman year at Round Valley High School. For my sophomore year, I went to North Dakota and stayed with my mother's family, but returned to Round Valley for my junior and senior years.

In the Fall of 1961, I enrolled at Eastern Arizona Junior College, in Thatcher, and went for two years. I enlisted in the Army in February of 1964, and was stationed near Stuttgart, Germany from April 1965 to February 1967, when I was discharged.

I married Linda Turben in 1969; we were divorced in 1973.

I worked as a diesel mechanic at Cummins in Phoenix from 1969 to 1975, when I moved to Alaska. In Alaska, I worked on the North Slope at Prudhoe Bay from 1975 through 1982, working out of the Operating Engineers as a heavy duty mechanic.



Little Joe and Margaret

Margaret Statler and I were married in Palmer, Alaska, in 1981, and continue to live happily ever after!

I'm currently working for the State of Alaska DOT as an equipment operator, and Margaret teaches school. For fun we ride snowmobiles and ATV's, and spend time at our cabin in the Caribou Hills.



## Nancy Joan Goodman McIntyre

I was born on February 20, 1947 in the McNary Hospital. We lived at the C. D. Moore Cottage at the sawmill site, where Dad worked setting up a planer mill for the sawmill.

My elementary school days were all at Vernon Elementary School, from 1954 to 1962; I was selected valedictorian of the 8th grade class. I attended Round Valley High School from 1962 to 1966, again graduating as valedictorian.

At Arizona State University, I studied Nursing and graduated with a B.A. Degree in Nursing in 1970. After working at the White Mountain Community Hospital for a year, I returned to A.S.U. to pursue a masters in Nursing, which I was awarded in 1975.

I then applied to the medical school at the University of Arizona, and received my M. D. Degree in 1979. Because I placed in the top sixth of our class academically, I received several awards and citations. My residency work was done at the Emergency Hospital in San Diego in 1980.

Dan McIntyre and I were married on November 7, 1986 at the Greer Lodge, in Greer. We have two adorable daughters, and live in San Diego.

I'm currently working with Kaiser Permanente in emergency medicine. Several years ago, we bought the Midway Station from Dad and Mom. Dan now spends considerable time in Vernon keeping things running smoothly there.



Dan, Nancy, Donald



[illegible]



## Chapter 12

### John McNeil Goodman

(This is taken from *My Personal History* written by Uncle John)

I was born Feb. 6, 1908, son of William Ezra Goodman and Hannah McNeil Goodman. I was the sixth child and the fifth son in the family of ten children.

My birthplace was Pinedale, Navajo County, Arizona. At the time I was born my father was running cattle in the area of Mud Springs and Jumpoff Canyons, located on the White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation.

When I was two years old, my father homesteaded seven miles west of Pinedale where we lived until I was about fifteen or sixteen years old. It was two miles from what is now known as Clay Springs, in which area I have yet a lot of fond memories of friends and happenings.

Sometimes, in the summer months, it was necessary for my father to move my mother and children temporarily to the reservation in order to properly care for the cattle. The range was very rough and rugged. There were deep canyons in which there were numerous wild animals, such as lion, bear, even a few gray wolves or lobos, and many smaller predators.

Our summer home in Jumpoff Canyon was a large tent. The cooking was done outside, in front, in dutch ovens over an open fire. We obtained water from a mountain stream. Because of the need to sew and mend our clothes, it was necessary for my mother to have her Singer sewing machine, and because of the very steep, rough terrain there could be no wagon road; so to transport the sewing machine my father used our jenny burro, or as we called her, "Old Ginny." Using a pack saddle the machine was made secure by the use of what packers called the "Diamond hitch", using a lariat rope. A burro is a very sure-footed animal; otherwise going down some of those steep mountain trails might have been disastrous.

It seems we retain few glimpses of our infant life. One I remember very distinctly, and I suppose this particular one because I was so impressed with its rugged beauty. About two miles below where our camp was were the falls. Now, these water falls were the reason it was called Jumpoff Canyon. There were permanent springs in the canyon, so the water flowed over the falls the year around. But this time I refer to Dad took all the family to see the falls. As we approached the falls, Dad carried me on his shoulders straddle-neck style. Even though I could have been no more than three years old, I remember what a thrill it was to see the crystal-clear water tumbling down over the cliffs.

On this particular day my father had saddled his horse to ride over a certain area. As he rode down the canyon away from camp, it sounded as if someone called his name, "Will," but he rode on. After going a short distance, he again heard, "Will." He stopped and



pondered the situation for a moment then rode on. Again, for the third time, he heard his name called. He immediately turned his horse around and returned to camp. He said he didn't know why, but he got off his horse and turned over and emptied a large tub of water setting there where my mother had been washing. Then he saw me, a two-year old walking around the yard. The thought came to him that I might have fallen in the tub and drowned. Could it be the Lord was mindful enough of me to preserve my life? There must be a divine purpose in our lives, which we ourselves too often overlook or forget.

My first school days were spent in a room of a private home rented by arrangement of the school trustees for that purpose. My first school teacher was Miss Scarce. She taught for two years. One thing I remember about her were her small feet and long, pointed shoes. One thought I had was, "I would surely hate to be kicked by those."

My father was a member of the board of trustees, and as he was a good carpenter, the board agreed that he should build a one-room school house on his property and rent it to the school district. It was known as the Walker School District No. 11. I went to school there through the sixth grade.

Up to now, I haven't mentioned where our Meeting House was. It was at Clay Springs. The ward house was the school house also. It was two miles from our ranch, and that was quite far by buggy or buckboard, so we would take a lunch, and it was somewhat like a picnic between Sunday School and Church. All the families from the ranches would eat lunch on the grounds, and those living nearer would go home for dinner.

I was proud when I was ordained a deacon. My friend and I would get on our horses to gather fast offerings, such as flour, bacon, beans, potatoes, and some bottled items. No one had very much money.

Approximately one-half mile south of our ranch at Linden was Right Hand Canyon. This was a wide, flat-bottom canyon with a large ravine criss-crossing it on its way to the canyon mouth. There it joined the main drainage system of that area.

The head of this canyon constituted the foot hills of several large ridges, the largest one of which was called Juniper Ridge. On most of the large ridges were large patches of Manzanita brush, many as large as 500 yards across. This brush averaged about 45 inches high and was so dense it was hard to ride through. However, its beauty was unique, the leaves being small and dark green; the trunk and branches were a cherry-red shade. In the fall of the year it had a red berry that resembled a miniature apple.

These Manzanita patches made an ideal place for fur-bearing animals to hide out and sleep during the day, as most were of a nocturnal nature, such as Lynx Cat (Wildcat), Gray Fox, Raccoon, Timber Wolf (Coyote) and last but by no means least, the wily mountain Lion.



Now the trick was to ride into the Manzanita thickets, pull the Winchester Carbine and fire a shot into the air. This caused any lurking, sleeping predators to scramble out of the thicket to escape, but the old hound had a different idea. He was on to this trick, so he would proceed to circle the thicket and of course, wherever the tracks came out, he picked it up hot, and usually it wasn't long until he barked treed, a different tone of bark than the trail bark.

Well, on this one day I was riding along the south extreme of Juniper Ridge where it breaks off from the main rim or divide, which divide constituted the north boundary of the White Mountain Apache Reservation on the south and the Sitgreaves National Forest on the north. All of a sudden Ol Bruno let out a bellow and I knew he had a hot track so I rode in the direction of the sound of his bark. I came upon the track of a large Mountain Lion and the dogs were hot on the trail. After following some distance, I could see where the Lion would roll over in the snow trying to cool off. Ordinarily at that stage they'll soon take a tree, but this one seemed determined to keep running. He was headed south toward the reservation line. I followed until the tracks crossed the line. On the south slope (reservation side) the canyons were deep and steep; the timber and underbrush were very thick and the terrain treacherous even in daylight. This being late afternoon, at best it would be dusk or even dark coming out, and as my Mother would be worried. I decided not to follow. There were two dogs, the hound and a small, but full-grown black shepherd. They were gone all that night and until about 10:00 A.M. the next morning. On examining them, I found Ol Bruno had a slit on the end of his tail approximately two inches long. Presumably, he had gotten too close and the old lion had taken a swipe at him with a claw. I've always somewhat regretted I didn't stay on the trail and see it through.

Times were bad. The price of cattle dropped so low the cattle men were all losing money and some went broke, including my Father. The Bank held a mortgage so it took over. We lost all we had. This was during a period from 1920 to 1924. In 1924 my Father was able to borrow enough money for the down payment on a saw mill south of Vernon, some 50 or 60 miles from where we were living at Linden where the ranch was located.

I had finished the seventh grade at Linden, so later took the eighth grade at Vernon.

It was still pretty much horse and buggy days. My Dad and I hooked up Old Blue and Nickel, our team of gray geldings, and proceeded to move our belongings to the saw mill, a two-day trip over some rough stretches of road. My brother, Alvin, worked on a job at another saw mill called the Standard Saw Mill, 15 miles west of the ranch. He owned a Model T Ford, so he moved my Mother and the small members of the family, namely my brother, Lloyd, and two sisters, Fern and Beulah.

Before long my older brothers, Walter and Alvin, came to work on the mill. Walter, who was very mechanically inclined, came first and did a great lot in getting the mill in shape to run and saw lumber. Alvin took over the logging. I and my brother, Donald, being younger, labored in the mill.



Times were hard but we were able to pay the mill off in three years time and live. Also employed, at times, three to four extra men, some local, some Oakies and Arkies on their way to California to pick grapes or to find work, if possible. What was known as the dust bowl area was hit by wind storms which removed considerable top soil off large areas of farm land in that region, so the share croppers, as they called themselves, had to move out to survive.

They would come by in an old Jalopy (Model T Ford) with a mattress tied on top and a wash tub (Number 3 galvanized) hung on the back, apparently all the worldly possessions they had. There would be Mother and Dad and a half dozen kids crammed in the seats, and sometimes an old Grandmother or Grandfather. Some had older kids and some younger ones, all sharing alike to survive. They would work long enough to get gas and a little food and go on. (Grapes of Wrath as they were sometimes referred to.)

Well, times got worse for us, too. We couldn't sell any lumber. However badly people wanted and needed lumber, no one had any money. Except for a buyer now and then, we operated the mill very little.

I decided to go to McNary, 25 miles to the south of us, where there was a big saw mill, to try for a job. I did and got one. I roomed and boarded at a company rooming house and ate at a company boarding house. They paid every week, so after I had worked one week, I went in the office to draw my pay. I can't remember the rate of pay, something like 50¢ an hour. At any rate, by the time they had figured my room and board, my total pay was \$2.50, paid in silver.

That very day I happened to run onto a man who was some sort of a traveling salesman. His name was Mr. Thomas. He said he was going to Miami the next morning. I asked if I could ride with him, as my uncle and aunt lived in Miami. He said sure I could. I remember he was real friendly. So thinking I might get a job in the mines or elsewhere, I was glad to get to go.

I stayed with Uncle Jess and Aunt Bess McNeil. She was one of the sweetest ladies I ever knew. She kept telling Uncle Jess, "You get a job for John." He was an expert machinist in the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company's machine shop. He had somewhat of influence with the "Big Shots," as we called them, or management of the machine shop, the pipe shop and the boiler shop. He did get me on in the pipe shop as a pipe fitter helper. It was a good job. I liked it. I don't remember how many months I worked there, almost a year I think. Things began to get slower. The great depression of 1929 and 1930 was coming on. Men with least seniority were being laid off, so I went back to the saw mill to eke out an existence with the others of the family who were still there.

It was the summer of 1928 when I went to Miami, and by the fall of 1929 the depression was hurting. By the next summer and fall of 1930 the banks all over the country



were going broke and soup lines were being financed with some kind of government grants; I'm not sure just how. There weren't any in this state, at least where we were, but it was mighty slim picking.

In the meantime every attempt was made to live a normal life. We would go to dances and other activities in the little towns around this part of the country. It was at one of these dances at Show Low that I met a young lady who I thought was mighty neat, if you know what that means. Clichés change with each generation. Her name was Lahoma Bennett. I chased her until I caught her and married her. A civil marriage it was on Jan. 28, 1931, and later, after we had 5 children, we were married and the children sealed to us in the Mesa, Arizona Temple, Jan. 30, 1940.



Lahoma Bennett Goodman

In the meantime an American presidential election came up and a very lively candidate, a democrat by the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, announced his candidacy for the presidency. He was one of the most dynamic personalities that you can imagine. I mean he was on top of every issue; he knew just what to say and after he was elected he did it. He pulled no punches in his campaign. Mainly the issue, at least in his view, was greedy big business versus the common people, or oppression of the working class, long hours, low pay, what he called the sweat shops.

He changed all that with the passage of the Labor Relations Act which permitted labor to organize and bargain collectively with big business management for better working conditions and more pay, which took money out of the pockets of the biggies and put some into the hands of the consumer. This brought to life the law of supply and demand. Consequently, by the purchasing power of the people, jobs were created so that people had a chance to earn a decent living.

I got my first job after the depression as an ax-man on a survey crew on the proposed highway from Globe to Show Low (this is the Salt River road). That lasted until the job was completed, about 5 months. In the meantime, since marriage, I had worked on the Work Progress Administration (W.P.A.), instigated by Roosevelt. The types of jobs created around the United States were of numerous types, too much to be mentioned, building dams, flood control, to name a few. But at least people could work and support their families.

Private industry began to get going again. I got a job with Smith Heywood Truck lines. I started on daytime local deliveries, then transferred to Phoenix on the night run from



Phoenix to Show Low. We moved to Phoenix while I was on that job. I drove to Globe then switched trucks with a driver from Show Low, returning to the dock in Phoenix.

We lived on 7th and East Polk, across the street from a big high school. There was this little dome-shaped building called the "Igloo." It sold ice cream and other goodies to accommodate the high school kids. Our kids like to go and patronize that place too. They weren't used to the heat, so I guess that helped, at least they thought so. Well, that job ended in 1938.

I went to work then for Southwest Forest Industries at McNary, operating a bull dozer, building truck trails or roads for the big log trucks. We were living at Show Low at the time. I worked there until the war broke out in Dec. 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Men were being drafted right and left and they were calling for men in the mines. Since I had worked for the Inspiration Copper Co. before, and since I was getting tired of those hard winters in the log woods, I believed I could get a job there and I did, about a week before Christmas. I had a 1938 Plymouth. I moved my family down on Christmas day to Miami.

We lived and I worked there 3 years. While working there I bought and paid for a place in Woodruff. We wanted a home, a place where we could settle down and feel more secure. So when the Japanese surrendered in 1945, I quit my job there and we moved to our home in Woodruff.

### Additional History

written by Betty Goodman Hatch

I don't think I've ever known anyone with more integrity than my dad. He was always totally honest with us. He was loving and kind, but very strict.

We older children were born during the Depression, and it was a real struggle for Dad to make a living. Dad had to hitchhike wherever he went—most of the time we didn't have a car.



John, with Johnnie and Betty



We lived in Show Low in my early memories, with the exception of about two years when we lived in Phoenix (I started 1st grade there). We moved back to Show Low and I can't remember what Dad did for employment then. He bought a 2-room cabin and piece of land west of Show Low. We moved in, and the first time it rained, the roof leaked like crazy. Dad didn't have any money, so he went to Roy Ellsworth (from what Mom said, he saved our lives more than once) and borrowed enough money to get some tin for the roof. He was putting it on during a rain storm; it was slick, and Dad fell off the roof. He was okay, but it really gave us a scare.



Betty and Johnnie

While we lived in that little cabin, the Second World War started. I remember that Sunday morning very well. We went to Grandma Goodman's in Vernon and several of Dad's brothers were there. They were all listening to a radio trying to catch any news they could. Shortly after that, Dad was able to get a job in Miami in the copper industry. We remember when Dad was called into the Army; Mom was so upset. So, of course, we kids felt it, too. We were so happy when Dad came home and said he didn't have to go. Not that he had 7 kids, but that he was working in an industry that was vital to the war effort.

Dad wasn't very active in the church when we were very young. He told me after I was grown that one Sunday morning he was dropping us off at Sunday School, and I asked, "Daddy, where are you going?" He said he thought to himself, "Where am I going?" We were sealed in the Arizona Temple

when I was young. I remember how happy we all were.

We bought our house in Woodruff and we liked that. We never liked Miami very well. At first Dad tried to work in Miami and come home on weekends, but it wasn't a very good situation. We older children were coming into the teen-age years and we needed Dad, so he quit and came home. He got a job in Holbrook driving a truck for Schusters.

A couple of experiences he had while driving truck: On one occasion, he picked up several Indians who were hitchhiking. When he got to St. Johns, the Indians jumped out and disappeared. When he started unloading, he saw that they had eaten half a gunny sack full of peanuts and had left the shells scattered all over the truck. Don't remember if he had to pay for them.





John and Lahoma holding Benny. L to R, Middle row: Johnny and Betty.  
Front row: Leslie, Jerry, Glen, Eva

Another time he was passing another truck and clipped the side of the truck. He stopped and got out. The other truck driver didn't say a word—just socked Dad in the mouth. He was wearing a ring, so Dad really was hurt. It split his lip, and he couldn't eat for several days. The guy took him to court in St. Johns. He was surprised when he saw how many friends Dad had—everyone in court knew him. The guy lost in court and said, "I'm just a strange man in a strange land."

Daddy had one of the nicest gardens in Woodruff. He grew wonderful tomatoes and corn. His front yard was always beautiful. Especially after he retired and was able to spend more time at it. He never had a weed in his whole half-acre lot. My children love to spend as much time with Grandpa as they could. When my youngest son, Joe, was about 5 years old, I told him he couldn't go to Grandpa's. He protested, "If I don't go to my job, Grandpa won't pay me and I'll get fired." They had a good relationship.

Dad got a job in road construction skinning cat. He enjoyed that. It took him to many different places in Arizona. He was working one summer in Hannigan's Meadow above Springerville, and had a bad accident. Somehow, a large tree limb fell on his head. He was by himself and laid out there almost all day. He was in Springerville Hospital for quite a while and then had to go to Phoenix for surgery, where they put in a silver plate to cover the hole



in his skull. That changed Dad somewhat; after that he seemed to have times when he became very depressed.



L to R, Back row: Johnny, Lahoma, John. Middle row: Betty, Eva, Glen, Jerry. Front row: Leslie, Benny

It wasn't long after he got back to work that he broke a leg, and was laid up again for awhile.

Not long after that, Dad was working on a job near Globe. He and Mom were living in Globe, when Mom had a cerebral hemorrhage. She died two days later (May 12, 1961). She was only 46. We all missed her so much, and Dad was just lost.

A few months later, he was introduced to a lady named Ora Toone. They were married, and Dad was much happier. They were a good team. Dad raised a garden and Ora canned. They also had an apple orchard, so Dad got an apple press and they made the best apple juice.

Dad was very active and worked very hard up to the last. He fell off the roof again while putting a new roof on the house, and even at his age, didn't break any bones. Dad's last two years on earth were very hard and very sad. He passed away March 13, 1986, and I've missed him so much.





In Memory Of

*John McNeil Goodman*

Born Feb. 6, 1908

Passed Away March 13, 1986

Pinedale, Ariz.

Woodruff, Ariz.

Funeral Services  
2:00 P.M. Sunday March 16, 1986  
Woodruff Ward Chapel

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Officiant	Bishop Carlton Shephard
Organist	Ollie Busby
Family Prayer	Jerry Goodman
Hymn	"The King of Love My Shepherd Is" Choir
Invocation	Phillip Shumway
Life History	Neil Hatch
Song	"Green Grass of Home" Jay McCleve
Speaker	Melvin Gardner
Song	"Silver Haired Daddy" Lorin Hatch & Sons
Benediction	Ray Parrott

Interment

Woodruff Cemetery

Dedication of the Grave - Tony Goodman

Casket Bearers

Alvin Goodman	Richard Stewart
Ronald Goodman	Jack Goodman
Les Goodman	Sam Hatch

Alternate Bearers

Joe Hatch	Rendall Keeling
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*Arrangements By Owens Mortuaries  
Holbrook - Shaw Low - Winslow  
Arizona*

#### Funeral Services

#### A Little About John McNeil Goodman by Jerry Goodman

When I was little, I only remember a little about Miami and moving to Woodruff. I do remember that the house we moved into had no electricity or plumbing, as a matter of fact, there wasn't even electricity in Woodruff at all for a few years after we moved there. It was awhile before we got plumbing, and even longer before we got a bathroom.

I remember Dad having to get up before anyone else in the cold and building a fire in the wood heater and in the wood cook stove so it would be warm in the house when we got up. Then he'd have to go out and get the old car started to go to work.



When I was in my teens and a little earlier, Dad worked as a heavy equipment operator, mostly bulldozers, and I've been told by many who knew him, that he was one of the best. Sometimes Dad worked out of town and only came home on the weekends, leaving Mother to look after and take care of us kids. I few times, some of us went with Dad on road jobs. A couple of summers we went on road jobs with Dad and camped out all summer. One year, we moved to Silver Bell, a mine near Tucson, and another time we moved to St. David, also near Tucson. I went to high school in both those towns.

I will always remember the good example Dad set by living the gospel along with Mother. Dad had a very strong testimony of the restored gospel and did his best to live it and to influence all of us that way.

Mother died May 12, 1961, and Dad married Ora Rishton Toone on September 6, 1961. After his retirement, Dad spent his time in Woodruff where he raised the most beautiful gardens you could ever see. Every time we'd visit him, he'd fill up the trunk of our car with fruits and vegetables.

## John M. Goodman

WOODRUFF — John M. Goodman, 78, died March 13 at his home in Woodruff.

He was born in Pinedale and grew up in Vernon.

Mr. Goodman worked in the mines in Miami when he was young. He was a heavy equipment operator for various contractors, building highways and bridges until he retired.

He moved to Woodruff in 1945.

Mr. Goodman was a member of the Operating Engineers Local No. 428, and a high priest in the Woodruff Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He is survived by his wife, Ora of Woodruff; four sons, John L. of Snowflake, Glen of Mesa, Jerry of Nevada, and Benny of Woodruff; two daughters, Betty Hatch and Eva Shumway of Mesa; two brothers, Bill Goodman of Flagstaff and Don Goodman of Vernon; two sisters, Fern Penrod of Vernon and Beulah Penrod of Taylor; 26 grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren.

## Tribute to Grandpa Goodman

by Rebecca Shumway Hansen

Most of the things I remember about Grandpa Goodman were not about him personally, but about the works of his hands. Coming from the dryness of Mesa, it seemed nigh unto paradise to be able to run barefoot on his front lawn. The enormous garden behind the house always looked like it was from a picture-book, and the aroma of the spearmint plants was the first thing you would smell upon emerging from the back door.

Grandpa had apple trees and chickens, and even a cow which I got to help milk once. My mother would often comment on his cow and about the way Grandpa loved her. Then about how heartbroken he was when he had to sell her; but he wouldn't let her go any further than the family across the road. He also had a "big stinky" to keep the flies down; I'd always keep one eye on that peculiar jar whenever passing it, just in case it ever tried to chase after me!



He was always up at the crack of dawn, working on his garden, milking his cow, gathering eggs, or any of the multitude of other tasks associated with running a magnificent plantation like I felt he had.

Grandpa, personally, was always soft-spoken and very gentle. I was never afraid of him like I was of many other grown-up relatives. Whenever correcting any of the children, it was always with tender, sensitive words. I felt like he respected them as much as the adults around him, which was an uncommon trait to me.

Grandpa was never one to laugh very much, but there was nearly always a smile on his face and chuckles would escape his control whenever something particularly tickled him. He had an odd side-long glance—almost like a stiff neck was bothering him—but when I saw him look that way, I always knew he was smiling about something.



John and Lahoma





Lahoma and John at home in Woodruff



L to R: Johnny, Jerry, Benny, Glen, Eva, Betty, and John





Beulah and John



Goodman boys entertaining at wedding reception of Dee Johnson and Janice Turley. L to R: Benny, Jerry, Les with Tom Allen, MC





Les, with Benny in back on guitar, 1959



Johnny at mike, accompanied L to R by Benny,  
Jerry, and Les





Betty, Jerry, and Eva



L to R: Benny, Jerry, Glen, Betty, Johnny



## John Leroy Goodman

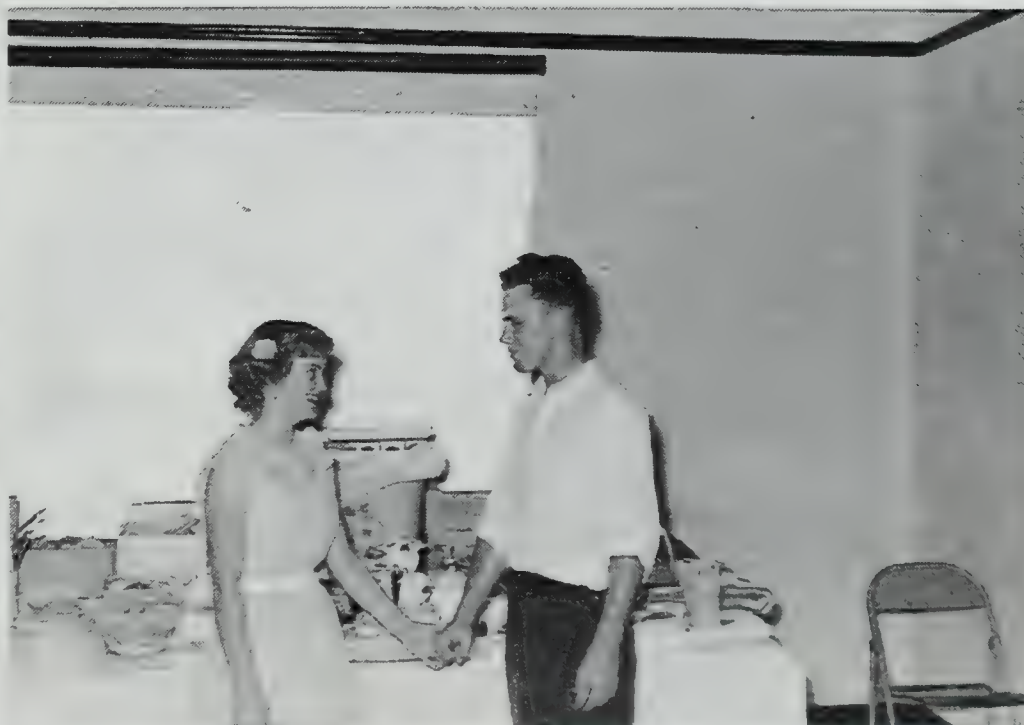
I was born April 15, 1931 at my Grandpa Goodman's sawmill in Vernon. We left Vernon when I was quite small, so I don't remember much about the sawmill. We lived in Show Low for a while and I started school there.

During the Second World War, we moved to Globe where Dad worked in the mines. He didn't go into the Service because he had a defense job.

After the war, Dad bought a small farm in Woodruff. We moved there and I finished high school in Holbrook. During the summers, I worked for Uncle Lloyd at Vernon in the log woods and the sawmill where I became interested in heavy machinery. My close association with Dale, Kent, and Grant at this period led me to consider them as brothers. Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth were very special to me, also.

After high school, I enlisted in the Army Corps of Engineers and went to Heavy Equipment school in Virginia. When I finished school, I was sent to the Hawaiian Islands to work on a hurricane damage project. The Korean War started while I was there, and I ended up in Korea with the 24th Engineers. We built landing strips and artillery emplacements and did road repairs, etc.

After almost a year in Korea, I was sent back to Seattle, Washington, where I was discharged in the fall of 1951. I went to work for Uncle Lloyd at Sells, Arizona (west of Tucson), building small dams across washes to contain soil erosion on the Papago Reservation. Also, at this time, I met a young girl named June Johnson, introduced to me by Eva. June and I were married the next summer and bought a small trailer house and started following construction jobs around the state. I also worked in some open pit mines.



Johnny and June wedding reception , 1952

We had four children—two boys and two girls. After they got old enough to go to school, we moved to the Snowflake/Taylor area where we built our home. I traveled around



on jobs by myself for a while until I got a steady job with the Highway Department running a rock crusher in Taylor. I was then able to stay home and help June raise our kids.



Our children, L to R, Donette, Tony, Eva, Jack  
Easter 1966

I'm doing quite well now, and June and I are currently running the mail route. Our kids are all married and have kids of their own and we have tons of Grandkids. And we lived happily ever after. THE END.

In 1979, I was the successful bidder on a government mail contract, so I resigned from the Highway Department and started a mail delivery route out of Snowflake.

I suffered a fast-acting kidney failure in 1989 and had to go on dialysis for about six months. As I could no longer work full-time, June retired from her job with the school district and helped me with the mail route.

On June 5, 1990, my brother, Jerry, donated me the Gift of Life—one of his kidneys.





Johnny and Mary Donette near Page



Johnny doing what he likes best. 1958, Woodruff



## Betty Jean Goodman Hatch

I was born October 16, 1932 in Show Low, Arizona, to John McNeil Goodman and Lahoma Lee Bennett Goodman. It was during the Depression, times were hard, and Dad had a job taking care of a ranch, I think it was near Clay Springs. Mom said she never saw another woman all that winter. She said one advantage of being so isolated was that we never had a cold all winter—there was no one around to expose us. Mom said all they had to eat was potatoes, beans, squash, and flour. We had a cow so we had milk. Mom said she learned how to make squash pie without eggs. My earliest memories were of living in Show Low and of visiting Grandpa and Grandma Goodman at the sawmill. I remember the spring and how Grandma always had 5# lard buckets, filled with food she wanted to keep cool, down in the spring. The water was so good and cold. I remember the sawdust pile and how good it smelled and how much fun we had playing in it. I know we lived at the sawmill at one time, but I can't remember that far back.

I remember when Eva was born and we other children had whooping cough. The doctor said she wouldn't get it, being so young. But when she was only 6 weeks old, she came down with it. We had just moved up in the White Mountains to a fire look-out tower, where Dad worked all that summer. Eva was very sick, so Mom slept with Eva at her side for several weeks. Johnny and I liked that because we got to sleep with Dad. There were two Indian men working there, too, named Newton and Lee. When Eva got better and Mom said it was time for us to sleep in our own beds cause she wanted to sleep with Dad, I wasn't too happy about it, and said, "Mom, you can sleep with Newton." I couldn't figure out why they thought that was so funny.

I started first grade in Phoenix. We lived there for awhile, and Dad drove truck for Smith Heywood. When we moved back to Show Low, Dad bought a piece of land west of town and moved a little 2-room cabin onto it. That was where we lived when World War II broke out. I was so scared; I was afraid Japanese soldiers were hiding behind all of the bushes.

I remember there were a lot of drifters around at that time. When they came looking for food, Mom would usually give them some milk to drink—one man drank the whole pitcher of milk. Dad had to be gone a lot when we lived in that little cabin. Mom says she was so frightened there, but she never let us children know it. Living in that little cabin were some of my best memories.

I was about 9 years old when Dad got a job in Miami in the copper leaching plant, so we moved there. We lived in Inspiration, which was in the hills north of Miami, and most of our time there we didn't have a car. We lived close enough for Dad to walk to work. There was a trail we called the scorpion trail, which was a short cut to downtown Miami. One day Dad said he was taking the Scorpion Trail to town and was bringing us back a surprise. When he got home, he had a bicycle for us. One bicycle for all of us, but we were sure happy.



He had to push it all the way home because both tires were flat. We never liked it much in Miami, so when we had a chance to buy a house in Woodruff, we were all happy about that. Almost everyone in town was LDS and that is where I really got to know and love the Gospel.

There were many good people in Woodruff who had an influence for good in my life. This is where I saw the Priesthood at work. The first time was when Glen was shot in the stomach when he was 12 years old. He wasn't expected to live and had several set-backs during the time he was hospitalized. He received several Priesthood blessings, and I know that is what pulled him through this crisis. And again when Dad was hurt, it was through the power of the Priesthood that he lived.

I think that I was my Mother's right-hand woman—she didn't feel good much of the time so I was second mother to my three little brothers, Leslie, Jerry, and Benny. I remember putting all three of them in a #3 galvanized wash tub to bathe them as we had no indoor plumbing at the time. I remember having piles of dirty dishes to wash; not only did I have to do the dishes, but had to carry the water and heat it on the old wood-burning cookstove. It wasn't until just before I got married that we finally got water piped into the house.

We had good times there. There was lots to do in the summertime. We climbed the famous Woodruff Butte. The Little Colorado River ran just behind our house and we swam there, muddy or not. When we were lucky, we got to go up above the new dam where the water was much more clear. It was above where Silver Creek and Little Colorado River ran together (south of town). During a flood, the boys used to go up the new dam and float down the river on tubes. I wasn't brave enough to do that, although I wanted to.

One day, some friends and I went swimming and stayed most of the day. We were so sunburned that we got very sick that night, running high temperatures. Mom was so worried, and just knew we were going to get polio.

I guess I've been married most of my life. I married at age 16, and thought I knew everything. However, I enjoyed my role as wife and mother. And I'm thankful that I lived close to my mother, as I didn't have her nearly as long as I would have liked.

My first little girl, Beverly, was born with Spina Bifida. She only lived for 3 weeks. I don't know what I would have done without my mother at that time.

We have 4 more children, and I'll tell a little bit about each one.

Neil is married to Dayanne Hager. They have 4 beautiful children: Paul, 15; Burgess, 13; Hannah, 7; and Nigel, 4. They live in Torrance, California. Neil is an electrician and has his California Contractor's license.



My daughter, **Dale**, lives here in Mesa, and is married to Raymond (Ray) Parrott. They have 4 beautiful children: Todd, 18; Del, 15; Nicole, 12; and Chris, 10. Todd will graduate from high school this year and is preparing for his mission. Dale's husband, Ray, is a mechanic and has his own business.

**Sam** lives here with me. He's never married. About 6 years ago, he had a spinal cord injury which has left him quite crippled up. The doctors said he would never walk again, but there again we saw the Priesthood in action. Not only does he walk, but he drives wherever he wishes to go. He has even had the beginnings of a herd of cattle in Woodruff that he would have to go and check on occasionally.

**Joe** is my youngest, and is married to Caroline Allegretti, an Italian from New York. They have 3 beautiful children: Sandra, 10, Dillon, 9; and Samantha, 7. They live in Chandler, close enough that I'm privileged to see them and the children often. Joe is a dry wall taper and very good at it. He is working in commercial dry wall at this time.

My two older children grew up in Woodruff. When Neil was 18 and Joe was 4, my husband, Del (we're not married now), was burned over 80% of his body. He was in the hospital 6½ months and had 8 surgeries for skin grafting. They'd remove skin from parts of his body where it had grown back, and graft it on the parts of his body that had 3rd degree burns.

Our lives were never the same after that. When Del got better, we had to move to Phoenix. He went to school for air conditioning and refrigeration repair. After this schooling, we moved back to Woodruff and he got a job in his new trade. He was never happy with that and was determined to get a job driving truck, which is what he was doing when he was burned. He got a job with a railroad company that took him all over the western states and Canada. We had to move to California. In the meantime, Neil had fulfilled his dream of being a disc jockey, and moved to Grand Island, Nebraska. Dale got married and moved to Hawaii where Ray was in the service. Sam and Joe were still with us. We were all so scattered, I didn't think we'd ever be together again.

We moved back to Mesa in 1973 and have been here since then.

My life has not always been a bed of roses, but as I look back, I can see the hand of the Lord in my life. He has been by my side the whole time, except when he was carrying me. I have served in many church callings, which I feel is what brought me through many hard times. Going through a divorce was, I guess, the hardest thing I ever did. Without my Heavenly Father, I think I would have become a bitter old lady.

Losing Dad in 1986 and Eva in 1991 has also been extremely hard. But I know they are okay and that I'll see them again.



I'm so thankful for my children and the good lives they live and for their testimonies. My grandchildren are the greatest thing that ever happened to me. They are all so perfect and I can't stand it when their parents have to correct them. Joe says, "This isn't the same woman that raised me."

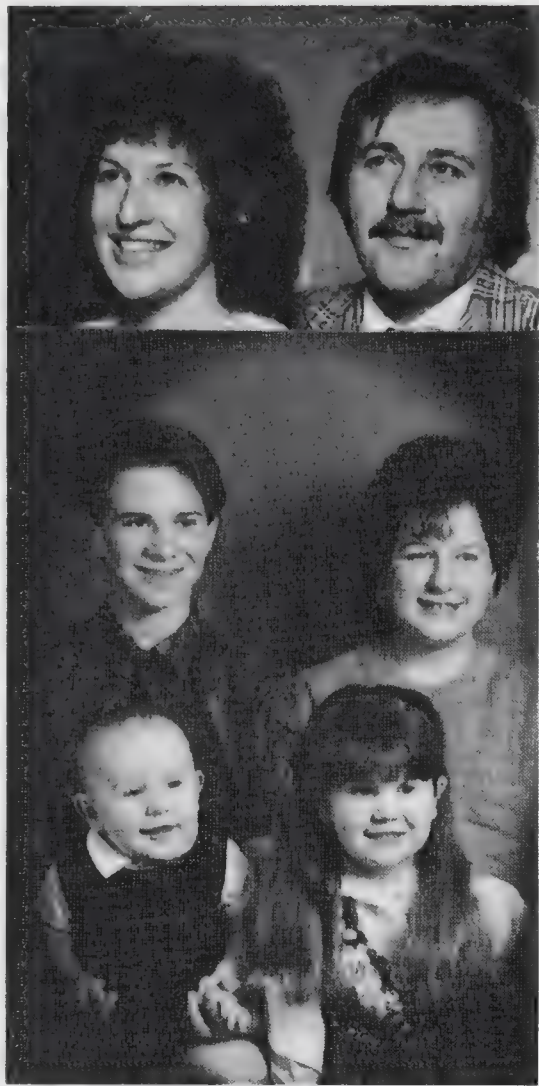
I'm thankful that I was privileged to come to earth when the Gospel is here in its fullness. I guess you could say, like Charles Dickens in *Tale of Two Cities*, "It's the best of times and it's the worst of times."

I love being a member of this great GOODMAN FAMILY.



Betty Hatch family. R to L, Back row: Dayanne, Neil, Todd, Paul, Ray. Second row: Caroline, Del, Christian, Samuel, Dale. Third row: Samantha, Betty, Hannah. Fourth row: Nicole, Sandra, Burgess, Joe. Front row: Dillon (Nigel not born at time of picture).





Neil and Dayanne  
Paul, Burgess, Nigel, Hannah



Nigel





Ray and Dale Parrott family. L to R, Back row: Todd, Ray, Del. Middle row: Dale, Nicole. Front, Christian



Samuel





Joe and Caroline, with Sandra



L to R: Samantha, Dillon, Sandra



## Eva May Goodman Shumway

(Taken from her *Life History*)

I was born on May 8, 1936, the fourth child and second daughter of John and Lahoma Goodman. Times were hard for almost everyone at that time because it was nearing the end of the Great Depression. However, my parents felt quite fortunate that Daddy had a good job with the government which provided a house to live in, about \$30 a month, and free medical care at the Indian hospital. This explains why I was born on the Apache Reservation in White River in the Indian hospital. I was the first child to have brown eyes in our family, and Daddy would kid me that I was really an Indian baby. I knew I got them from my mother, though, as she had brown eyes and curly auburn hair.

Some of my first recollections are of hard times and my parents still struggling. At the time I didn't realize how things were, as we always had warm clothes, plenty of food, and we felt secure. I wore one-piece underwear in the winter that buttoned down the front, and had a "barn-door" in back. The legs came about mid-thigh with little garters on them, and then I wore long, cotton, flesh-colored stockings.

I recall moving to Show Low into a two-room cabin. This was to be a temporary home because a house was to be built when the land was paid for. The cabin had a leaky roof, and I remember Dad on top putting tin on it in the midst of a snowstorm. Betty said he fell off once because of the slippery snow and steepness of the roof. Inside, one room had a ceiling and one didn't. The boys, Johnny and Glen, had beds up in the attic part. There was a ladder that went up the wall; it was great fun to climb up there and sit. My brothers would sometimes jump from there to a bed below, and I suppose barely escaped injury a few times. I was never that brave—and when Mama found out, it all had to stop, anyway.

I always had wonderful Christmases. Betty and I would get beautiful dolls. I really enjoyed mine and took it everywhere I went. But, sure as anything, I'd lay it down and forget to bring in it, and the dew, or maybe a little rain, would cause her skin to peel off and she'd be ruined. It was a hard lesson.



Eva, age 13



One spring, when my mother and her mother took a little trip to Miami, Arizona, we were left in the care of Mom's half-brother, "Uncle Phil." He must have been just a boy himself, but we thought he was really grown-up. The last day she was gone, Phil took Johnny out of school and made Betty take me with her to school so they could go fishing. He had fixed us lunches, and I remember sitting there in the classroom, being quite bored with it all and deciding to eat my lunch. That really embarrassed Betty and she let me know, later. Uncle Phil and Johnny met us coming home and said Mama was home. We were so happy. She always brought us a special gift when she went away—even after I was grown up and married. This time it was a ring.

About Christmas time, Daddy got a job in Miami working in the copper plant. I guess the only time he had to move us was on Christmas Day. I was in great distress because we had no Christmas tree—nearly all our stuff was loaded on a big truck. All except our beds and a couch, and it was Christmas Eve. But when we woke up that Christmas morning, "Santa" had brought our toys anyway and put them all over and around the couch.

Daddy had a nice house for us and we settled in on Hill Street. I was five years old then, but hadn't been to kindergarten because they didn't have it in Show Low. So, when school started back up, I started kindergarten. The first day Johnny, Glen, and Betty took me to school. All was well until they let kindergarten out earlier than the older children. I got lost on my way home. I remember crying and then figuring out that I'd turned one street too soon and finally made it home. I always knew my way after that.

I don't know how long we lived there, but I can recall a lot more experiences because I was a little older. By then, we had two more boys—Leslie and Jerry. Mama was then expecting another baby, Number Seven. We had some neighbors next door who hadn't been able to have any children. Mr. and Mrs. Windsor told Mama and Daddy how they wanted that baby and that they (Mom and Dad) already had all they could care for. They offered Mama and Daddy a new car for Benny. Of course, they didn't even consider such a thing! Benny was a sweet and precious addition to our family. He was the "New Year Baby," and we got gifts and interviews.

Times must have still been hard for my parents because I remember some men coming and taking our car away because Daddy couldn't pay for it.

We moved to Woodruff; I don't recall just when, but I think in the summer. We lived there and Daddy stayed in Miami to work. I think this was the first time they ever seriously started buying a home. It wasn't much, but we loved Woodruff, and found that although our circumstances were humble, they were about the same as everyone else's who lived there.

When I was about six, I had been having trouble with my tonsils. We had medical insurance, but it was good only in Miami, so Daddy came and got me. He was living with Uncle Jess and Aunt Bess McNeil, and they made room for me and were very good to me.



I stayed alone (I don't remember how many days) until Daddy could get the appointment set up. I really did enjoy my independence. I played their piano a lot and thoroughly enjoyed it. They had candy dishes sitting around, and I think I must have enjoyed that, too. Aunt Bess would put my lunch in the refrigerator. After I came home from the hospital, she put me in her own bed which was so soft and luxurious.

When I was recovered, Daddy took me to Globe and put me on a bus for home, after having the solemn word of the bus driver that he'd take good care of me. I changed buses three times, and each driver would hand me over to the next one. The second bus was quite a frightening experience. The driver sat me right on the front seat near him, but then it started filling up, they were all Indians, Apaches, I guess. When the seats were all full, they started sitting on suitcases in the aisles. The driver and I were the only white people on the bus. As we rode along, a young man sitting on a suitcase in front of me started to doze, and he would lean closer and closer into my lap. I didn't know what to do. Pretty soon I felt a little tap on my shoulder, and I turned around. An old man with white hair and not many teeth was motioning for me to poke the young man. I waited till he really leaned again, and then gave him a poke. He turned around and gave me a dirty look; I turned around to see my old friend grinning his toothsome encouragement. Mama was in Holbrook waiting when the bus arrived.

The first birthday party that I remember was in Woodruff when I was about seven. Mama gave out invitations to kids not only my age, but some younger and some older, too. It was a real big affair. There were even little carts with nuts and mints for them to take home. It was a really happy occasion.

I must have attended first grade in Woodruff and then we moved to Miami, probably because of Daddy being away from the family so much. The house wasn't much to speak of, three rooms and a large screen-in porch where we put several beds. This was a real experience because of all the bugs we encountered—the biggest centipedes I've seen, before or since. There were also scorpions and rattlesnakes, but the only mishaps were Glen and Jerry being stung by scorpions. Benny was a toddler at the time and he would wander around the yard playing. One day, someone saw him chasing a big centipede with a hammer, yelling, "Buggy! Buggy!" We had some chickens and always kept a pan of water under the faucet for them. In the summer when it was hot, there would be Benny with just a diaper on, sitting in the chickens' water.

Our house was on the side of a hill next to a wash. The wash (Pinto Creek) flooded several times and would come up to the edge of our house. One such flood took a pretty little garden that Daddy had raised. It was so pretty with a fence around it and flowers around the edge. We had just started getting a little food from this garden when the flood came. It was a bright spot to whoever passed by (they would comment on it). Daddy had supposedly brought the water for irrigation up-hill to this garden. He had a good knowledge of surveying and had used that skill to get the water from the stream below.



We didn't have a car at the time, so when I turned eight years old, the family couldn't go when I was baptized. I don't even remember how my Dad and I got to the church (we must have ridden a bus), but we met the Bishop there, Daddy baptized me, and we came home.

As I mentioned, we didn't have a car. There was a circus in town and we kids wanted to go so bad. It seemed like an impossible dream, but that afternoon Daddy came home with a car! It wasn't much, it didn't have a top and it had a rumble seat, but it took us to the circus! I can remember Daddy letting us buy lots of popcorn and candy that day.

One day when we were on the school bus and it passed Daddy in that little jalopy, we saw Daddy's hat blow off and he had to stop and go back and get it. It made me really sad. The kids on the bus were laughing.

Part of the time when we lived in Miami, we had to ride to school in a milk delivery van. We'd have to stop and wait while they made their deliveries.

I remember being the object of charity sometimes in Miami because we had so many children. My school teacher, Mrs. Brown, was especially nice to me. She and her little daughter, Nancy, brought me a "May basket" filled with goodies.

I had a friend who lived near the school, and since I got out earlier than the older kids, she talked me into going to her house to visit before my bus came. I guess we played too long, and when I frantically ran to catch my bus, I saw it heading down the road without me. We didn't have a phone or any way to contact my Mom. Then I looked around and there were my brothers and sister. They'd seen that I wasn't on the bus and had gotten off to find me. I was so relieved to see them, and looking back I've thought how responsible that was of them. We all walked home, stopping by the company store and charging to Daddy's account some potato chips and snacks for us to eat.

At this time, World War II was going strong. We had a lot of things rationed. We had to have a ration stamp to buy certain things; all the country's resources were going to the war effort. We had stamps for shoes, sugar, and meat. My parents would sometimes trade our meat stamps for shoe stamps. We didn't eat much meat (couldn't afford it), and the kids needed shoes. We'd have to be careful with our shoes and make them last till the next stamps were issued. There were big rubber drives to collect all the rubber people could find. Toothpaste tubes were made of metal, maybe tin, and we'd collect them and donate them instead of throwing them away.

At one point, my Dad got a call to join the Army, and he went to Phoenix to get his physical, etc. He was gone several days, maybe a week, and we were wondering what we would do without him. Then, one day a bus pulled up, and Dad got off, grinning and so happy. I'd never seen him with that much of a growth of whiskers; I guess he hadn't shaved



since he'd been gone. We were all so happy to see him. He was deferred because of having so many children.

We moved back to Woodruff after I finished third grade. We were all happy to be going back there. We always like it there because everyone else was in about the same humble circumstances we were. Daddy drove truck for Babbit's and later for Schuster's. One summer, I was invited to stay with Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth who lived in Vernon. They had a daughter, Gloria, about my age, and boys, Dale and Kent, a little older. They were quite free to run around and do as they pleased, and I enjoyed this freedom. They had one bike, so we'd take turns. Gloria and I would ride the distance of several telephone poles, park the bike, and walk. The boys would walk as far as the bike, and ride it so far, and leave it for us. We'd go to a pond called Bob's Lake, and swim, then ride the bike back home. While I was there, Uncle Lloyd decided to make a trip to Phoenix. I think that was the first time I stayed in a hotel. Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth slept on a cot; Gloria and I slept at the head of the big bed and the boys slept at the foot. The next day, Uncle Lloyd gave us each a dollar, and we had big fun running loose in a big department store, and going up and down the elevator. Then, while walking down the sidewalk, we met Daddy and Betty. He decided I should go home with them, so I did. We rode in his truck (he'd come down for a load of stuff for Babbit's). When we got tired, he let us ride in the back and sleep on bags of wheat or something. It was enclosed and quite comfortable because we were so tired.



World War II ration stamps

I don't remember where I was when Glen was shot. I just remember he went through several surgeries and we prayed for him a lot. I was allowed to go see him in the hospital (children weren't usually allowed). Mama told me to shake his hand and "say hello to your



brother." I went out of that room and cried and cried. He had IV's sticking in him, and was so pale and skinny. He was really blessed, though, and although the bullet is still lodged near his spine, I don't think he suffers any bad effects. He was told he'd always have to eat a bland diet and strained food, but he doesn't.

We lived with no indoor plumbing and no electricity for quite a while. I was about 12 years old when the town got electricity. We had used kerosene lamps, and were now amazed that we could leave the door open and it wouldn't blow out the light.

We still didn't have a bathroom when I got married. We had gotten water piped into the house, and appreciated not having to carry it from across the street.

I finished the eighth grade in Woodruff. Among the graduates I remember Beth Shumway, Dillis DeWitt, Jerry Ison, Larry Amos, Venla Whipple (her father was our teacher), and me. My best friends were Beth Shumway and June Johnson (she moved to town the summer before high school).

High school was a happy time. I was in Chorus and the Drum and Bugle Corps. I sang in girls' trios and quartets and solos for the music festivals at N.A.U. in Flagstaff.

Beth Shumway was always talking about when her older brothers and sisters were coming home. I guess Walter came around Christmas. He asked me to marry him (well, he said he'd take me home in his duffle bag). We were married June 2, 1952, in my parent's living room. I was 16.

Our first home was in Chicago. I was one homesick little girl. We lived there about four months, then transferred to San Bernardino, California. A couple of months after we got there, we found out we were going to have our first baby. Lynnette was born September 18, 1953. When she was three or four months old, Walter was discharged from the Air Force. We came back to Arizona, where Walter looked for a job, and then re-enlisted. We were at Williams AFB for about five years. During that time we had two other children—Chuck was born January 15, 1955, and Jeriann on April 16, 1957. She was almost two when we went to the Arizona Temple and were sealed on January 23, 1959. The very next day Walter got orders to go to Iceland. He was there a year; so the kids and I stayed in Woodruff in a little trailer. When Walter got back, we all went to Panama. We were there three years, and Phil was born there on March 1, 1961.

A while after Phil was born we got a call from the Red Cross that Mama was gravely ill. I was real upset and we were talking about it, and I started reassuring the kids that "Grandma will be all right." Then sweet little Lynnette, barely eight, said, "No, Mom, I think Heavenly Father wants her." I wasn't able to attend the funeral; Walter couldn't get time off, and that was really hard.



After our three years in Panama were up, we were sent to Denver. It was really an adjustment from tropical weather to Denver weather.

During our stay there, we had another little girl, Rebecca, born July 4, 1964. When Walter retired, we moved back to Mesa.

I held various church jobs over the years, including Primary President in Woodruff while Walter was in Iceland, Junior Sunday School Coordinator in Panama, Primary Chorister and teacher in Denver. In Mesa, I was Relief Society President twice, and then spent almost seven years in the Stake Relief Society presidency. Then I worked in the Young women as advisor and secretary.



Walter and Eva Shumway, about 1988

All of these church jobs have given me great happiness, and if I had any success in them (and I feel that I really did), it was because of much prayer and being greatly blessed.

(End of Eva's writings)

### Up-Date by Jeriann Shumway Keeling

When Dad retired, they were finally able to set down roots. They grew to deeply love east Mesa and the people there. They bought a nice home located just off Bush Highway, now named Power Road. At the time, it was certainly considered the boonies, and we kids really had a wonderful time tromping through the desert, shooting cans and small critters with B.B guns, building a tree house in a Palo Verde, and setting up our own pet cemetery. We had our dog Mutsie (a member of the family) and numerous cats. Eventually, we even had a goat, and often rabbits and chickens. We also had a nice surprise when Sharon was born December 31, 1972, in Mesa.

Dad and Mom and we kids loved to go camping and did so as often as possible until Mom passed away. One particularly wonderful memory-maker was when Dad consented to fly to California in 1985. All of us children went except Phil. Each family rented a car and simply lived it up. We went to Disneyland, Sea World, and Knott's Berry Farm. What a priceless memory!



In 1987, Mom began showing symptoms of a serious illness; she was later diagnosed with brain cancer and underwent surgery on May 5, 1988. She passed away on April 11, 1991. Dad was the true hero during these three years. He was patient, kind, and sweet. Never wanting to burden anybody else with Mom's care, he took far better care of her than she could have received from any other source.

Mom is loved and remembered not only by her childhood family, but also by her children, in-laws, her 18 grandchildren, and many friends.



Walter and Eva's family, 1978. L to R: Back row: Chuck, Barbara with Bonnie, Ren with Landon, Jeriann, Phil. Front row: Walter, Eva, Lynnette with Tina, Rick with John, Becky and Sharon in front of her.



## Leslie Jack Goodman

(Written by Jerry Goodman)

Leslie was the brother just older than I in the family. Leslie, Benny and I were the three youngest in a family of 7 children—5 boys and 2 girls. Leslie had a very short life of a little over 20 years. I'll try to write a few things I remember about Leslie as we were growing up.

Leslie seemed to be a natural leader; he could get Benny and me to do just about anything he wanted us to do. As I remember, as a teen-ager, he was very popular and had many friends and plenty of girl friends, usually the pretty ones. Leslie liked to sing country music and liked to write songs. Some of the songs he wrote were words about people he knew set to music of popular country songs. He wrote funny words to these songs. WE all got a kick out of the lyrics he write, some a little risqué, but funny none the less. Leslie, Benny, and I had a lot of fun growing up in Woodruff and running around. We actually didn't need anyone else with the three of us, but we still had a lot of friends.

Leslie was interested in heavy equipment and looked up to our older brother, Johnny, a lot because that's what he did for a living. Leslie worked quite a bit on heavy equipment after coming home from the service. He did a lot of work for a man named Phil McKinnin on Holbrook.

One thing I remember about Leslie, that I envied, was that if he wanted to do something, he was not afraid to try it. This is one of the reasons as a young man he joined



Leslie Jack Goodman



the paratroopers and was a member of the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, NC. After coming home from the service, Leslie worked around home for awhile, then with his adventurous spirit, he decided he wanted to go to Corpus Christi, Texas, and work on the shrimp boats. What he made up his mind to do, he usually did. It was while Leslie was working in Corpus Christi that he was killed in an automobile accident. We all wonder with this spirit of not being afraid to try anything, what he could have accomplished given more time.

Leslie was born June 12, 1939 in Show Low, and died August 13, 1959 in Corpus Christi, and was buried in Woodruff.

### **Jerry Walter Goodman**

I'm the sixth of seven children born to John McNeil Goodman and Lahoma Lee Bennett Goodman. I was born in Snowflake on October 20, 1940. During the Second World War, Dad worked in the mines in Miami. After the war was over, we moved to Woodruff because Dad thought it was a good place to raise his family and he could have a garden there.

Growing up in Woodruff was wonderful for a boy. My brothers and I were like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, playing around the Little Colorado River which ran behind our place, and wandering the hills as free as a breeze.

I was always interested in music so when I was about ten or twelve, I got a job with the man who lived next to us and had a chicken farm. I worked for him for a while and sent off for a guitar. This had a great influence on my life and many of the things I have done.

Woodruff only had an elementary school, so we had to ride the bus 12 miles to Holbrook to go to high school. In high school, I met some young men who played music, and we formed a little band. We played in high school. After graduation from high school, we all went to Flagstaff and started college where we continued our band, playing for dances on the weekends. We even had a radio show on Sunday afternoons on KDJI; we had quite the time and even cut a record.

After our band broke up, I played with a couple of others in Flagstaff, and after awhile one of the others guys in the band and I decided we'd have more opportunity in Phoenix, so we moved there and began playing. It was in Phoenix that I began seeing my future wife, Priscilla Montoya. Priscilla was from Holbrook and was in Phoenix going to business college. We had known each other in high school but had never dated there. We were married in Phoenix on March 28, 1963. Just after we were married, the band I was with went to Las Vegas to play for a little while; Priscilla went with me, which was about the only honeymoon



we had. For quite a few years after we were married, I continued to be a musician. We went on the road and moved around a lot. We went to Hawaii and lived there for about 7 months.

I was on the road in Alaska when our first child was born. Priscilla had stayed behind in Holbrook to have the baby. Unfortunately the baby was stillborn. It grieved us very much to lose him. We named him Danial Lee after Priscilla's favorite cousin. Danial was born January 6, 1966 in Holbrook and was buried there. We went back to Flagstaff for awhile then moved to Las Vegas where we live now. Actually, we live in Henderson, right next to Las Vegas. We have done well here. I played on the strip for several years and Priscilla worked to help out. I went to the University of Nevada at Las Vegas where I graduated in 1973 and then taught music for several years in the local schools. I really didn't like teaching very much, so I quit that and went into gardening, or grounds maintenance around the hotels in Las Vegas, and finally for the city parks in Henderson. Priscilla worked for a time as a policy dispatcher, then moved to the police records department where she now works.



Jerry and Priscilla holding Andre', Ron, Nikki, and Richard

On September 4, 1968, our daughter Nicolette Marie (Nikki) was born and has given us two grandsons, Richard and Andre'. After having Nikki, Priscilla couldn't have any more children because of tubal pregnancies. In 1974, we adopted a boy who was about 8 months old. Ronald Hans (Ronnie) was born in Reno, Nevada on January 17, 1974. We were all sealed in the Arizona Temple.



## Benny Ray Goodman

I was born January 2, 1943 at the hospital in Miami, Arizona, to John and Lahoma Goodman. I was the last of seven children. I was the first baby born in Miami that year, and was given many presents by the businesses in Globe and Miami, our pictures were in the newspaper and my parents were celebrities for awhile.

We lived in Miami for a year longer then we moved to Woodruff, where I was raised. I was baptized on January 2, 1951 in the church at Joseph City. Most of my friends were baptized in the Little Colorado River whether it was winter or summer so I was glad I didn't have to.



Benny and Peggy  
Wedding July 2, 1964

In 1964 I married Peggy Ann Gardner. We built a house in Woodruff and have been there ever since. We have 8 children.

Leslie John was born in Holbrook on March 1, 1964. He is now living in Hawaii. Benny Alvin was born in Holbrook on September 2, 1967. He is now married to Crystal Smith; they have one daughter and live in Clarkdale, Arizona. Cindy was born in Holbrook April 11, 1970. She is married to Harry Goslin and lives in Chandler. Nancy was born in Lakeside on July 17, 1972. She is married to Michael Moore. They have two children and live in Woodruff. Tom Ryan was born in Lakeside on August 5, 1975. He is now on a mission in Pennsylvania. Our last three girls are still living at home. They are: Conny, born in Lakeside on June 17, 1978; Tammy, born December 18, 1979; and Patty, born August 15, 1981.





Benny and Peggy 's family. L to R, Back row: Harry Goslin, Tom, Benny, Leslie, Mike Moore, Alvin. Middle Row: Cindy, Peggy, Nancy, Crystal (Smith). Front row: Patty, Conny, Tammy





Benny and Peggy Goodman, 1990



## Chapter 13

### Lloyd Everette Goodman

As the Goodman family was shifting its operations base from the White Mountain Apache Reservation to the Clay Springs area, Grandpa homesteaded several miles from those clay springs and set up a couple of wall tents for the family on the property. Here, Dad was born on September 26, 1911. Arizona was still a territory—statehood would not come until the following February. Dad joined a family of five brothers and one sister. Frances was 15 when he was born. Another brother, Ray, had been born and had died just a year previous, so it's easy to imagine how pampered and spoiled this new baby brother might have become. He was blessed on June 30, 1912, in the Pinedale Ward, Snowflake Stake, by Lewis Decker. Church activities at that time were in Pinedale, about 8 miles away from Clay Springs. The family was not always able to attend during the winter months.

Dad was raised on the homestead under the tutelage of his five active, creative brothers. He undoubtedly had to help around the house, as well as in the garden and on the ranch. He always had an active interest in pets and animals. Learning to ride a horse would have been a mandatory early endeavor for him.

Dad was baptized on June 23, 1922 in the Clay Springs Ward by William A. Hunt, and also confirmed by him the same day.

He attended school first in Walker, then Woodrow, then Linden, and finally in Vernon. During the 9th grade, he stayed with Dan and Sarah Mills, his aunt, and attended school in Show Low. Their son, Gilbur (Gib), and Dad were just a year apart, and were called "the cousin twins." They were very much alike in their love of a good time and merriment.

His cousin, Rosalie Dalton, sat in front of him in the school house at Walker. He took delight in dipping her braids in the ink well on his desk.

One of his favorite friends while on the homestead was J. T. Smith. They spent many hours together riding their horses and swimming in the stock tanks. One day he was having a meal with the Smith family. The mother and older sister had moved to Snowflake so the daughter could attend school. A younger daughter was cooking breakfast. Jack Smith, J.T.'s father, took one bite of a bullet-hard biscuit, and warned the boys that they hadn't better go swimming after eating many of the biscuits, or they'd sure as hell sink to the bottom of the tank. (Biscuits were known ever after in our family as "sinkers.") After the family moved to Vernon, the boys didn't see much of each other; it was simply too difficult to travel in those



days to just go visiting. J.T. was later drafted into the Army during World War II, and was killed in Italy.<sup>1</sup>

Dad was about 13 years old when the family moved to the Wolf Mountain sawmill. He spent the next 20 or so years of his life working at the mill with his dad and brothers, and eventually, his sons.

However, that was a long way off. Rosalie Dalton remembers that she and Fern and Dad played together when Aunt Lillias's family visited the sawmill. Fern was exactly one year younger than Rosalie; in fact, she was born on Rosalie's first birthday. These three loved to play together on the sawdust pile, as would the following generation. Rosalie moved to California with her family when Dad was 16, and they never saw each other after that, but she and Gib were the cousins he most frequently talked about.

The family was active in the Vernon Ward, and Dad was ordained a deacon on January 18, 1926, by Henry L. Marble.

As stated earlier in this history, the four youngest kids started to school in Vernon. Dad must have graduated from 8th grade in Vernon. And, as mentioned earlier, Dad spent a school year in Show Low living with Uncle Dan and Aunt Sarah Mills. According to Gib, they had a good time.

Lloyd and I went to the 9th grade together. We played forward on the basketball team together. We played Lakeside, Taylor, and McNary—towns close enough to get to.

Lloyd was a good dancer and went to the dances every Saturday night at the church house. And up to Lakeside, too. They had dances in the school house up there. My Dad had an old 1927 Whippit, a sedan. It wasn't too fancy, but it got the job done.

During the winter we went hunting, and it was not always for animals. One night Neola and her cousins were having a candy pull up to Jennie Stocks's. Lloyd and I met Fats Whipple and he told us about the party, so we went up there. The girls had just put the candy up in the cupboard to cool. Lloyd went in and took it out of the cupboard and handed it to Fats, Fats handed it to me, and I handed it out the door to Lloyd, and Lloyd ran with it. They had made taffy and fudge. Joe Stocks hit me right in the ear with a rotten potato as I went out the door.

Another time some kids were west of the school house having a chicken roast. We heard them say, "Well, it's just about done," so me and Lloyd hollered, "There are those little devils that stole our chickens." They scattered in all directions, and we enjoyed a feast.

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<sup>1</sup>Recorded in the minutes of Clay Springs Ward (FHL Film #0,002,337). He died on October 22, 1944, at age 28; his death was not reported until February 3, 1945.



These boys also tried to figure out ways to get what they wanted.

That Thanksgiving, Mom made a bunch of pumpkin pies. She sat them on the table and told us she didn't want to see a pie cut when she got up in the morning. So after we came in that night, Lloyd and I each ate a whole pie. Didn't cut 'em at all.

They also tried to figure out ways to make some money.

One time when the community was having a dance in the cook shack at Standard (south of Pinedale), Lloyd and I went up around Uncle Ben's (McNeil) and found his gallon of whiskey. We got some pint bottles and poured the whiskey in pints and sold it. Then we'd watch where the guys hid it and then we'd get it and sell it again. I think we sold a pint for \$3.50. These guys were so far gone, they didn't know where they had hid it, anyway.

Gib told how much he loved to be at the sawmill with Dad.

When Lloyd and I were still just kids, it rained every day for about three weeks at the sawmill and we were bored. We guys got together and counted our money. We had a little over two dollars. So we got in a crap game, and I won it all. Lloyd wanted to keep playing, so asked me to loan him a quarter, but I told him I didn't loan money to gamblers. After it quit raining a little bit, we went to Vernon in Uncle Bill's touring car to spend it. Seems like we bought some candy bars and salty peanuts.

Another day we were down in the sawdust, and Aunt Hannah came down there and said, "Lloyd and Gib, have you been in those peaches and raisins again?" We said, "No, it was Fern." Then we had a spanking for lying, but not very hard.

Wild horses were called "broomies." When people used to hunt broomies, they tried to just paralyze them, not kill them, of course. It was called "creasing." When we were about 15, I was visiting Lloyd that summer, and we decided we were going to get us some horses up on Wishbone Mountain. We saw some down a little off the mountain there, and Lloyd said, "If you'll shoot him, I'll tie him down." I hit him just right the first time, because he went down and didn't even hardly kick. But the horse got up and ran before Lloyd could tie him up. We decided to try it again, but this time, the dang horse died. We never did get one.

We liked to go hunting up at Porter Springs about ten o'clock at night, and we could hear those old turkeys in the trees. One time we found a tree with turkeys in it, but it was too dark to shoot, so Lloyd told me to put the gun barrel under my hat band and when I saw a turkey, to pull the trigger. With the hat hanging on the end of the barrel, it was easier to sight.

Lloyd could sure call turkeys. We went out one morning just below the mill and saw a flock of turkeys down there. I called them and they didn't come, and he



said, "Gib, you lack that feminine touch." So he took the turkey caller and started to blow; that old gobbler lost all caution and walked right up to us.

After that year when he stayed with us in Show Low, Lloyd went to school one winter in St. Johns going to high school. He usually rode the bus, but occasionally stayed with Ren Crosby's family. Ren was a friend of his. Lloyd learned to make corn beer down there. We made it a time or two after that. Remember, this was during prohibition. Old Man Stewart was the supplier of the moonshine in Plenty.

Dad was usually competent around machinery, but Cecil Naegle related the following incident involving Dad:

When Lloyd got his first car—an old rattletrap of some kind—he drove up past the ranch and no one was there. But in a shed was an oil drum filled with molasses that we used to mix with poison bait for grasshoppers. Lloyd stuck his finger in there and pulled it out and thought it was oil. So he drained the rearend of his car and filled it up with molasses. After he drove it a day or two, it all froze up on him. He was just a kid then, and it was his first car.

Gib recalled that two of Dad's early romantic interests in the Vernon area were Julia Whiting and Toots Gillespie. Soon, however, he only had eyes for one of the Rothlisberger girls. Dad courted Ruth, and Uncle Alvin courted Aunt Bert.

At the time Dad and Mom were married, he owned an Indian motorcycle. In an effort to get Mom out of the house, he gave Grandma Rothlisberger a ride on his motorcycle to visit Aunt Chloe Rothlisberger at their ranch about 5 miles west of Vernon. While they were gone, Mom packed her suitcase and was ready to "run away" to get married when Dad returned. They were married in Gallup, New Mexico, on July 11, 1932. Dad was 20 and Mom 15. Uncle Alvin and Aunt Bert were married a week later.

Times and conditions were not always easy. This, of course, was in the middle of the Great Depression. Dale tells about the time we went to a movie at White River and had seven flats on the way.

Dad was ordained an Elder on October 23, 1932, by L. R. Gibbons. They were then sealed in the Mesa Temple on October 27, 1932.

He continued to work at the sawmill with his dad and brothers. Dale, Kent, Gloria, and Grant were born during this time.

I asked Uncle Leone Gillespie (married to Mom's sister, Nellie) about Dad's resourcefulness and he told this incident:



After Lloyd and Ruth moved from the sawmill to Vernon, we were all in the church house, and Lloyd got the Relief Society ice cream freezer—that 5-gallon one—and cut the handle off. This was when electrical power was coming in. He took a drill and put it on the "dash" and set in on low gear. Hey, we could freeze ice cream faster than we could eat it.

He also said Dad was a creative writer:

Lloyd was really creative. He wrote nonsense verses to a song about almost everyone in Vernon. These are the only two verses I can remember right now:

John Dutch, he got stuck;  
He was full of gin.  
He put his shoulder to the wheel,  
And pushed it out again.

Vionne Riggs had a wristwatch.  
She swallowed it one day.  
And now she's taking castor oil  
To pass the time away.

Aunt Nell and Uncle Leone remember many good times with Dad and Mom playing cards and making fudge. He also remembers Dad frying cured pork while Mom made baking powder biscuits and milk gravy. Never a better meal in the whole world, according to him.

As the improved roads across Arizona were beginning to be paved, Dad and several of his brothers periodically worked on road construction jobs. A lot of our childhood memories are from that nomadic life. Grant refers to those gypsy days as "sand in our shoes" days. I'm sure that life was harder on Mom than it was on us kids.

After Grandpa Goodman "retired," Dad and Gib decided to go into the sawmilling business together. Gib wrote that he and Dad went to the First National Bank in Holbrook and borrowed enough money to buy a truck, and leased the mill. He said:

While we were leasing the mill, Lloyd and I had a contract with the Phelps-Dodge Company down to San Manuel to cut mining timbers, and that's why we were exempt from going to the Army during World War II. Mining copper was more important to the war effort than being soldiers. I took a load in one day and they told me to bring another load the next day, but I said I couldn't because I didn't have any more gasoline. (Gasoline was rationed at that time.) So the man said, "Wait until I call Phoenix." He called down there and told someone to send some gas stamps. We got a book of gas stamps about an inch thick. He came out with tire certificates, too. Then he gave us an OPA number (Office of Price Administration) so we could buy



parts for the sawmill and the truck; then we had everything we needed. I did the trucking and Lloyd ran the mill. I hauled the lumber for a long while. I just had a flat bed truck, and loaded it by hand.

Yvonne, Gib's daughter, remembers spending the summer of 1943 living at the sawmill, and that their lighting after dark was with candles and kerosene lamps. Eating watercress at the pond was a favorite activity. Her memory is that Gib hauled lumber during 1943, 44, and 45.

Uncle Don told Dale that after Aunt Fern and Aunt Beulah were married, Grandpa and Grandma used the little room on the southwest corner of the Main house (the "sawdust" room) as an ice room to keep meat and produce cold. However, when Grandpa and Grandma were tired of the hassle of the mill and the dining room, they moved into the little house east and a little south of the Main house. (They later moved down to Vernon.) Dad and Mom moved into the Main house, cleaned out the sawdust room, and made it into a boy's bedroom. Dad then built the ice house on the rocks just north of the little spring.

Gib related that one day Dad had to go down to the meadow to look for the cows, so asked Gib to take care of something on the mill while he was gone. He was back in a minute, asking for the rifle. Down with the cows was an elk, so they had meat to eat that night.

After Dad's family moved into the main house, several of the brothers and sisters were still around with their families, and one night about 15 or so kids were gathered around as Mom conducted family prayer. We don't remember who was praying that night, but during the prayer, Kent let one rip. That shortened the prayer considerably. In the same breath as he said "Amen," Donnie asked the question we all wanted to ask, "Who let that peanut butter fizzle?"

After Grandma sold the mill to Joe Adams and Lloyd Rhoton, Dad continued to run it at its original location at the foot of Wolf Mountain. Within a short time, however, it was determined by the new owners that getting the cut lumber out of the mountains was too difficult, especially in bad weather. The mill was moved one mile north of Vernon to Highway 60, across the road from the Cross Roads Station. Dad was hired to move the equipment and run the operation from that site.

Garry was born on January 19, 1947; we were living in Heber at the time, where Dad had been hired to set up and operate a mill north of Heber. Dale was 13, Kent 12, Gloria 10, and Grant 7. Garry was the first of the "second" family.

Dad had been ordained a Seventy on September 9, 1945, at age 33, at which time he was called to serve as a Stake Missionary in the St. Johns Stake. And then about three years later, he was called to serve in the New England States Mission, and was set apart on



February 2, 1949 by Antoine R. Ivins. This left Mom home with five children—Dale 15, Kent 14, Gloria 12, Grant 9, and Garry 2.

Dale recalls that we all went to Holbrook to see Dad off on the train. We stopped somewhere around the Petrified Forest and had one last picnic; we seemed to be stalling for time.

Dad labored in and around Brattleboro, Vermont, one of the places where an ancestor, Timothy Church, is buried. One of our jobs was to clean the Vernon Church house. It didn't seem a chore, because Mom would make fudge and clean the kitchen while we kids cleaned the rest of the building. What fun to "skate" and slide around on the hardwood floor in an attempt to polish it. However, it was difficult for Mom to cope financially and emotionally without Dad's help, and he was released on April 7. It was about this time the Church stopped sending married men on missions.

Before Dad left, he sold the big car and bought a little Chevy coupe. Incidentally, anytime there was an argument over the merits of Fords vs. Chevys, in Dad's mind, Chevys won hands down. On his way home from the mission field, Dad stopped in Detroit and bought the two-toned green Oldsmobile (which Kent later wrecked). The Chevy coupe was given to Dale and Kent to drive, but the local gendarmes hassled them about being too young to drive, so it was sold to Ted Penrod.

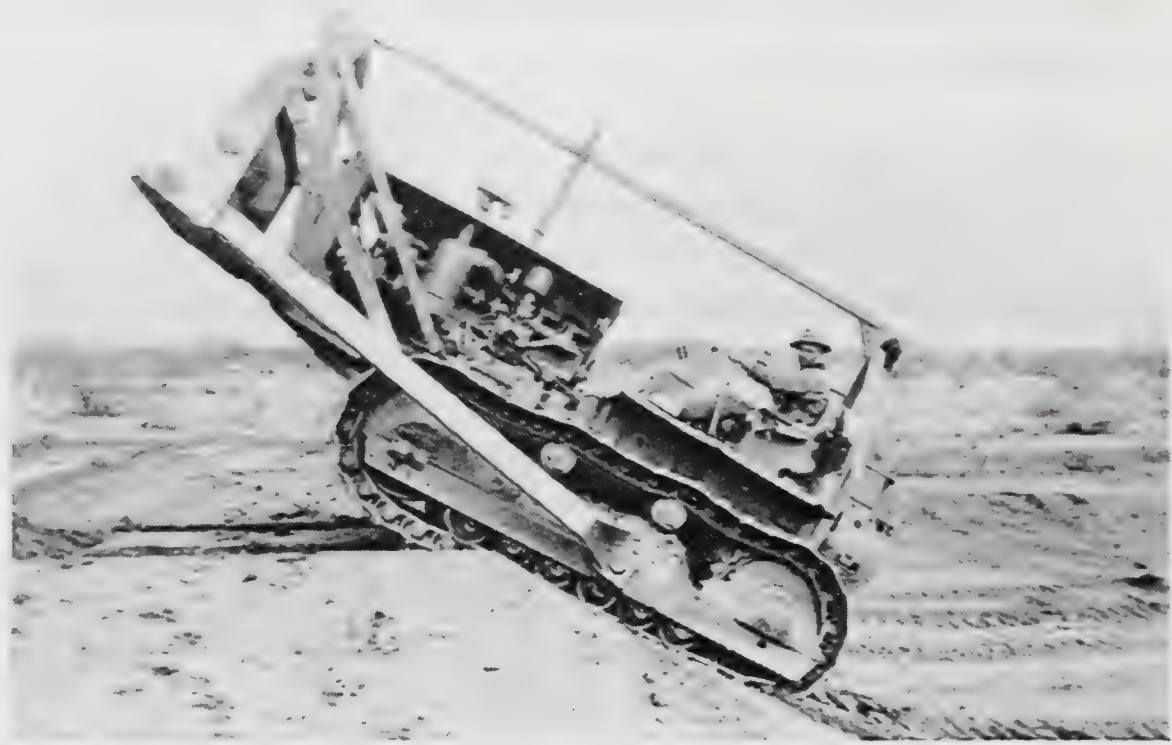
After returning from his mission, Dad bought a couple of caterpillar tractors and went into building stock tanks, etc. for the Bureau of Indian Affairs on many of the reservations in Arizona. The older kids stayed in Vernon during the week to go to school, and Dad and Mom bought a trailer house and headed for one of several reservations. During the summers, we were all out on the "ressie."

Dad was proud of his children. With pride, he painted "Lloyd E. Goodman & Sons" on all his equipment. He also took great pride in his work. It was a delight to watch as he smoothed out the surface of a dam. With the blade on the "cat" raised, he would crawl up the face of the dam. Then, with the blade lowered as he backed down, he would smooth out all tracks and other marks, leaving a beautiful smooth structure. Watching him taught us kids to be aware of those small, but important, finishing touches.



Lloyd in Brattleboro, Vermont





Lloyd on his cat on one of the Arizona reservations



Garry and Rita in our home away from home

In the meantime, it should be stated that Mom and Dad had the first four kids, waited 8 years, then had 5 more. After Garry came Rita, born January 13, 1950; Randy, born October 25, 1951; Rhonda, born December 19, 1952; and Tevis, born August 17, 1956. Since Dad didn't bless Tevis, Mom had her way and named him Tevis Everette.

Dad finally moved all of us to Mesa. We rented a house for the first year and then bought the house at 145 North Fraser Drive. I attended Mesa High School my Junior and Senior years; Grant would have been junior high and high school age. Sometimes Mom went with Dad during the week and left us kids home alone, and

sometimes she stayed home. As the younger family reached school age, Mom couldn't go with Dad so often. Occasionally Grandma Goodman would be staying with us. I graduated from high school in June 1954, and stayed home with the kids for the following year. Alyn and I were married in June 1955, and that took Mom's babysitter. She told me that was a hard time for her; she had assumed I'd always be around to help her.



Dad never wanted to grow old (he had a hard time forgiving Kent and Chon for making him a grandfather so early in life); he began to dye his hair when it began graying. He didn't have to grow old; he died at age 49, just a month or so shy of his 50th birthday. At the time of his death, the oldest four children were married—Kent married Charlene (Chon) Burk, Dale married Norma Lee Haddock, Gloria married Alyn Andrus, and Grant married Gayle Richmond (and suffered the usual "Grant took Richmond" jokes). This left Mom with the five younger children to raise.

The family was living in Springerville during the summer of 1961, and Dad was running a backhoe for Bryant Whiting on one of his projects. When he got home from work on August 16, he told Mom his left arm and shoulder ached. When the pain increased, Mom called the doctor, who came and gave Dad a shot. He died within just a few minutes. The official cause of death was a heart attack. No autopsy was performed, so it isn't known for sure if he died from a lingering blood clot from an earlier hand injury, or from an actual heart attack caused by clogged arteries or some other such condition. At the time of Grandma Goodman's death in January of 1960, Dad was undergoing physical therapy on one of his hands. This hand had been crushed while he was working on a pipeline near Winslow. However, we also know that Dad loved salt and he loved fats. A thick slice of ham with the fat still attached and fried crisp was one of his favorite meats. We've all watched him fry ham or steak or bacon and eggs and then dip a piece of bread in the remaining grease in the frypan, and eat that with relish.

His funeral was held in Vernon; two of the speakers invited by the family to talk were Milo Wiltbank and Bryant Whiting—long-time friends. Here is an excerpt from Milo's talk:

Most of all I knew and cared for the love and friendship of Lloyd Goodman. I admired his quick wit, his love of people and places, and I know how he loved this little place and how he loved this country and the people who lived herein. So again, a little poem, "Let This be Heaven."

*Let this be heaven, these pine-clad hills, the valleys that I knew,  
The mountain peaks sun-lit, the lakes all sparkling blue.  
Let this be heaven, though it be harsh oft times, I know and love this land,  
A more abundant place I could never understand.  
Let this be heaven, and then, O, Lord, I know that I can rest at ease  
On this little plot I own where I planted grass and trees.  
Let this be heaven, when this life is ended, when my day is past and through.  
Let the angels be just people—these friends I loved and knew.*

I admired his appreciation for beauty, for he was a man who loved beauty. I admired his ability with words. Last night I sat down and read again the little tribute that he had written for his mother. I was glad I was alone so's I could weep unashamed. I thought of reading it here today, and then I thought no I mustn't, because I knew if



I did, I couldn't finish because I'd have to stop and cry. But, let me tell you, it was a masterpiece of wording and thought, something that I'm sure his family will treasure throughout their lives. I admired his testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ and its truthfulness, because he did have a testimony of the gospel which he knew to be true. I admired his willingness and his ability to work. For of all things Lloyd was, he was a worker.

These children of Lloyd's and Ruth's are here as a lasting tribute to this goodly man. I wonder if they realize that they are the only worthwhile thing that Lloyd has left. I wonder if they realize that only by their acts can they repay him for the years of toil that he has spent in their behalf. I know that Lloyd knew that the kind of work that he was carrying on—riding rough equipment throughout his life—was shortening it. But it was the only way that he knew how to make a living for these children. And he didn't mind the fact that it might shorten his life, as long as he could provide for them and their mother.

Bryant, too, remembered Dad's abilities and skills:

I can't remember when I knew him first, but I know when I saw him last. It was day before yesterday, or the day before that. He was running a big machine. He operated it on a job that we have going in Springerville. As I've gone around the job, I couldn't help but admire his artistry, because on a trench that was anywhere from 6 to 9 feet deep and maybe 1500 feet long, I couldn't help but think that it looked like you could have cut it with a butter knife—it was so perfect and straight. He had skill to know how to tell from the sound and the touch how to handle them.

Here's another thought, and I think it fits this case very well.

*Let me die working; still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone. Clean be its end, swift my race be run. No laggard steps, no faltering, no shirking. Let me die working.*

I think Lloyd came as near having that wish as any man I know. Had he lived another 7 or 8 hours, he'd have been back on the big machine that he controlled so easily. He could handle it just like a woman would handle the curling iron in her hair—with a light touch, and yet accomplish the thing that he wanted to do.

Milo mentioned in the life sketch that Dad was concerned about providing for us kids. Mom mentioned that it was as though he sensed that summer something might happen—all the school clothes had been purchased, the younger kids had all had their eyes examined, anything that needed to be done to get ready for school had been done early at Dad's suggestion.



Dad (and others) continued to provide for the family through Social Security benefits; Mom and the kids under 18 years of age received monthly checks from Social Security to help care for them until they reached age 18. Mom also worked at various and sundry jobs until she was able to get on at the Post office.

Like Grandpa Goodman, lots of people owed Dad money. He was always quick to advance money to his own employees when they were in need; occasionally, it was an outright gift, since they might not have had money coming. If each of them had come forward to help Mom at that time, she would have had an easier time with finances.

Uncle Paul, Mom's brother, helped her move the trailer house to St. Johns, where it was set up in his own trailer park. He also helped her add a living room and bedroom onto it, making a very liveable home. He and Aunt Theedie will surely be blessed for their loving care and assistance to Mom and the little kids—Garry, 14; Rita, 11; Randy, 10; Rhonda, 8; and Tevis had his 5th birthday the day after Dad died.

Mom didn't have an easy time raising these kids without Dad. Tevis contracted Perthes Disease in one of his legs, and Rhonda died of leukemia. Mom married Al Rencher, but they later divorced. When Rita married David Garner and was living in Ashton, Idaho, we all decided to look around our wards and identify the most eligible widower there. Rita won, so Mom moved to Ashton where Rita would introduce her to "Brother" Stohl. It worked, and Mom and Floyd were married and had ten or so good years together, including a mission to White Horse, Yukon Territory, Canada, before Floyd was killed in an auto accident. Tevis died in California in June of 1988, and Mom died of a heart attack in Rexburg, Idaho two months later on August 26, 1988.

### A Tribute to Dad and Mom by Dale Goodman

My patriarchal blessing, given me by A. Gordon Kimball, states that, like Nephi of Old, I was born of goodly parents.

I'd like to say right off that when we kids got out of line we could expect retaliation equal to the joy of the crime. For every action there was an opposite and equal reaction. However, when the storm was over, the sun came out and it was never mentioned again. Dad and Mom loved each other and their children, and we felt it in our whole being. We were simply comfortable and contented with life. We must—like Alvena said—have been abnormal, also.

Like most everyone else around, we hadn't a lot of money, but it certainly wasn't for lack of trying. Dad had something going most every day of his life, as he was a hard worker,



a smart worker, and so independent. He hardly ever worked for anyone else, and if he did, he tried to make it in the capacity of a subcontractor.

As you drive around the country you won't see any monuments to Dad. People, as they drive down a nice section of highway, don't say Lloyd E. Goodman built this or that road. Little Navajos, Hopis, or Papagos, as they drive their sheep and cows to water at this reservoir or that, or to a charco with a dike 10 feet high and a mile long, won't credit the tender man who didn't just build the structure, but spent time making it look nice, too. Nor do fishermen leap at the chance to praise him for a job well done in raising the water level at Big Lake.



Lloyd doing what he liked  
doing best

I do remember a "commendation" from the Fish and Game Commission, on the job of raising the dam at Big Lake another 8 feet, for a job well done. The Indians at the Bureau of Indian Affairs would always tell him how great the job was, as he finished each one. Interestingly, when the Little (a term of endearment) Indian inspectors would initially meet with Dad on a job, they'd be so stern and solemn; by the time the session was over, Dad, as he walked through the structure lay-out with them, with a grin here or a joke there, would have them all laughing and slapping each other on the back and having a great time. He had an amazing ability to set people at ease, he loved people and in very little time after meeting him, they knew it. So when the job was over and we were getting ready to move to a new district or we were moving south to the Papago Reservation at the end of the summer, I never knew whether the Inspectors would tell him he'd done a great job because he did, or simply because he liked them very much and they liked him a lot in return.

Anyway, there are no monuments for Lloyd Everette Goodman, physical ones, anyway. I guess his family is his monument, and we stand with our arms around him.

One time Dad built and ran a sawmill for someone out north of Heber, pretty close to Chevelon Canyon. This one evening he asked me to drive home. I confess I was not a very good driver. I did all right the two or three miles out to the Winslow-Heber highway, but when we hit the main road, I thought I had to drive as fast as everyone else, so away we went up one hill and down the other, dust just boiling. When we came to Wildcat Canyon I hardly slacked off at all, down and around and across the bridge we went, and up and out the other side and on home. Dad did not say one word to me, though he must have been hanging on for dear life; my tender heart has ever appreciated that.



Speaking of tender hearts, Dad's was as tender as they come. A sad story or movie would have tears running down all our cheeks in no time at all. And a sad story, too, would most always get help in one form or another for people in distress. He surely took after Grandpa Goodman. Whether it was helping someone with a little "cat" work or unhooking our generator from our house system and whisking it up to the little white church in Vernon to keep the every-Wednesday-night movie going, or giving someone a hand with some lumber, he was a good neighbor.

I could tell of some stormy times in his life, but no, like his cousin Gib Mills said, "Lloyd liked to be happy," and he liked others to have fun and enjoy life, too.

I don't know if Mom and Dad planned these things before-hand as they lay in bed before drifting off to sleep or not; I surely don't know. All I do know is, seemingly out of the blue, he'd say, "Let's go to the coast," "Let's go to the Valley." Or off we'd go to the Grand Canyon. Once he said, "Let's go to the coast," and by first light we were loaded up and headed for San Diego. It didn't matter that Gwennie or Wayne, or Sonny was staying with us, and this time it was Alvena. We all piled in and away we went. For some reason I don't remember being miserable on that trip (there were other times when we were miserable crossing the desert as there was no air conditioning in those days). We did have two water bags hanging from the front of our car—as did everyone else. We also had a big bag of oranges among other things the folks had bought when we passed through Phoenix. When we reached the California state line, the agricultural officer at the Inspection Station was going to take them away from us. I can't remember if it was Dad or Mom who asked, "Would it be all right if we ate them?" When he looked at us and looked at that big bag and said, "Yeah, sure," we knew he wanted to see that. So we pulled over to the side out of the way and set to. After about the fifth orange apiece, we got the bag down to where we could handle it.

The first day at San Diego, we took in the zoo. It was the first time we kids had ever seen the elephants, tigers, and bears or the long-necked giraffe. Emily Michner had a Polar Bear hide in the great hall up at Timberline, her guest ranch, that I loved to sleep on, using its open-mouthed head as a pillow, but here were the real things. I'm not sure, but it was probably Mom's and Dad's first time seeing them also. We had a wonderful time. The next day was spent at the foul-smelling ocean. I was used to the forest's clean smell. (Norma Lee said I should mention that I love the good clean smell of barns and corrals, too, if that's indicative of my preferences of smell.) Anyhow, after an all-day swim in the Levis (no swim suits) the folks had just bought us, Alvena and Gloria left theirs draped on the steam heaters overnight to dry. In the morning, they were toasty warm, so toasty in fact there wasn't much left to them. I think between them, they had two legs worth of Levis to wear as we made our way home to Arizona.

One time Dad said (and I'm sure he and Mom talked of this before-hand, but if they did, I missed it), "Let's move to Oregon. There's a lot of work up there," and in no time at



all we were loaded and gone. We went straight out to California, first to Los Angeles, then up the coast to Bakersfield, San Francisco, then up through the Sacramento Valley. I'm not sure where we stayed this one night, but as the sun came up, Dad said "Look at that," and there, fronted by fields of Shasta Daisies and some low rolling hills and bathed in the quiet of early morning sun was Mount Shasta. Mount Shasta with all its snow-capped glory. I thought that was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. I could tell by Dad's voice, he thought so, too. Then on into Oregon. Wow, it was so beautiful! We were all mesmerized by the sights and great country. "Look at this," and "look at that." I'm telling you, it was great. Dad drove us into Oregon on one side and out on the other and right straight back home. When we arrived and drove across the top of Hoover Dam, Dad said, "Boy, it's good to be back in Arizona!" We all laughed as he stopped the car and, according to Kent, jumped out and kissed the good Arizona ground. When we pulled up into our yard in Vernon, Mom and Dad said, "It's sure good to be back home!" and we all laughed hysterically. It sure was, and we had been gone for all of a week and a half.

Dad would holler at us, "If you'll catch some grasshoppers, we'll have grasshopper pie." Translated that meant, "Let's go fishing." Now that was one of the great joys of life—to be on a stream with him, and him pointing out neat little places where fish feed, "over there under that cool grassy bank," "down in the shade of that fallen log," or "down under that white water." Then to see him cast his line out and let it float down and around a big rock and "wham" his line would jerk and his pole bend double. He'd get so excited, his face would light up and his eyes would simply sparkle, and we, as Mom sat on a blanket off a ways in the shade crocheting, and us looking for designs in the Ponderosa bark or chewing its gum, would be laughing and wowing, as excited as he. Then, as happy as a bunch of cub bears, we'd all wrestle that little fish down and get him off the hook, and Dad would go back to fishing.

I loved to walk along the river with him, or with him and the rest of the family. The grass swishing, the laughter, the robins singing off in the quakies and fir trees, lazy clouds floating overhead. Walking a log across the river or simply wading hip-deep through it. Or maybe Kent and I hip-deep in snow as we hunted with him along the north side of Wolf, Butler or Ecks Mountains. Dang, I'd love to be walking along Paradise Creek fishing with him right now; I sure do miss him and Mom.

I could tell a few more stories, maybe, to show how he loved all his family, and how we loved him in return. To me, he had a wonderful, mystical personality, and I enjoyed being around him.

To know how much he loved his Heavenly Father, you'd have to follow in his footsteps and watch as he spoke of Him, to listen as he prayed to Him, to watch how he treated his fellowmen; to judge him, you would have to, as with any other man, look at his life as a whole. With the love and tenderness of our hearts and minds as an aura for him and Mom to walk in, we, their family will move forward with them, and our family will be forever



enduring. And they surely have some great little spirits to journey at their sides, in their ever-expanding family.

Once again, I was born of goodly parents.

### A Tribute to My Parents by Kent Goodman

I had a wonderful time growing up. Most of this was made possible by Mom and Dad. Our family was very close and we did many things together, including going to church, being snowbound at the Goodman sawmill during winters, hunting and fishing trips, taking trips to Southern California, and moving from one job site to another. In those good old days before television, we had to rely on each other for entertainment.

*Religious Training.* My brothers and sisters and I were very lucky to be raised in an LDS home such as ours. Mom and Dad read Bible stories to us almost every evening and we came to know most of them by heart. Maybe the Book of Mormon stories weren't out then, because we didn't know as much about them as we did the Bible stories. Nevertheless, we were always able and quick to contribute in our Sunday School and MIA classes.

Mom and Dad taught us gospel principles and set good examples for us. We were all baptized into the church. I hope that I will have the faith, humility and strength to repent of the things that I've done wrong, to always remember the things they taught me, and be able to endure to the end.

*Discipline.* At times we kids were able to get away with murder, so to speak; but as a general rule Dad and Mom made us toe the line and did not spare the rod or spoil the children. Mom's method of punishment was to spank us on the bottom with a wooden paddle or board. I could always out run Mom and would generally stay a few feet out of her reach while she was trying to paddle me. Finally, she'd give up trying to catch me and would say, "You have to come home and eat sometime and then I'll paddle you twice as hard." At this point, I generally turned myself in and received my whomping.

Dad's method of punishment was to grab us boys by the hair and boot us on our bottoms with the side of his shoe or boot. I actually preferred this over Mom's paddle. I can't say that being punished as a child has given me a life-long complex or deep emotional scars, as I deserved every whipping that I received and many that I didn't receive. Dad's favorite saying was "If you get a whipping at school, you can expect another one when you get home," and we did.



*Hard Work.* I will always be thankful to Mom and Dad for teaching me how to work. As a small lad, Mom made sure that I always had chores to do (along with my brothers and sister) namely: chopping wood, milking and feeding the cows, feeding the pigs, washing dishes, working in the garden, etc. As we grew older, Dale and I hoed sunflowers for Uncle Cecil Naegle, herded sheep for Uncle Len Penrod, helped Uncle Leone Gillespie make sorghum molasses, helped Uncle Jasper Harris brand calves, and herded cows for Eben Whiting, all for \$1 a day, apiece.

When we were in the 7th and 8th grades, we worked in the logging woods setting chokers for the skidding cat, piling brush in big piles for burning, sawing logs, etc. Dad was always looking for a better way to accomplish his work, so he was one of the first loggers to use a cat (bulldozer) for skidding logs and a crane for loading them. This is where I acquired my life-long love for cranes. We also worked at the sawmill which was located on Highway 60 at the Crossroads north of Vernon. We mainly stacked lumber and were the youngest boys that I know of who had a charge account at the Crossroads store. We had an open account with an upper limit of \$5.00, and we paid it off every pay day. We'd treat the other boys to candy, etc, and would then sign the tab. What show-offs!

We were also the first family in Vernon to get butane stoves and electric lights. Dad installed a Kohler light plant in the wash house and wired it so that if Mom wanted lights, all she had to do was turn on a light switch in the main house, wait about two minutes for the light plant to start up, and PRESTO, we had lights. Several years later, the REA made this system obsolete, but it was a show-stopper while it lasted. People came from near and far to turn on our lights.



Not every day was hard work  
L to R: Allie, Dale, Kent, Gwen.  
Sitting: Grant and Gloria



During and after high school, Dale and I drove a lowboy truck hauling lumber and dirt moving equipment for Dad. We also operated the D-8 cats building dirt tanks and dikes. Our younger brother, Grant, followed in our footsteps and we all three ended up working construction all of our lives.

I have many fond memories of working with Dad and my brothers. One day while Dale and I were working in the logging woods, setting chokers for the skidding cat, we were on a little hill and started arguing. I finally started walking down the hill away from Dale. He threw a rock at me, and in realizing it was actually going to hit me, called out, "Kent, watch out!" I turned around and said, "What?" and the rock hit me in the forehead. The next thing I remember was coming to with Dale's arms around my waist. He dragged me about a quarter of a mile to the log landing where Dad was. They took me to the hospital where I had 11 stitches put in my head. I knew Dale loved me because he didn't leave me lying there on the ground.

Between our Junior and Senior years of high school, Dale and I worked with Dad building dirt dikes. At the time Dad had two D-8 cats—Ted Penrod was running one and Dad the other. They both came down with the flu and couldn't operate the cats. Now, in order to get paid, the dike we were working on needed to be completed, so Dad let Dale and me work at finishing it. As we were fueling up the cats after work one night, I accidentally knocked the spout off the three thousand gallon fuel tank with a cat track because I wasn't being careful. We lost almost all the fuel in the tank. I really hated to go home and tell Dad what I'd done because there were several other small things that had already gone wrong. After telling him about the fuel tank, I went outside and was standing with Dale. We heard Dad tell Mom, "Ruth, I've got to get well and get back to work; those damn kids are going to break us if I don't." We finished the dike before he came back to work, so I hope we vindicated ourselves.

The summer after we graduated from high school, Dale and I were hauling lumber from White River to Snowflake on the GMC lowboy. One morning as we were leaving for work, Mom said, "If you get a chance today, call your Dad 'Natson.'" Later that day, I was up on a load of lumber and one of the load binders fell off on the ground. I didn't want to crawl off the load and throw it back up again, so I called to Dad and said, "Hey, Natson, would you throw that load binder up to me?" He had started walking toward the sawmill, but when I called to him, he spun around, grabbed up the load binder, started pounding on the lumber and shouting, "Where did you hear that name?" I was so astonished and thankful that I was up on the load of lumber instead of down on the ground, I couldn't say a word. Dad finally got tired of pounding on the lumber and walked off. I waited a sensible amount of time until I was sure he wasn't coming back and then I crawled down, retrieved the load binder, secured the load of lumber and left the mill site in a hurry.

When we got home that night, Mom asked if we'd had a chance to call Dad 'Natson.' When I told her what happened, she smiled and said she wasn't a bit surprised that it had



upset Dad as much as it had. I told her that from now on if she wanted anyone called a name, any name, she'd have to do it herself. We then asked Mom why Dad didn't like the name Natson. She said that when Dad was a little boy, Grandpa Goodman occasionally worked at Fort Apache. One of his carpenters was an old Indian named Natson. Natson thought Dad was the cutest thing and was continually making things for him—whistles, beanie flippers, bows and arrows, etc. In turn, Dad followed Natson everywhere he went. After a while the older boys nicknamed Dad 'Natson' and called him that for many years, so Dad came to hate it. I guess he thought we might revive that nickname and he was just showing his displeasure at the thought by pounding on the load of lumber. We never called him Natson again.<sup>2</sup>

Later that summer we moved to the Navajo Indian Reservation at Kayenta. Early one Saturday morning Grant, Gloria, Dale and I loaded the infamous fuel truck onto the GMC lowboy and headed to Flagstaff to get some fuel and grease. We finished loading the fuel truck in early afternoon, but decided to take in a movie before heading back to Kayenta. It was after dark by the time we started back, but, unknown to us, it had been raining on the reservation all afternoon. Road crossings through washes that had been nice and smooth when we traveled out that morning were now deep ruts. We were able to get through several of them, but finally got stuck in a badly rutted one. We tried everything we could to get out, but to no avail. We needed some branches off the cedar trees to put under the driving tires, but we didn't have any way to cut them. We knelt down and prayed to our Father in Heaven and asked him to help us. We then groped our way in the dark up-stream to some trees, and Dale put his hand on an axe that "someone" had left there. We cut branches, put them under the tires, and finally got the truck out of the wash. I hope we offered thanks.

*Play.* It seems like every time we planned a vacation, we ended up in Southern California at the beach, at Tijuana, at the San Diego Zoo, and at the Pike in Long Beach. I think Mom and Dad loved it as much as we kids did. Here are a couple of other experiences I remember doing with Dad and Mom.

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<sup>2</sup>Gib Mills told a couple of stories about Natson in his interview. "One interesting old Indian was named Natson. Dad (Dan Mills) said if you turned your horses loose at night and couldn't find them in the morning, Natson would probably come around and help. Dad would say, "Have you seen my horses, Natson?" He'd say, "Well, maybe so me see two dollars." Dad said he learned to give Natson the two dollars and he'd go get the horses. He hadn't stolen them, but he had seen them and knew where they were.

The story goes that the soldiers over there were trying to catch Natson for stealing Army beef. They came upon his camp one night and, sure enough, he was eating meat. They asked him if he had killed one of the Army's beeves. He told them if they'd give him \$20, he'd show them where the carcass was. The soldiers all chipped in for the twenty dollars and gave the money to Natson. Natson took them a short distance from his camp to the spot where he'd killed a bear. So he ended up with the bear meat and the twenty dollars, too.



When Dale and I were about 16, Dad said he was going to take us and Mom up in the White Mountains to Smith's Park. Dale tells this better than I can, but I will always remember the good time we had together on that fishing and hunting trip.

As Dale and I were growing up, Dad never gave up trying to outrun us, out-wrestle us, etc. One day we asked him for some spending money. Dad put a \$20 bill in each hand and said, "Come and get it if you're big enough." What he didn't realize was that Dale had been wrestling at school and was getting pretty good at it. When Dad stuck out his hand toward Dale off, Dale grabbed his arm and threw Dad over his shoulder and laid him out full length on the living room floor. I got into the act by dropping down and putting both knees in Dad's rib cage. He let out a gasp of pain and both hands opened. We took our \$20 bills and left. The end of the story is that we had to skin cat for two weeks because Dad ended up with three broken ribs.

When we were in the 8th grade, we lived in Heber, and Dad worked at the sawmill that he built for the Fish Brothers about 10 miles west of Heber near Chevelon Canyon. One day Dale, Dad and I left the mill in the water truck to go to Chevelon Canyon to get a load of water. As we approached a large cienaga about 5 miles from the mill, we saw that it was full of deer. Dad had a new 30-30 rifle with a fold-down peep sight mounted on the stock.

He grabbed the rifle and jumped out of the truck before it stopped rolling, leaving the driving to Dale. He squatted down and took aim on a deer and fired. The deer all looked up, but none fell to the ground. Now this was amazing, because everyone called Dad "One-Shot Goodman." Dad ran a few paces, squatted down again, took aim, and fired. The deer started running, but none fell to the ground. Dad repeated this same maneuver several more times until the deer were all out of sight and not one deer fell. Dad was deflated until he noticed that in his haste to get out of the truck and start firing, he had forgotten to pop up the peep sight on the stock of the rifle. He had just been sighting down the top of the barrel. He gave Dale and me each \$5 not to tell anybody and ruin his reputation of "One-Shot Goodman."

After Dale and I graduated from high school, we worked for Dad on the Papago Indian Reservation near Sells. Dad always fixed our lunches, and every day we had tuna out of the can, crackers, and canned tomatoes. One day he forgot the bowls, and we were giving him a bad time about it. He said not to worry, and molded little bowls out in the sand and lined them with waxed paper. We got down on our knees and carefully ate tomatoes out of the sand bowls.

These are just a few of my memories of Mom and Dad. I will always be grateful for the time we spent together. I miss them and will always love them.



## My Tribute to Dad and Mom

by Gloria G. Andrus

I really loved my Dad. As his only daughter for so many years (I was 13 when Rita was finally born), I knew he loved me. He spoiled me, in fact. I knew I could get away with murder, figuratively speaking. Kent hated me, with just cause. On many evenings, as soon as supper was over, I'd head for the outhouse and stay there until I knew Dad had made Dale and Kent do the dishes.

When the Number 2 wash tub had been filled with hot water for weekly Saturday night baths, as the only girl, I got to bathe first. My poor brothers never did get to bathe in clean water.

I was 8 or 9 the year Santa brought me a new red bike. Dad sent Dale and Kent over to Grandpa Rothlisberger's granary where it was hidden, with instructions to carry it back to our house. Apparently temptation to ride the bike was too much, because when I found the bike near the Christmas tree the next morning, there was mud on the tires. That was the first time I had doubts about Santa. Dad taught me to ride that bike. For several hours in the next couple of days, he ran beside me, holding on to the back of the seat to keep me up-right until I learned to balance myself.

About the strongest words Dad ever said to me by way of discipline were, "I'm going to get in your eyes like onions."

I think Dad was disappointed that I was such a tomboy. I never wanted dolls or jewelry. But I did like dresses and he made sure I always had nice clothes. He also gave me a lot of nice jewelry which I never wore.

I loved Mom, too. I was enthralled with her ability to play the piano "by ear." That gift was not given to me. And when Grandpa Goodman came to our house, he always talked Mom into halting what she was doing and playing *Star of the East* for him. That is still a favorite song of mine.

Dad and Mom sang beautifully together. As a kid, I loved to ride in the car and listen to them harmonizing on our favorite songs. Some of my personal favorites were *Roll out the Barrel*, *Spanish Eyes*, and *Down Mexico Way*.

I remember Dad being wrong only one time. When Grant was just a little tyke, Dad and Mom were in Phoenix shopping or conducting some business, when he saw a small pedal airplane—the kind that a little boy could sit in and pedal around the yard. He bought this airplane for Grant for Christmas one year, and then spent the next several months trying to convince Grant that was what he wanted for Christmas. I don't remember that Dad ever succeeded in persuading Grant.



An annual fall activity that I enjoyed at the time was when the entire family would gather pine nuts (we called them "pinions" in those days). Sometimes we'd put a tarp under a tree and shake the tree vigorously; other times, we'd rob nests where forest animals had stored their nuts for winter. I now regret having robbed those nests.

I knew Dad loved me when he sacrificed a new fishing license to save me. We were in Bakersfield visiting Mom's sister, Aunt Caroline and Uncle Ray, and had gone to fish and swim in the Kearns River. To get Dale's and Kent's attention, I'd duck my head under the water and come up sputtering and hollering, "Save me! Save me!" I did this often enough that they determined to ignore me. Then came the moment when I really did become entangled in all the plant life growing in the bottom of the river and couldn't get loose. Apparently the tone of my voice took on new urgency. Anyway, Dad threw down his pole and jumped in, clothes and all, to get me loose. Even Mom, in advanced stages of pregnancy, and who didn't swim at all, was ready to jump in and help. He did let me know, afterward, that all our money and his new fishing license were soaked.

Mom was a wonderful cook. Nothing fancy, but tasty and substantial. When I took her mashed bean sandwiches for lunch, I could trade them for almost anything some other kid had brought—her reputation was that good. And I looked forward to "pudding" suppers. Mom would make a huge pot of either vanilla or chocolate corn starch pudding. Then we could add about anything we wanted—canned sliced peaches, coconut, jam, whatever. And with a large slice of her delicious homemade bread, who could have asked for anything better? I was so astounded when I married Alyn, from the potato kingdom of America, that he wanted meat and potatoes almost every meal. I thought everyone lived on beans and "light bread" with fresh green onions and radishes.

As an adolescent and teen-ager, I often felt Mom was a bit jealous of Dad's and my relationship. I was the one he took shopping for the younger kids and for Christmas. And as I got older, he always said I could never go to BYU because I'd marry someone from a long way off and he'd never see me again. So I met Elder Andrus (from Idaho) in Sells, Arizona. Dad was not happy when we got married, even though he liked Alyn very much. He was further disappointed when we moved to Provo; he wanted us to live in Arizona. Then when we announced in 1959 that we were going to go to Western Samoa for three years, he said to me, "Please don't go; something will happen to you and I'll never see you again." But it was he who died while I was gone, and I was unable to get home for his funeral. Believe me, I spent many rough days filled with guilt, but also with the resolve to live the Gospel like he and Mom had taught me. I've always been disappointed that he didn't live to see my little Samoan boys. As much as he loved Indians, I know he would be thrilled with his brown grandkids and great-grandkids. I expect our reunion in Heaven to be extra sweet.

I truly miss my parents—both of them. They provided me with a lot of love and stability as I was growing up. Even when we moved around a lot, we were still together as a family and I felt that security. I have wonderful memories of spontaneous trips to the coast,



and to the valley, and basketball tournaments in Flagstaff, and Easter Sunrise programs at Grand Canyon, and fishing trips in the mountains, and snake dances on a Hopi mesa. Life with Mom and Dad was never boring.

All the time and effort I've put into this family history are my lasting tribute to Dad's memory; I don't want anyone to forget how much we loved him. And, as much as he loved us, I know he's pleased.

### A Tribute to Lloyd and Ruth Goodman and Family

By Alyn B. Andrus

Recently, Gloria and I were discussing her father, Lloyd. During the discussion, she asked if I would care to write a tribute to him for this Goodman Family history. I told her I'd be happy to write such a tribute. In fact, I feel honored to have been given this opportunity. Since then, though, I've decided to pay tribute not only to Lloyd, but to Ruth and their children as well.

I became acquainted with Lloyd and Ruth Goodman in Sells, Arizona during the early spring of 1951. I was a 19 year old proselyting missionary for the L.D.S. Church. I was as green as missionaries can be, but had enough good sense to identify good people when I met them.

My first companion in the mission field as a district president, who, when his time came to return home, gave me the choice of going anywhere within the Maricopa District to proselyte. For some reason which I did not understand at the time, I chose Sells, a lonely, sun-baked Papago Indian community about 15 miles north of Mexico and 60 miles west of Tucson. The missionaries there lived in an abandoned service station with a bare concrete floor, an outside water tap (which provided only warm water), two bunkbeds, and an old table with an orange crate that served as a cupboard. Within our living quarters, from time to time, we were visited by snakes, scorpions, lizards, and toads. Sells had virtually nothing to commend it except an Indian lady who made excellent tamales, and the Goodman family.

Lloyd, Ruth and family were in Sells working for the government. Lloyd owned earth-moving equipment and was digging water holes for livestock on the Papago Reservation. The Goodmans lived in a trailer house by a large wash about a block from where the missionaries lived.

Lloyd and Ruth were friendly, active Mormons. I liked both of them the instant we met. Lloyd was sociable. He liked to tell stories and jokes. I remember him as one who was optimistic and positive. I'm sure he got angry at times and cussed his boys, but I never heard him do this, which surprised me because Dale, Kent, and we missionaries gave him what I thought was adequate opportunity to lose his patience and come down pretty hard on us.



Once, I remember, in our roughhousing, we broke the rear window in his pickup. I thought sure we'd hear from Lloyd about that, but he never said a word (at least not to us missionaries).

Dale and Kent were about my age and we got along royally. Other children included Gloria, Grant, Garry, and baby Rita. Dale, Kent, and Gloria, at the time I arrived in Sells, were at Round Valley High School and had not yet joined their family for the summer. When they did, they were accompanied by Wayne, a cousin.

My companion, Gary Dickey, and I visited the Goodmans frequently. Their trailer was a favorite stopping place on our way home from cottage meetings. Ruth was always there and was as friendly and accommodating as two missionaries could have wanted. She loved to visit, and we always felt welcome and comfortable in her presence. I'd tend Rita for her occasionally. I even changed Rita's diapers (so I know Rita inside and out). I think this is what helped Ruth to like me.

As Dale's, Kent's, and Gloria's reunion with family drew near, Dickey and I became even more interested in the Goodmans. Dickey, who by this time was called the "Florida Flash" (he was a big fellow from Fort Lauderdale who was outgoing, talkative, not very interested in missionary work, and possessed a flare for showing off), was especially eager to meet Gloria.

One day, as Dickey and I were talking with the postmistress, a brown-skinned, blond-haired female flounced into the building, asked for Lloyd Goodman's mail, and left without acknowledging we were even there. Dickey and I looked at each other, mumbling, "She must be the Goodman girl," found an excuse to terminate our conversation with the postmistress, and headed for the Goodman trailer. Sure enough, Gloria and her brothers had arrived. Thereafter, we spent more time than usual with the Goodmans. We accompanied them to the Friday night movies during which Dickey tried holding Gloria's hand (a confession she made to me years later). I noticed he always managed to sit by her, but I had no idea he was trying to break mission rules. After all, I was just a naïve farm boy from rural Idaho who thought that any behavior such as that would merit being struck down on the spot through Divine intervention. We also accompanied the Goodmans to Sunday services during which I hope Dickey repented of his sinful attempts on Friday night.

During evenings, after work, Dale, Kent, Gloria, Grant, Wayne, Indian boys from the community, Dickey and I would gather at the rodeo grounds to play soccer. Gloria was always needed to "even up" the teams. So she was accepted as one of the boys, which wasn't hard because she was as tan as an Indian and could whistle between her teeth. Having been raised with three brothers, she acted more like a boy than a girl. I remember the contrast between her and Dickey's two sisters.

A couple of days that summer, Dickey's family visited us—fresh from Florida (on their way to California). They spoke as he did, with a southern drawl. His sisters were as white



as snow and very feminine, I thought. During their visit, the Dickeys treated us missionaries to a picnic and invited the Goodmans to participate. I was fascinated with the contrast between Gloria and the Florida Females. She looked healthy, was active, resourceful and outgoing. They appeared pallid and helpless. Besides, Gloria could whistle between her teeth; they could not.

Shortly after the Dickeys left, the Goodmans left, too. They went to northern Arizona where Lloyd worked on the Navajo Reservation. Gloria, undoubtedly with the encouragement from her understanding mother, wrote me a letter, "in behalf of the family," telling me about them and bestowing their blessings upon me. I wrote a letter in response, and, remembering how uninspiring and unromantic my letters were, I'm not surprised that I didn't hear from Gloria again for a year and a half. Then, a few days after Christmas (1952), five weeks before my release, I received a card from her through the mission home. She invited me to Mesa for a visit with the family before I returned home. With the card was a photo of her. I was attracted to the photo much more than to the card. She looked like a young lady, although I was sure she could still whistle between her teeth, and I determined to see her when possible.

I returned to Arizona ten months after leaving the mission field to visit the Goodmans and get better acquainted with Gloria. Getting better acquainted with her took two more years. But she finally nailed me, and on June 8, 1955, we were married in the Arizona Temple. I then realized, clearly, why I was drawn to Sells as though it were a magnet. God wanted us to get together. He knew a good match, and that is exactly what it has been for 40 years. If I could relive my life, knowing what I know now, I would befriend Lloyd and Ruth Goodman and their children, and I would marry Gloria, if she'd have me.

Today, I remember Lloyd Goodman as a good man. Any faults he may have had do not loom large in my field of vision. Good children don't just happen. They are raised to be good. And a whole family of good children are not raised by either one parent or the other. They are the product of both parents working together. I am proud to have known Lloyd. I'm proud to be associated with his family. I thank him for Gloria, and this feeling is especially sincere because I know he did not want his little "Chunky" leaving Arizona for distant Idaho. He was afraid he would not see her as often as he might like, and possibly he would never see her again.

Today, I have nothing but love and respect for Grandma Ruth. She was a good and faithful mother. She loved her children, and after Lloyd's death, undertook, as best she knew how, to raise the younger ones (Garry, Rita, Randy, Rhonda and Tevis) within the Gospel context. I have often thought that her refiner's fire really came when, all alone, she bid goodbye to Rhonda as death claimed its toll. To watch a loved one die in the presence of other loved ones is difficult enough, but to watch a child waste away and die without the support of a loving companion requires unusual faith and courage. Whatever faults Ruth may have had were swallowed up in her goodness so much that to me, her faults were insignificant.



The world would be a better world if every child from a broken home or without a home had a mother like Ruth Goodman.

Finally, I salute the children of Lloyd and Ruth. I like them all. They are bright, friendly and enterprising, and conduct their lives by a sense of fair play. I'm proud to be associated with them. May God bless them.



Lloyd with Gloria, Garry, Dale, with Grant  
in front, and Kent



Ruth and Lloyd, 1955





Christmas 1954 in Mesa. L to R, Standing: Gloria, Grant, Lloyd, Ruth, Dale, Chon with Sherry, Kent. Front row: Rhonda, Randy, Rita, Garry.





Standing, L to R: Dale, Garry, Randy, Grant, Kent  
Seated: Rita, Ruth, Gloria. Tevis' funeral, June 1988



### Lloyd Dale Goodman

I'm afraid the story of my life would be weary reading, indeed; besides, if you read the stories of my brothers and sisters and cousins, you will know my story, so I'd just like to say to my family:

Cousins and my cousins once removed and twice and thrice and four times removed, you are so neat. Seeing you at family reunions or around as we go through life, let me say I'm impressed. I love you and it's truly a pleasure to be in the same family with you.

To my Aunts and Uncles all, I salute you. You are the spiritual guidons, the guide posts of our lives. The help you've been to me and my family, to all of us cousins, transcends this mortal life. You know the love and happiness we have for you, because of the strong feelings you have for your Uncles and Aunts.

To my Mother and Father, what can I say? Words will never ever be able to express my love feelings for you. I've put down a few words on paper and they are so hollow. I've tried a few trite earthly phrases; they just do not satisfy the feeling of closeness and warmth I have for Lloyd Everette and Emma Ruth Goodman. Brothers and Sisters, in this letter of love you were going to be between our Aunts and Uncles, and Mom and Dad. However, as I started my writing thoughts I decided I wanted you included right here with Lloyd Everette and Emma Ruth.

Nephews and Nieces, what great little spirits you are and how I love you for all that you are. I put my arms around each of you and give you hugs for the wonderful contribution you give to this William Ezra and Hannah McNeil Goodman dynasty.

And now for a 20-year letter to my children. A 20-year letter is one wherein you tell the recipients of your love for them and praise them for their efforts and achievements in life; yes, their great stature. The Bible tells us that in the time of Noah, there were giants here on earth. There still are—not physical, but spiritual giants. Spirits quietly going through life with a stoutness of heart, with a quiet resolve and rugged determination to reach goals their Fathers and Mothers, their Father in Heaven, and they themselves have set for themselves and their families. My children, to me you are celestial giants. Grandchildren, my heart aches with love for you and the joy you are in our lives and the lives of your parents. It's hard to put words to paper when I have so many tears to see through. I love you with all my heart.

To Norma Lee, the last and the first. All the words, thoughts, and feelings aforementioned and then magnified seventy times seven apply here to you. Once again, words cannot express the life time of love I feel for you. Perhaps one day as we learn the language of the universe, we will be able to express our thoughts. Until then, the bells will ring when I'm around you. Know that you are my all.





Dale and Norma Goodman Family. L to R, Back row: Steven, Eric, Mark, Greg.  
Norma holding Mari, Aleta, Dale, and Tracy.





Steve and Connie Goodman



L to R: Back row: Julie (Goodman) Ashcroft, Clint, Kevin Armstrong. Front row: Calvin, Brea, Norma. Center: Chantil





Greg and Connie Goodman with Billy in back  
and Dale in front



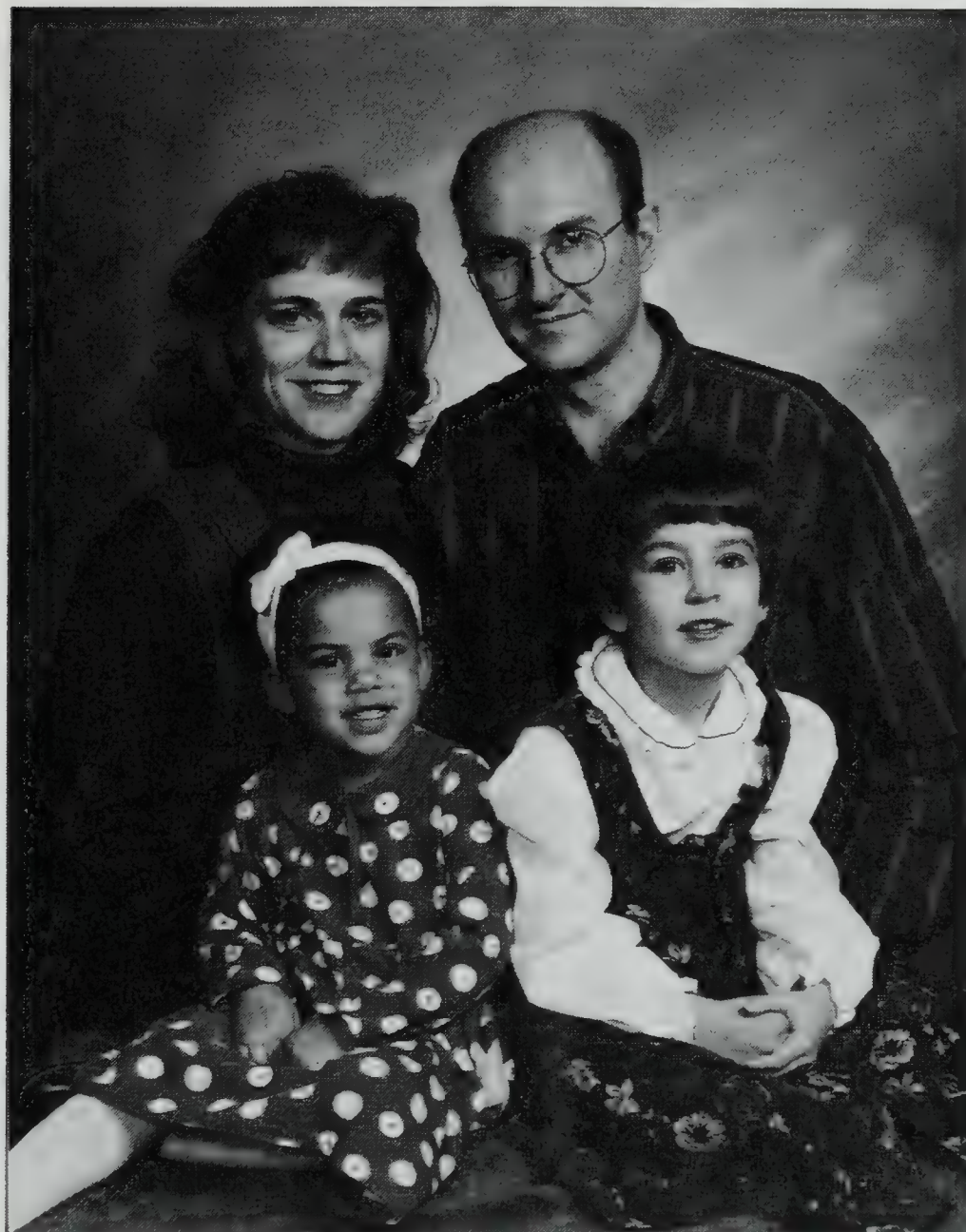
Bryan Gregory Goodman  
Walker





Eric and Carey Goodman Family. L to R, Middle row: Tye, Danielle, Lacey. Center: Janessa





Don and Aleta Breakwell  
with Claire and Maddie





Victor and Mari Baumgarten , with Adin and Thomas



## Kent "E" Goodman

I was born on the 27th day of May, 1934 in Woodruff, Arizona. Although my folks didn't live there, Mom went to be where a midwife was. My parents were Lloyd Everette Goodman and Emma Ruth Rothlisberger. I was the second of nine children. (I have three sisters and five brothers who I love dearly.) I grew up in Vernon and have many fond memories of that little town. Dad was a shovel operator on road construction, so the four older kids—Dale, Gloria, Grant and myself—attended quite a few grade schools in quite a few different towns, namely: Vernon, Tucson, Benson, Dagoon, Vernon, Flagstaff, Parks, Vernon, Show Low, Lakeside, Vernon, Heber, and Vernon. I graduated from the Vernon Grade School and will never forget, or be able to repay Lois Whiting (Eben Whiting's wife) for teaching me basic fundamentals and instilling in me the desire to get a good education. I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Bob's Lake on July 5, 1942 by Cecil C. Naegle, and my Dad confirmed me. Bob's Lake is just under the hill, east of Vernon. My favorite Sunday School and Primary Teacher was Louella Webb.

I attended Round Valley High School in Eagar. I met and fell in love with Charlene (Chon) Burk when I was a freshman. Chon's father was Charles Fredrick Burk, who died September 16, 1936 when she was a year old. Her mother is Vera Lund Burk LeSueur who lives in Eagar. Chon was born on July 30, 1935 in the living room she lived in in Springerville until we got married. She was the fourth child and only girl. When she was 8 years old, Vera married Jerold Calvin LeSueur, who died in 1982.

I graduated from high school in 1952 and promptly joined the Army. Chon and I were married September 20, 1953 while I was stationed at Fort Scott on the Presidio in San Francisco. While there, our first child, Sherry Lynn, was born September 21, 1954. Chon and I were sealed in the Mesa Temple on January 18, 1955.

After my discharge from the Army Engineers in July 1955, I worked construction, but mainly as a crane operator. During this time when we were living in Sanders, I was involved in a serious accident when a loader fell on me from my waist down, crushing my pelvis and breaking my leg. I was in the hospital in Gallup for six weeks and disabled for six months. A couple of weeks before I returned to work, on March 12, 1957, our son, Michael Ken, was born in Gallup.

In the Fall of 1958, I started college at Arizona State University. I finally graduated in June 1967 with a B.S. in Civil Engineering. Chon said I crammed a 4-year curriculum into a 9-year period. Going to college was complicated by the fact that we had two children. Chon attended ASU for a year obtaining secretarial skills, then worked for Motorola for three years while I finished school.

After graduating, I worked for Peter Kiewit & Sons until 1976 when I went to work for Fluor Corporation as a rigging superintendent/engineer. While using Tustin, California



as a base, I've been able to travel all over the world. Chon and I have lived in four foreign countries—Iran during 1977, Saudi Arabia during 1978, Louisiana during 1979, and Connecticut during 1991-92. In all, we've moved 50 times. You should see our Christmas card list.

Our third, and last child, Christopher Alyn (yes, named after Alyn Andrus) was born December 22, 1978 (the same day as Twila's Michael Christopher) two months after Chon returned from Saudi Arabia, so we call him our little Arab. He was born in Mesa and has Downs Syndrome. His condition has opened up a whole new world for us. Chris wants to marry every pretty girl he meets, loves everybody, especially babies, and has touched so many lives with his sweet innocence, and such a forgiving and loving nature. Michael was 23 years old and on a mission in Korea at the time of Chris' birth, and while we were overseas.

Sherry Lynn married Jack Billings and has two daughters—Brooklynn, born January 1, 1976 (the same day as Twila's Lacy), and Harmony Chon, born November 7, 1979. They have lived in Anchorage, Alaska for about 11 years.

Mike filled a mission in Korea, attended two years of college in Logan, Utah and BYU where he met and married Julie Anderson. They have three children—Dane Michael, born July 17, 1985, Whitney Michelle, born September 4, 1988, and Joshua Kenneth, born September 29, 1990.

I know my actions in the past haven't always shown it, but I do love my family and my Father in Heaven, and I'm extremely grateful for my membership in the Church. I'm thankful for everyone who influenced me in learning the gospel of Jesus Christ: my parents and teachers, my wonderful wife, and my children.





Kent and Chon Goodman, and Christopher Alyn





Mike, Sherry, Chon, and Chris





L to R: Whitney, Mike, Dane, Joshua, 1995



## Gloria Ruth Goodman Andrus

I was born on June 25, 1936 in Floy (Plenty), Arizona, at the home of Mrs Sides, the nearest midwife. Dad and Mom were living at the Goodman sawmill at the time, but their house burned to the ground just before I was born. After two boys—Dale and Kent—Mom was sure I would be a girl so had a complete layette crocheted and embroidered. All that went up in smoke; so when I came into the world, I was clothed in Relief Society donations.

I attended school mostly in Vernon, but also in Heber and Tuba City. I attended Round Valley and Flagstaff High Schools, and finally graduated from Mesa High in 1954. Because the folks were working on the Papago Reservation in Sells, I met Elder Alyn Andrus from Idaho. We were married in 1955, and before I knew it, I was on my way to Idaho as the wife of a potato farmer. Alyn soon decided he had had enough of the farm, so we moved to Provo. He graduated from BYU in 1958, and began teaching at Bonneville Jr. High in Idaho Falls. In June 1959, we sailed for Western Samoa where Alyn taught history and geography for 2½ years, and I was secretary to the principal. This is where I began my career on electronic typewriters, as the Church sent us one of the first electric typewriters made by IBM. While there, we adopted Daniel and acquired Emmie Matua. Back in Idaho, in 1966, Steve arrived and became one of the family. When Steve later went on a mission to the Arizona Holbrook Mission in 1976, he sent us Dianna, an 8-year old Apache princess who quickly won everyone's heart. Steve was also responsible for the family's first cat, Catta, and started our cat tradition. In 1968, Alyn was hired to teach History at Ricks College, so we moved to Rexburg. I worked as a paralegal in a law firm, assistant to the president in an engineering firm, and was appointed Registrar at Ricks in 1981.

After Daniel left on his mission to Western Samoa in 1978 (Emmie also served her mission in Western Samoa), Alyn and I decided to start our second childhood, so bought two motorcycles. Touring in the Western states has been a delight for us. We have both been active in the LDS church (Alyn has served as Bishop twice) and the Democratic party.

Here are our kids and grandkids. Emmie married Fa'aliaga Toalepai. They live in Compton, California. Emmie works in a local School District and "Honey" works in a sophisticated factory of some kind. He is also the Bishop of the Samoan Ward in that stake. Little Alyn is 16, very musical, and is going to the International Scout Jamboree in Belgium this summer (1995).

Steve married Eleena Ching from Hawaii. They live here in Rexburg. He works at Ricks and she has one of those high level security jobs at the National Engineering Lab west of Idaho Falls. Their children are Tiara, Chad, Keala, and Ty. I tease Steve that Tiara is my reward from God for not killing him when he was a teenager.

Daniel married Elizabeth Harris. They live in Mapleton, Utah. He's a computer programmer and Liz is at home with their five children: Aaron, Tiana, Loni, Anisa, and Turia.



Diana is back in Arizona. She works in the business office of the local school district. Randy is 6. We get to see them each year as we are "home" for a reunion or whatever. Randy has already cased Wal-Mart and knows just what he wants on our annual shopping spree.

I'm sure all of you think your grandkids are the cutest, most wonderful kids around—sorry; ours are. They are either musical, artistic, or athletic. Grandparents could not ask for better grandchildren. I've always felt drawn to the Nephite/Lamanite people, and have appreciated the vast portion of my life which has been spent among these wonderful people.

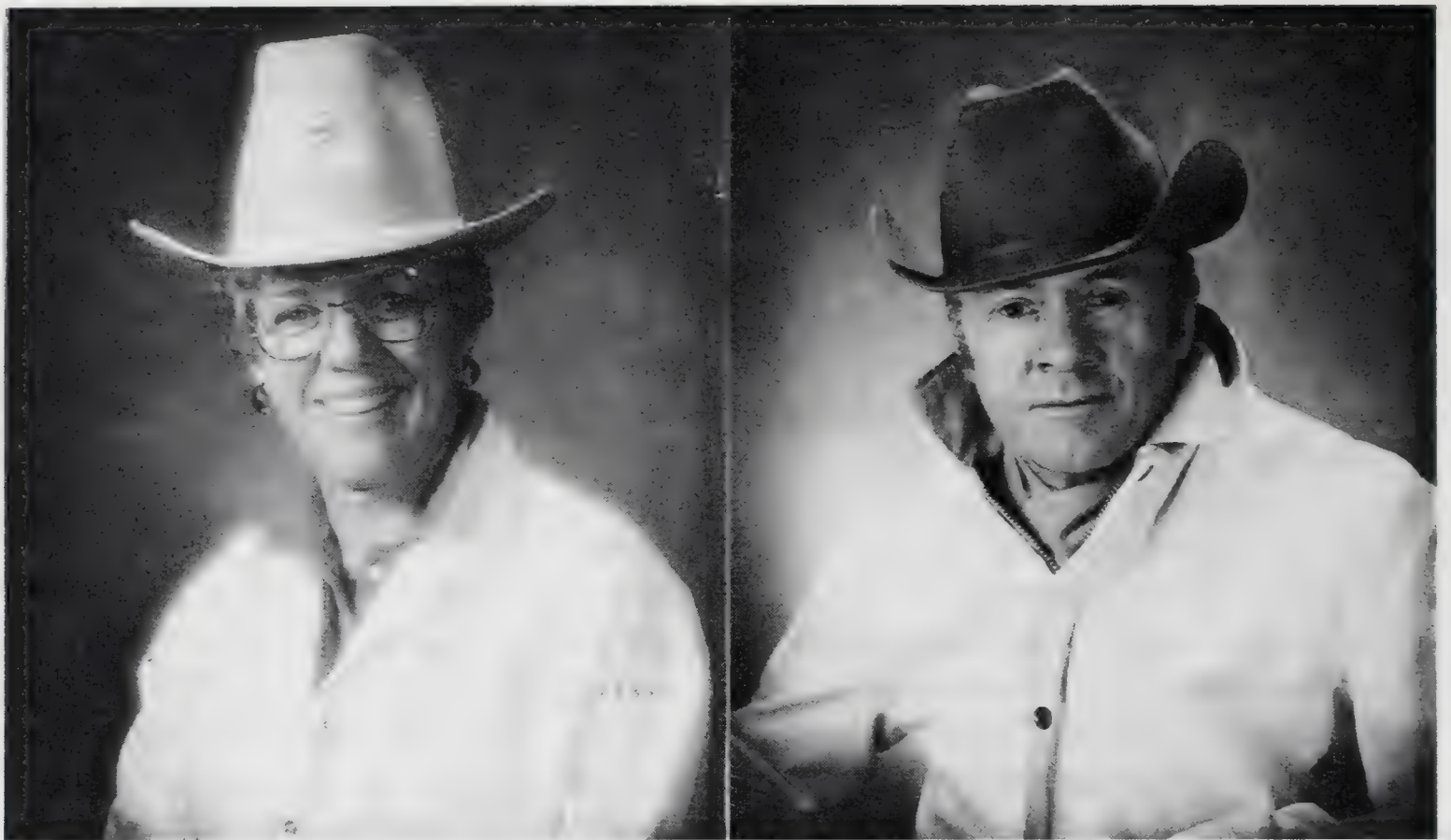
I've always been proud to tell people I was born and raised in Vernon and that I was a Goodman. I have deep love for both sides of my family—Goodmans and Rothlisbergers. This includes grandparents, aunts and uncles, cousins, and especially my parents and brothers and sisters. What wonderful memories I have of growing up among the clan. Because Dad and Uncle Alvin were brothers, and Mom and Aunt Bert were sisters, the glue between us double-cousins was strong and durable. It was fun to have cousins who didn't have any other extended family. All my other cousins had this other set of relatives out there that we didn't know all that well—not so with Uncle Alvin and Aunt Bert's kids. The trouble we got into was also usually doubled.

The Goodmans seemed to have kids all at once so most of us had cousins very near the same age. With me, my near-age cousins are Sonny, Dorothy Jean, and Eva. What fun we had together. And how sad I was to learn of Eva's premature passing, and the fact that I had not kept in better contact with her over the past 40 years. .

Because I was the oldest girl and part of the older family, I had lots of training in helping Mom with the younger family. Even though there's a large spread in ages, that nurturing helped bond them to me, if not me to them. My siblings are still my best friends.

I was almost 7 years old when Grandpa Goodman died. Just before he died, Kent and I got into a fight and I threw a cap gun at him. It hit him on the head and he fell to the ground. I started running for Grandpa's; I figured I could get there before Kent came "to" and killed me. I made it to that safe haven. That is how I now view the entire family. You are my safe haven from the rest of the world, and I love all ya'll (as our Texas cousins would say).





Gloria (in her pink hat) and Alyn



Fa'aliaga, Emmie, and Alyn





Steve and Eleena Danielson. Children L to R are Chad, Tiara, Ty, and Keala



L to R: Randy Narcisco, Alyn, and Dianna





Daniel and Liz Andrus. Back row children: Tiana, Aaron.  
Front row: Anisa, Turia, Loni



## M. Grant Goodman

It rained yesterday, a nice steady gentle rain, the kind that Mom loved so much. When Mom was still with us, whenever it would rain that way, she'd call Gayle and me, and we'd take her up into the canyons above Superior. The rain would cause the canyon walls to come alive with waterfalls. They would be everywhere, some small and some large. As we would drive along the road, we'd "oohh," and "aahh," at every one, only to be surprised at the beauty of the next one.

I thought of Mom a lot yesterday as I always do when we get the gentle spring and summer rains. I guess it affects Gayle the same way, as she will say, "I wish Ruth were here so we could go look at the waterfalls." She and Mom were such good friends. They were more than mother-in-law/daughter-in-law, they sincerely loved each other. I swear Mom liked Gayle better than me! (sigh)

Gayle was born in Phoenix and I don't think she ever got much beyond the city limits until she married me. but Mom must have given her some of the sand out of her shoes, because Gayle and Mom loved to travel. It didn't seem to matter where or when, they'd jump in the car and go. I've told this story before, but one time Mom and Gayle had this trip planned to Texas to see Garry and Mary Jane when he was in the Army there. Just before they were to leave, Garry called to say that he had been called to the field for a two-week exercise and would not be able to visit with them. They just looked at each other and said, "Let's go to California!" So they did!.

My little narrative here will be of the story-telling kind, for my genealogy or my life activities, you'll have to look elsewhere. We'll start at Vernon and proceed more or less chronologically, and look at Mom and Dad's activities as seen from my vantage point. This will be brief and will not cover all the happy times or sorrows. Only a few short stories to give a sense of what Mom and Dad were like.

Mom and Dad were not what you would call strict disciplinarians; oh, they taught us the rules and had definite limits on our behavior and if we overstepped the bounds, we were punished. Dad's way of disciplining us was to grasp us by the back of the collar and boot us on our rears with the side of his foot. It didn't hurt at all, but the talking he gave us at the same time made us feel so bad, we didn't want another. I only remember Mom spanking me one time.

Dale, Kent and I had done something bad, or as it seems to me, we had not cleaned our room, so Mom had us all lean over chairs, and she had this board and she whapped each of us. I don't remember it hurting, but what else she did was unforgettable for the rest of my life.



Vernon, at the time was very progressive, as we had movies in town. Once a week, in the church house a movie was shown. Well, this particular week the movie was *The Invisible Man*. And I had been waiting all week to see it. As part of our punishment, Mom would not allow us three boys to go to the movie, until when it was almost over, she let us go and we got to see the last 30 minutes or so. I was crushed and ever since then I've watched every movie about any invisible men and they have never lived up to my expectations of the original *Invisible Man*.

One of my favorite days when I was little was 'wash day.' We lived at the north end of town and the school was near the middle (the whole town was only about 5 blocks long), and on wash day, it was Wednesday as I recall, when I would go home for lunch, I could smell the beans and fresh bread way before getting close to the house. On wash day, Mom would cook pinto beans and bread. She'd take a portion of the bread dough and deep fry it in shortening until it was a golden brown and we would butter it and with honey and with the beans, it was a most delicious meal. Gayle cooks beans and bread the same way, and it's still just as good.

While we are talking about washing clothes, allow me to tell a few other remembrances of washing clothes. I remember a wash board at our home, but not of Mom using it. What I do remember is that she had a Maytag wringer type washing machine in the middle of the back yard. Why unprotected from the elements in the yard? I don't know, unless it was before Dad built the wash house. But there it was, with its drain hose laying in a small trench that would carry the wash water away 10 or 20 feet to dissipate over the soil.

Mom had been after Dad for some time to make her a nice clothes line, and he finally did. It was a beauty. It had about eight lines, each attached to a steel pipe on each end that was supported by two steel pipes which were anchored to the ground with concrete. Mom was so proud of her clothes line. It had not been installed very long when one winter day, Dad had the TD-18 bulldozer (I seem to remember that this was the same TD-18 that Dad used in the log woods to skid logs) in the back yard, pushing the snow away from her clothes lines. He had made several passes this way and that, clearing away the snow. Mom was watching him nervously, like a mother hen protecting her young, when he was making a final pass near one end and was coming dangerously close to one of the supporting poles. Mom was waving her hands and yelling to Dad that he was too close. Dad was ignoring her in his self-confidence that he could come within inches of the post and not hit it. Wrong! The very corner of the dozer blade caught one of the poles and ripped it out of the ground and left it hanging bent and broken. For some reason it was never repaired properly, only patched with a board wired to the top cross piece.

Dad loved to fish for trout on the many streams in the White Mountains and on one such trip I was with him and Mom. We were fishing on the stream which led out of Smith's Park and were fishing upstream. Fishing was very good, we all had our limit, but Dad was still fishing when Al Wilson, the game warden, caught him. On the citation Al wrote: "fifty-



eight fish too many, AND STILL FISHING!" As I recall, the fine was \$250, a grand sum for those days.

Almost all the time that we lived at Vernon, Dad was in the sawmilling business, either at the mill or in the woods. In the summer of my 11th or 12th year, I would go to work with Dad and spend the day just hanging around where he was loading the logs on trucks for hauling to the mill. I had been going with him every day for some time and I watched how he loaded the logs on the trucks as they arrived, using an old Quick Way crane. I don't remember consciously thinking that I wanted to run the crane, but I watched Dad and was familiar with how he did it.

One day, one of the log trucks was waiting for a load, but Dad was off with the TD-18 skidding some logs to the loading site. Spud, the driver, was in a big rush to get loaded and on his way, so I said I could load the logs if he'd handle the tag line. He must have been in an awful hurry and also crazier than I was, because he said, "okay."

Well, it wasn't pretty, and he hung onto the line by its very end, but we got the truck loaded without breaking anything and he went on his way. When Dad got back, I told him what I'd done. After he got the color back in his face, he told me not to ever do that again. I couldn't figure what he was so concerned about.

It was about this time that Dad bought his first D-8 cat from Bowen and McGlaughen Construction. I went with him to Sanders to look at the cat before he bought it. The wind was blowing that day, as it usually does in that part of Arizona, and as I was sitting in the car, I could see Uncle Alvin walking across the yard. The blowing sand completely obscured him from the waist down, and I remember thinking, "I'll never do that for a living!" Of course, that is exactly what I've done for a living all these years, and when the weather is bad, either snowing or raining, or just miserable, I have to stop and think of that day at Sanders, and I just chuckle to myself.

Dad's first job with his 'new' used D-8 was to dig a basement for a new building at Sanders, and the next I remember was Dad, Mom, and I at Denihotso, on the Navajo Indian Reservation. Dad had secured some work for SMOCO (Soil Moisture Conservation Organization), a branch of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, of the U.S. Government. It was winter and we were living in a tent; one of my jobs was to gather dry 'cow chips' for fuel for a fire for Mom to cook with. I don't remember why I was there and not at home going to school with the older kids.

Dad working for SMOCO produced a semi-nomadic life for us as a family. As it developed, we would work on the Navajo reservation in the summers and the Papago (in extreme southern Arizona) in the winters. It was a good life and Dad was making good money doing this.





Nogales. Lloyd and Ruth, with Rita, Grant, Garry.

bought the new 50 shot Daisy pump BB gun. I figured I could hit about anything I aimed for, and I did for the most part.

Well, one morning as Dad and Ted were getting ready for the day's work, as they were standing there and talking, Ted lit up a fresh cigarette. I was standing about 15 feet away and to Ted's side. As he put it to his lips and moved his hand away, I pumped my gun, raised it and shot the cigarette clean out of his mouth! It was a perfect shot! The cigarette literally exploded in his lips, sent tobacco flying everywhere. Well, Ted was mad, and Dad was trying to scold me without laughing too hard. It was years before I finally realized why Ted was so upset with my shot.

One summer we were living in Monument Valley on the Navajo; we were out in the middle of the valley and could see Gouldings Trading Post to the south. Dale and I wanted to play a trick on Kent, so we dug a hole by the back door of our trailer house and covered

When we were on the Papago, we always lived at Sells and a few stories come to mind.

While we were there, the Mormon missionaries were named Dickey and Andrus. Pay attention, as one of these names became an important part of our family, but I'll let Gloria tell that story. They lived in an abandoned gasoline station on the west end of Sells, and Dickey had the idea he wanted to make a belt out of a rattlesnake skin. He had the skin stretched and tacked to a board and drying in the warm winter sun. Something must not have been correct, as the skin gave off a terrible odor. I don't know if he ever got his belt or not.

Dad's business had grown, so he had hired Ted Penrod to skin cat (operate one of the D-8 tractors) for him. And as fate would have it, brought Ted and me into a skittish situation.

I was about 12 at this time and one of my favorite things to do was to shoot my BB gun. I had worn out a couple of Dairy repeaters and had saved my money and



it with small sticks, twigs and leaves and finally some of the native red sand. The trap was undetectable to the naked eye. Kent was sure to fall into it. Now, in our defense, make a note: Dale and I told Mom about the trap and to not use the back door!

Yes, you guessed it! Mom forgot and went out the back door and fell into the pit. It didn't break her leg, but she walked funny for a few days. Dad was more angry at us for this than for anything we had done in the past. It was days before he would even talk to us.

Another summer we were in Long Valley, between Tuba City and Kayenta (on the Navajo). Dad and Ted had finished some structures near the north end of the valley and were preparing to move the cats to the south. They got the bright idea that they would aim the D-8's in the general direction of where the next structures were to be built and then jump off them, thus letting the D-8's travel by themselves. While they were gathering up the supplies and getting ready to go after the D-8's, they kind of forgot to watch to make sure the cats were going in the right direction. They suddenly looked up and saw one of the D-8's had veered off course and was headed for the only hogan in the valley.

Ted jumped on the fender of the pickup and yelled to Dad, "Lloyd! Drive me to the cat and I'll stop it!" They zoomed after the errant D-8, and as Dad got close, Ted jumped from the fender, but he didn't allow Dad to slow down first. By the time he quit rolling across the valley floor, the cat had missed the hogan, but had gone through the Indian's garden, ripping all the fences down and ruining a lot of his crop. They spent the rest of the day building fence and nursing Ted's bruised body.

Three of my memories from these days were events that probably will not ever be possible for but a very few people to experience. While on the Navajo and Hopi reservations, we went to a Squaw Dance, a Sing, and a Hopi Kachina Dance.

The Squaw Dance is an event the Navajos used to meet and socialize. This one was off in the desert near Kaibito. It was a cool evening and the fire was huge. There were probably close to a hundred Indians there, both male and female, and they sort of skip-shuffled around the fire, two by two. The circle of dancers seemed to be continuous, some joining and some dropping out at random. This was accompanied by chanting and the beating of some sort of drums. We were the only whites there, but we felt perfectly safe. These dances would last all night, with people coming and going at all hours.

When we were living at Leupp, which is near Winslow, but still on the reservation, we went to a Navajo 'Sing.' This is a ritual that is used for the healing of the sick. An Indian trader named Warner VanKuren and Dad became friends and he took us to a Sing. When a Sing was called, it was continuous until the sick was healed or died. This particular Sing was for a sick boy in his early teens, about my age. There were several hogans somewhat loosely grouped together and there were people milling about at all hours. We were there from early afternoon until the Blood Pudding was served, which was very late at night. It seemed that



the serving of the Blood Pudding occurred at a definite point in the Sing and was considered very special. Throughout all of this, I was cautioned to be very quiet and respectful.

On the earthen floor of the hogan where the sick boy was, they were doing the Sandpaintings. I sat there for hours, in the shadows across from the sick boy with a small fire between us as the sandpainters made their intricate drawings and erased them.

It was fascinating to watch them as they let the different colored sand trickle through their fingers and thumbs, making their sacred designs. They could make a perfectly straight line, either pencil-thin or broad and sweeping curves or sharp angles. Using nothing but their fingers and thumbs, they could make the most delicate designs, very colorful and beautiful. As each sandpainting was completed, the medicine man would immediately erase it by brushing all the sand aside or merely blending all the colors to a single hue, and another would take his place to begin anew a different one.

Dad was building a flood control dam near Oraibi, on the Hopi Reservation when we went to a Kachina Dance. I'm not sure the special religious significance of the Kachina Dance, but it was impressed on me that it was very unusual for any non-Hopis to be allowed to attend. Near Oraibi, there are the villages of Hotavilla, Polacca, and Second Mesa. I'm not sure which village it was, but it was the last one in the chain of the small, flat-topped mesas that tower above the desert floor below. We walked quite a ways to get there as there was no room for but a few vehicles on the mesas. The final mesa was accessed only by a narrow road that connected the mesa before it. The passage way was only wide enough for a single wagon, and that it was well-used was evident by the twin ruts that had been cut into the hard red sandstone by the many wagon wheels that had used it for centuries.

In the early 1950's, we moved to Mesa, and Dad expanded his business to other types of construction. He was doing some earth and concrete work on the Big Lake dam. I was with Dad on one of his trips to Mesa from Big Lake when we had a life-threatening experience. It had been raining for some time, and when we were crossing Queen Creek west of Florence Junction, we stopped to watch some cows caught up in the flooding wash. The water was just lapping at the top of the bridge and we were parked just to the west side of it. The highway ahead of us was lower than where we were, and as I looked that way, the water was starting to come over the road. I told Dad about the water, and we jumped in the car and headed out so we could cross the long depression of the road to reach the other side. We were about one-fourth of the way across when a wall of water hit us broadside. Almost immediately the water was almost up to the windows of our car and it had slowed us to almost a standstill. The water all around us made us feel as if we were not moving at all, but the speedometer showed us moving about 10 miles per hour, and that was with the accelerator pedal all the way to the floor. It appeared that we were drifting off the road, and Dad told me that if we went over to hang onto him and we'd try to go to either side of the wash. Just as it seemed we were about to go over, our speed started to pick up, and we made it safely to the far side.



There was a man that was standing with us before we tried to cross and when he saw we made it, he tried it also. But about halfway across, his car stalled and the water was still rising. At that moment a lumber truck owned by Hal Butler came along and plowed into the water and pushed the stranded fellow on through to safety on our side. His trunk was bashed in, but he didn't complain.

When I graduated from high school, Dad was working at the Grand Canyon on a water line job and he got me a job as his oiler on a backhoe. That is where I joined the Union. Dad in his earlier years had been an active participant in the forming of Arizona's chapter of the Operating Engineers and was a charter member. A year later Gayle and I were married, and I was working on the Glen Canyon Dam when Dad died.

I remember Dad as a man of many talents and compassion for his family. If someone needed help, he was there doing what he could. He, like most of us, made mistakes in his life, but overall he was a kindly man who cared about others.

A few years before his death, Dad gave me a clipping he carried in his wallet, and it read:

*Let it be said of me after I'm gone,  
that I always pulled a thistle if I saw one,  
and planted a flower wherever I thought one would grow.*

My family and I were blessed to have had Mom live near us here in Mesa and in her last years, we truly enjoyed her presence and felt the good influence she had on us. She was a favorite of our kids.

Those of you who knew Mom know how shaky her hands were. (Shaw's and mine are the same way.) Let me tell you a couple of little stories about that.

Any day trip we wanted to take, Mom was always willing to go along with us. One time I wanted to visit Arivipa Canyon in southeast Arizona. It is a very scenic drive through the canyon and well worth the time and effort getting there. While we were traveling, Mom and Darcy were in the back seat, and Mom was helping Darcy learn her alphabet letters when we heard Darcy say, "But, Grandma, I cannot make those little squiggly lines like you do!"

Apparently she had always had that problem cause the story goes that when Uncle Paul returned home from World War II, Mom asked him why he had not answered her letters to him. To which he replied, "I had a difficult time reading them. I even showed them to some of the German prisoners I was guarding, and they couldn't read them either!"

When Mom made up her mind to do something, she made it happen, one way or another. When Gayle and I were first married, we were working at Glen Canyon Dam, when



they were building the town of Page. We had our comfy Terra Cruiser trailer house parked at the W. W. Clyde Construction Company trailer park. Few folks had phones, and we were not the exception. One Saturday morning just at dawn, we heard this banging on our front door. Bleary-eyed, I opened the door and there stood a Government Ranger from the Department of the Interior. He was not a happy camper.

"Are you Grant Goodman?" he demanded. After I told him I was, he went on with a scowl and snarled, "Well, call your mother!" With that, he turned and left, spinning his tires in the gravel roadway. I wondered what catastrophe had struck, and dressed and found a phone to call her. It turned out she wanted to know if I had time that weekend to move her trailer house from Show Low to Kanab, Utah. I did, but it took all weekend. That was not the only time a Ranger visited me at dawn. After that, whenever a Ranger came to our trailer, the other guys would tease me, saying, "Did you call your mother?" I didn't mind at all.

Mom loved to knit and crochet, and in her later years she carried a big bag of her crocheted house slippers in a wide variety of sizes and colors which she'd give to anyone who wanted them, even our kids' friends. From time to time as our kids' friends come to visit, they talk of Mom's house slippers.

After Dad's death, Mom worked hard to provide for Garry, Rita, Randy, Rhonda, and Tevis. I'm sorry and embarrassed to say I simply did not realize how hard she was struggling to keep body and soul together. I could have been a lot of help to her and my younger brothers and sisters.

A few years before her death, we were having a family gathering at our home here in Mesa, and I was trying to be funny by telling a story about our younger days in Vernon. I said that because we had no shoes, when we were on our way to school in the snow, we'd look for fresh cow pies to stick our feet in to get them warm. Well, let me tell you, Mom was truly offended at the thought that we did not have shoes. I didn't realize it was such a point of pride with her that all of her children had nice clothes and good food. And it's true, we always had nice clothes, maybe not new, but neat and clean, and I don't ever remember having to go hungry. Neither me or any of my brothers or sisters has ever doubted her love for us, warts and all. Mom loved the Gospel and our Savior who gave his life for us, and she taught each of us its principles and values. She taught by words and actions, and always inspired each of us to do our very best.

We love and miss Mom very much, and when it rains and the little waterfalls appear, we know Mom is looking down from on high and smiling.





Grant and Gayle Goodman Family.

L to R, Back row: Matthew, Shaw, Lori, Greg, Weston. Darci in the middle.  
Front row: Leslie holding Corinne, Grant, Brittany, Gayle, Shanna holding McKenna.  
(Hudson arrived too late for this picture.)



## Garry Ray Goodman

I, Garry Ray Goodman (being somewhat of a knot head—but Gloria says that's solely Garry's opinion), and Mary Jane Hone Goodman, were brought into this world by goodly parents: Lloyd Everette Goodman and Emma Ruth Rothlisberger and Kenneth LaRoy Hone and Wyroa Butler. We thank our Heavenly Father every day for such wonderful parents and family. We want our brothers and sisters to know how much we love them and appreciate all the help they have given us over the years. Just saying how much we love them isn't enough; we love being around our brothers and sisters.



Garry and Mary Jane Goodman

We also want our uncles and aunts and their families to know that we love them just as much, and how much Mary Jane and I appreciate all the help they've given us over the years.

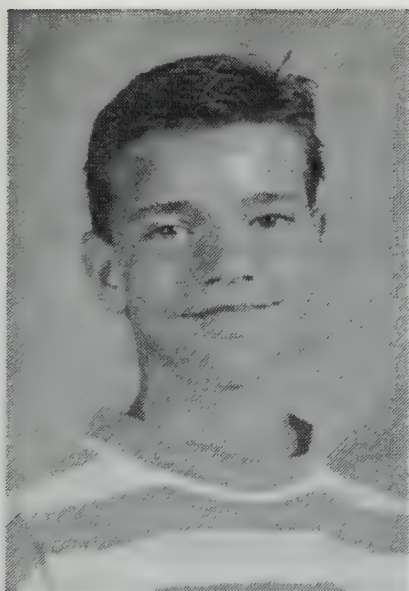
There's a lot we could say about our families and if we did, we'd leave someone out and we don't want to do that and hurt someone's feelings. So we will say this: we have the best family a person could have and that Heavenly Father knew this was the family we were supposed to be in.

Mary Jane Hone and I were married on 18 January 1974 in the Provo Temple. We've been married for 21 years and during those 21 years, Mary Jane has put up with me and all the moving around we have done. I want you to know that I love her and thank our Heavenly Father for her. Heavenly Father knew that Mary Jane was the one for me and I for her.

We have two sons—Reed and Lorin Floyd. First of all, I want to say that they take after their mother and not their dad. If they'd have taken after their dad, we'd have shot them. Mary Jane and I are so proud of them. They honor their Priesthood and do what's asked of them. They've never given us any trouble about going to church, or anything else either.

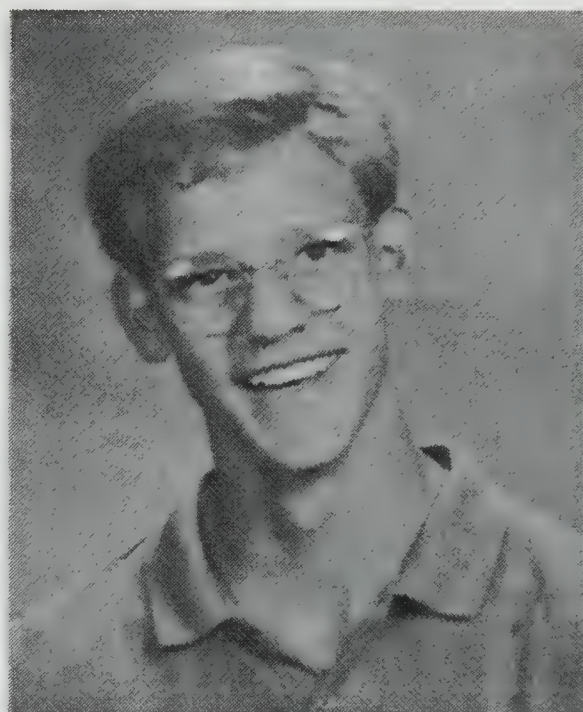
They both have their Patriarchal blessings, and what blessings they are. We'll tell just a little bit about each and then you'll have to ask them to read their blessings. Reed will be a judge in Israel, and Lorin will be known for his art work throughout the church (if he keeps it up).





Reed

I want to testify of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and that without its guidance and teachings, we would be lost souls in this world. It is a Church that is led by the Spirit of our Heavenly Father and his son, Jesus Christ. It is also a church of service not only to members, but also to non-members, and we should always remember that.



Lorin

I also want to express my appreciation to our Heavenly Father for all the callings we've held and what a blessing they are to us. We are put in those positions by the spirit of our Heavenly Father, and we are in those callings at this time for a reason and only Heavenly Father knows why. Maybe we will know too after we've been in them for a time.

We know that our Heavenly Father lives and that if we don't follow the teachings he has sent down for us to do, there's no way we can get back to him.

How can we expect to receive the blessings if we don't do what is asked of us—that is, go to our meetings and do our callings in the best way we know how. Not only that, but to sustain those leaders who are over us. I also testify that the Bishops who are over the wards are put there by the spirit of our Heavenly Father and if we don't sustain them, we are putting ourselves in danger of damnation. Seek out those who need help, and if it's possible, give it to them. Let's remember to count our blessings and to choose the right. May our Heavenly Father continue to pour out his blessings on all of us and that we may have His spirit to be with us in all that we do.

If you want to know more about Mary Jane and me, you'll have to read our journals. If we can be of any help to anyone, please call. Why? Because we're FAMILY! I say this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



## Rita Faye Goodman Garner



Lloyd with Rita

I was born January 13, 1950 in Springerville, Arizona, in the old hospital. My father, Lloyd Goodman, took care of me when I was only days old because Mom had to go back into the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Dad wouldn't let any of the sisters in the ward help take care of me. He'd put me in bed with him at night—me on one arm and my bottle in the arm pit of the other. When I awoke, he simply put the warmed bottle in my mouth and went back to sleep.

We moved often when I was young. Dad was in the road construction business and we didn't seem to stay in one place very long. It was difficult changing schools so often. I was shy and very quiet until I got home; then I was a normal, noisy child and a tomboy to boot.

I grew up with Garry, Randy, Rhonda, and Tevis, since Dale, Kent, Gloria and Grant were already grown and on their own. When Dad died of a heart attack in 1961, we moved to St. Johns to live near Uncle Paul and Aunt Theedie Rothlisberger, Mom's only brother. They were willing to help out until Mom got on her feet. She had a difficult time making ends meet. Having no high school education because she dropped out to marry at age 16, and never having had to work outside the home, left her unaccustomed to make a living on her own. The overwhelming responsibility of five children to feed and clothe by herself must have been very worrisome, or as my children would say, "What a bummer!" We had a small mobile home which we had been living in when Dad died, and the only money coming to Mom was the last paycheck Dad earned from Bryant Whiting. Former employees of Dad didn't bother to come forward and pay back the money they owed Dad for emergency loans or pay check advances he had given them. His last check covered the amount we owed on the mobile home, so Mom paid it off.

Uncle Paul had milk cows and chickens and Grandpa Rothlisberger, who also lived in St. Johns, furnished us with meat once a week. Uncle Paul built a living room, three bedrooms and a storage room onto the trailer so we could have more room to live in. The only heat we had in the house was the pot bellied stove in the corner of the living room and a small space heater in the bathroom. Mom started ironing for people, and making quilts to sell. She also cleaned homes to bring in extra money. I remember her being up at the crack of dawn each morning ironing with the smell of breakfast cooking. She quilted into the wee hours of the night, stopping only long enough to roll the quilt so she could reach it more



comfortably. She often looked very tired. We were poor, but I don't remember ever being hungry or going without the essentials. I always knew we were very loved.

Going to church and saying our family prayers morning and night was a way of life for us. We had some of our worst disagreements on family home evening nights. Mom used to get so disgusted, she'd cancel the whole thing and send us to bed. That usually made us feel a bit guilty, but glad it was over.

Mom attended night school and we both graduated in 1968. She took the civil service test and got a job in the post office. I attended Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho the next fall. Gloria and Alyn (affectionately known as "Spud") graciously let me stay with them and attend college. I wouldn't have been able to go to college without their help. While at Ricks, I met David L. Garner. We were biology lab partners and spent many hours dissecting bugs and other disgusting creepers together. We spent most of our dates in the library studying. We were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on August 26, 1969—one year to the day we had met at Ricks.

Dave and I moved to Provo where he attended BYU full-time and worked part-time. I was working full-time to pay the bills. I knew it was more important for Dave to have a degree than myself at the time. The Viet Nam war was in full swing, and I didn't want Dave to get drafted so he joined the Army Reserves and had to spend six months in active training back east. I was pregnant at the time so spent the six months with Mom in Arizona. Dave returned from the reserve military police training a couple of months before Alecia was born. We were living then in Ashton, Idaho, where his parents had a Frost Top Drive-in, and Dave helped his Dad run it. Alecia came on April 8, 1971; of course, we were so proud of our baby daughter. We went back to BYU the following August. The last three months of that school year we spent in Las Vegas working on a job class credit for the Boy Scouts of America. Dave graduated in the top ten of his class.

We returned to Ashton to buy the restaurant business from his folks. Pregnant again, I helped out as much as I could. We soon discovered the business was not what we wanted to do. In the spring, we moved to Salt Lake City. Randy and his wife, Ellen (Dave's sister), lived in Bountiful. We had many fun times together. Dave had to go to reserve summer camp, so I took Alecia and went back to Ashton to stay with Mom and Grandpa Floyd (Mom had since married Floyd Stohl and was living there). Krista came on June 18, 1973.

On returning to Salt Lake, Dave was offered a job at Central Telephone Company (Centel) in Las Vegas. It was so hot and dry we weren't too thrilled to live there but stayed because Dave liked his job and we felt we had a future there. Dave started in outside collections and moved into marketing and sales. He did very well and was well thought of. His salary increased, but to save money for a house, I went to work in the evenings after Dave was home to take care of the girls. I worked as a cashier at Vegas Village, and liked the break from cooking and housecleaning. The following August, we bought our first home.





David and Rita Garner Family. Standing: Mike, Krista, Shauna.  
Sitting: Dave, Rita, Alecia

We hauled rocks out of our yard for weeks just to get the lawn in. We put up the wall and gates and planted plants. We were so proud of our first home. On September 18, 1976, Michael David came along. Then Shauna was born on April 20, 1978.

We had it in our hearts to move to "Zion," and have a nice home and garden, so we took the opportunity in 1979 when Dave was offered a job with ConTel in Tremonton, Utah. We bought a lovely white brick home in the outskirts of this small farming community, and indeed had a wonderful garden. Those were very busy years. Dave traveled a lot in Utah and Idaho selling business phone systems. I got a part-time job with the post office in Honeyville, about 5 miles away at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains. We were very involved in church and community.

In 1983, Dave got a job on the corporate staff with ConTel, so we transferred to Phoenix. I was happy to be back in Arizona again. When Mom returned from her second mission, it was nice to be near her again. We lived in Phoenix for 6 years. During that time Alecia was married to Harley Wilcox and Tevis died. Shortly after Tevis died, Mom passed away from a heart attack. She died on my 19th wedding anniversary—August 26, 1988. I've missed her so much and dream of her often. I know she's up there cheering us on. She was a wonderful mother and friend.

In June 1989, Dave was transferred to Las Vegas with CenTel Telephone Company. I had reinstated with the post office in Phoenix as a letter carrier in 1988. They wouldn't



approve my transfer to Las Vegas until December 1989. Mom used to say about the post office when she worked there that "It isn't good to be too pretty, too smart, or too hard-working in the post office; people resent you." I found that to be very true. We bought a house by the Red Rock Mountains in the Las Vegas Valley and moved the kids over in July.

Alecia and Harley were divorced in 1991. She moved to Rexburg, Idaho and met Aaron Clark. In the meantime, Krista had met and fallen in love with Jason Ray. They were married May 30, 1993 in the Las Vegas Wedding Chapel. Alecia and Aaron were married the following day (June 1) in the same place; they were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple on June 4, 1994. They were blessed with a beautiful baby boy, Tyler Aaron, on December 4, 1994. We love both our sons-in-law; they are very special to us and we feel blessed to have them in our family.



Aaron and Alecia Clark

Due to a company merger with Sprint, Dave was again transferred—this time to Kansas City, Kansas during June 1993. We bought a home in Olathe, Kansas, 15 miles south of Kansas City. I retired from the post office with 9 years of service. I'd had all the fun (poor treatment) I could handle.

I decided it was much better to be bored than stressed. Mike will graduate from high school in June 1995, and Shauna next year. Empty Nest syndrome will be our next challenge.

During my life I've had many challenges. With some I've tried to go it alone and with others I've asked for help from our Heavenly Father. He loves each and every one of us, regardless of color, race, or creed. His love encompasses us and He's always willing to help us, if we but ask. His angels surround and walk with us at all times, leading, guiding, protecting, and directing us. All we have to do is listen; listen to His spirit's still, small voice; listen for that much needed inspiration; receive that much needed help; receive that much needed comfort. We don't walk alone. His love knows no bounds. I've learned to reach out and ask for help, and I've learned to listen. I'm striving to obey.





Tyler Clark



Jason and Krista Ray



## Randy LaVar Goodman

I think Flagstaff, Arizona is one of the prettiest places in the world from which to start a journey. Maybe it's because I started mine there on the 25th day of October in the year Nineteen Hundred Fifty-One. I was a normal baby. I ate and slept all the time and had all my body parts in the right places. My mother did everything imaginable for me—all I had to do was smile and goo at the right moments. Why do kids want to grow up so fast . . . Now I'm 40-plus and still eat and sleep all the time; hence, all the body parts are in the wrong places.

My earliest memories are of being somewhere on the Indian Reservation playing in the dirt with some neat little gears Dale and Kent gave me. These gears made nice uniform lines, so I rolled them to create my own construction projects. I don't remember them having any broken teeth, so I'm sure the boys left them out on one of their overhaul jobs. They were operators, not mechanics, you see.

Once on the job by Kanab, Utah, we parked the trailer along with four or five others on this clay slab for the summer. Each home had its own dying cottonwood tree, but it was the best horned-toad hunting environment a little guy could ask for! And nothing was more exciting than to come home from a hard day's hunting and see smoke coming out of the side of our trailer—Mom was making french fries. She had two big cookie sheets she would literally heap with fries. Even the Indians were our friends on those days.

I remember Dad watching cartoons with us on Saturday mornings. We'd all pile in his chair and see if we could out-laugh him. Once Grant rode up on his motorcycle and yelled for me. Inside his coat he had a little puppy. Gloria always inspired us to play harder and get less dirty. She was a big help to Mom in those early days.

The majority of my memories come after Dad died and we moved to St. Johns (I was 10 years old). Our family really pulled together at that time. Dale swapped us his good Oldsmobile for our broken-down Chevrolet. Gloria and Alyn gave us their larger trailer house because they were off to Samoa. It was moved onto Uncle Paul's land and shortly thereafter he built us a nice addition that more than doubled our living space. No one did more for our family than Uncle Paul. I know his family went without a lot of things so we could survive. He and Aunt Theedie are the most charitable people I know, and I'll always have a special love for them and their sacrifices. It's said that the Lord often provides answers to our prayers through other people, and I know this is true. I hope I can be led to those who need my help and that Heavenly Father will provide a way for me to help them in their hour of need.

I have forty-plus years of memories and events in my life I would like to share with you, but I want to sum them up in the next two paragraphs.



My greatest memories are of our sweet mother, of the love she had for us and the sacrifices she made raising us by herself. Mom loved the gospel and lived it day by day. It was her Christ-like attitude that taught me about living—about compassion for our fellowmen, about honesty, about charity, and tithing. Mom struggled for many years, but she never missed paying her tithes and offerings. I know of several times she had to choose between buying food for us kids and paying her tithing. She always chose the latter and Heavenly Father provided some one willing to help us. Her service in the church was never-ending. Mom gave of herself freely and always did her best. I miss her dearly.

My greatest accomplishment has to be the selection of my eternal companion and the five wonderful children Heavenly Father has entrusted us with. Ellen and I were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on January 22, 1972. People say that Ellen has brought out the best in me, and I know that to be true. She has made a dramatic impact on my life and I'm so thankful for her love and support. If she can raise me and our children, she'll deserve the highest glory. My patriarchal blessing states that my spouse and my children will be some of the most choice spirits. I know without a doubt this is true. Erin Leigh is our oldest, then Curtis Scott, Rhonda, Nicholas Grant, and Kelli Ruth. My life would not be complete without them. It is my prayer that we can look beyond our day-to-day existence and strive for those long-range goals that will lead us back into the presence of our Heavenly Father, and our Savior, Jesus Christ.

In April of 1995, Erin was married in the Idaho Falls Temple to Dayne Bratsman, her high school sweetheart. Dayne served a mission in Brazil. Curtis will enter the Mission Training Center on August 16 of this year (34 years to the day since the death of his Grandfather Lloyd); his call is to the California Oakland Mission.





Randy and Ellen Goodman Family. L to R, Back row: Rhonda, Curtis, Erin.  
Front row: Kelli Ruth, Ellen, Randy, Nicholas



## Rhonda Kaye Goodman

(Written by Rita Goodman Garner)



Rhonda

Rhonda was the 8th child in our family. She was born on December 19, 1953 in Phoenix. Dad was out of town when Mom went into labor, so Gloria drove Mom to the hospital. Gloria being only 16 years old was a comparatively new driver. Mom would tell her to hurry up, there wasn't much time; then in the same breath would tell her to slow down or she'd wreck them. Gloria was probably as nervous a wreck as Mom.

When Rhonda was a young child, I remember her being the peacemaker in the family. Our family was normal, like other families in the sibling rivalry department. We had frequent disputes, but Rhonda wasn't one to start too many of them. She did, however, know how to finish them. She put me in my place on many occasions. She and Randy were very close, almost like twins being only 19 months apart in age. She would carry Randy's books to and from school, and was always on hand to help him with his homework. Like Grant, Rhonda always had a joke to tell. When she would hear or tell something funny, she'd laugh and slap her knee several times while saying, "What a hoot!" Her love for her family ran deep. She was always there for us when we needed her. She must have gone through a dozen or more pair of eye glasses (she called them her "specs"). Once she took them off, she had a hard time seeing to find them again, so they would get lost or sat upon. Mom called her "Ronnie," and she called Mom "Toothie Ruthie." Rhonda had a winning smile and was kind to all she met. The combination of her laugh and her smile would light up any room she entered.

Rhonda's life was a mere 16 years long. On June 5, 1969, leukemia robbed her of going off to college, getting married, raising children, and growing old. In 1968, she found out she was ill, but lived a full life to the end. Mom let her go to dances, parties and to continue cheer-leading at games. When she played, she paid. She would be in bed for days trying to regain enough strength to go again. She was voted CLASS FAVORITE in her Sophomore year. A blood drive was held in her behalf at one point, and even the members of the Catholic church in St. Johns turned out en masse. When chemotherapy left her without hair she wore wigs and wiglets along with her cowboy boots and jeans. She seemed not to let anything get her down. Only the Lord truly knows how much she suffered, and Mom suffered right along with Rhonda.



When people came to the hospital to visit her, Rhonda cheered them up and sent them on their way laughing. Jerold Gillespie, a cousin, told me when he went to visit her, the nurse told her to put on her wig, that she had visitors. Instead, she called him in and said, "Hey, Jerold, look at my hair." (She didn't have on her wig.) "Don't I look like Linus?" (A character out of Peanuts and the Gang.) Then she laughed and had a nice visit with him.

At one point, Rhonda told me she wasn't afraid to die. I know now she was trying to tell me she was going to die. I wish we had talked more about it at the time, but I refused to face reality. She asked a very special friend of hers, a returned missionary, if she could be his second wife in the hereafter. Being the special spirit she is, I prefer to think she isn't taking second place to anyone.

She had her funeral all planned before she passed on. Mom never got over the pain of losing her. There are many things I've forgotten about our little sister, but one thing sticks in my mind—to know her was to love her. She made a brief visit to the earth, made a big mark, and was called back into the presence of our Heavenly Father. She is truly loved and missed.



## Tevis Everette Goodman

(Written by Randy Goodman)



Tevis eating ice cream

Tevis was born August 17, 1956. Before he was 13 he had experienced three major traumas—Dad's death, Perthes Disease, and Rhonda's illness and death.

Our Dad died on the eve of Tev's 5th birthday in 1961. I had been staying with Uncle Paul in St. Johns, enjoying the summer with his family when Aunt Elda (Mom's sister) and Uncle A.C. drove up and gave us the news. I piled into the pickup with them and they took me to Springerville to be with the rest of the family. The tires on the pickup whined something terrible and it seemed to take forever even though it's only about 30 miles away. I don't recall whose lap I had to sit on, but I do remember thinking it was just awful that it was Tev's birthday. He must have been devastated. When we finally arrived at Aunt Nell's, Mom was resting. She had forgotten it was Tev's birthday, and started crying again. Someone slipped me a \$10 bill and sent me walking with Tevis to buy a trinket or two. I'll never forget how sorry I felt for him that day.

Not long after Dad's passing, Tevis developed Perthes Disease in one of his legs. This is a degeneration of the upper growing end of the thighbone which begins softening and has to continue that process until it is about as soft as a marshmallow. After that, it will begin hardening again. This disease occurs most commonly in boys between 4 and 6 years old. They develop a pain in the knee and a limp. Treatment involves bed rest and braces. Tevis wore braces and made frequent trips to the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City. He was so excited when the last visit was approaching and he could get out of the braces. But No! When the doctors examined his supposedly good leg, the destructive process had begun in that leg also, and he had to begin all over again.

During Rhonda's illness, Mom's attention and concern were concentrated on Rhonda, and Tevis stayed with various family members so Mom would be free to be with Rhonda in Phoenix. All these experiences must have been traumatic for him.

Tevis was always a good little boy. We had some wonderful times growing up together, and pulled off some wild stunts also. One time we were having a BB gun fight; he shot me in the leg and ran around the house trying to outsmart me. Well, I was five years older and wasn't about to let my younger brother get the best of me. I went around the house the other way. I stopped by the edge of the trailer and peeked around the corner. Sure enough, there was his shadow through the back fence. I cocked my gun, took aim, and



waited as he began to slowly raise his head up over the fence. He must have sensed the danger as he would rise up almost far enough to look over and then pull down again. I was still feeling the pain in my leg and swore that if he poked his head up again, I would ricochet a BB off it. Well, I saw some hair and let one fly. Instead of being cautious as before, Tevis raised right up and looked over the fence, just as my BB got there. He dropped his gun and grabbed his face. I just knew I had blinded him. The BB hit him right between the eyes so squarely that it bounced back and didn't go into either of his eyes. That was the last time we had a BB gun fight, by the way.

Another time, we snooped into Mom's Christmas cache and found that we were getting a slot car racing track. We waited until she went to work and set the whole course up and played with it for several hours. That was a fun Christmas.

Tevis was always a hard worker. When he was 8 or 9, he started a shoe shine route to make some extra money. He continued this for several years and built up a good clientele. He always offered his money to Mom. She never accepted it, but he used most of it to buy school lunches.

Tev had a lot of Mom's compassion for other people. It broke his heart to see someone less fortunate than he was or anyone without a friend. I guess that is why he befriended so many people who weren't the best influence on him. He had some good friends with the same ideals we were raised with, but many of his friends were struggling to find themselves, and sometimes pulled him down to their level. They were all his friends—the righteous church-goer and the low life. Neither one was better than the other in Tev's eyes. I wish we could all see the good in other people, despite their problems, like Tev could.

Tevis stayed with Gloria and her family one year in Rexburg. Steve (Gloria's son) remembers that Tevis was a lot of fun to be around. He loved to tell jokes and pull practical jokes. Pipe-moving was a fun job when Tevis worked with them. The girls at Madison High School loved his hair when it got a little long with all those golden curls, and that was a great incentive for him to continue to wear it long.

After Tevis got out of the Army, he attended Idaho State University vo-tech for a year, training as a heavy-duty mechanic, and several years later attended Mesa Community College, where he studied computer science and psychology. He was an excellent mechanic and worked in that field for many years. He also drove long-haul truck. He was married for several years to Laurie Jo Richens.

Tevis died in La Puente, California on June 23, 1988. He was 32.





Ruth, with Tevis, her youngest child, and Dale, her oldest



## Chapter 14

### Hannah Fern Goodman Penrod

I was born one sunny day on a ranch in a little two room house at Walker, a few miles west of Clay Springs, September 13, 1913. I was the 9th child in our family and the second girl, so most of the family was grown by the time I came along. Lloyd was two years older than I, and Beulah was four years younger, so Lloyd and I were companions until he got old enough to go with his friends, but I feel that we always had a close bond.

I didn't start school until I was 8 years old. I'm not sure why because all the younger ones in the family started when they were 6. I went my first year of school in Walker. Donald, John, Lloyd, and I all went that year. Some of my memories of that year include my teacher, Mr. Shumway; I thought he was just great. In those days we always went on a hike the last day of school I remember so well Alvin (age 20) asking Mr. Shumway if he could go along to take care of me. We crossed several little streams of water and he would help me jump them so I wouldn't get my feet wet. After I was born, Alvin was very protective of me when he was home, which wasn't very often.

When we were living in Clay Springs, Papa had a donkey (he called her a jackass) named Jennie. I think all the kids learned to ride on her. If she wanted us off, she would buck us off, except with me she'd go under a juniper tree and brush me off.

While we lived in Clay Springs we raised big gardens. We would carry water to the garden in buckets from the big tank that stored the water we had hauled from Cottonwood Wash. I especially remember some berries Mama grew in the garden. I haven't seen or heard of them since then. They were called Wonder Berries, and were tiny little blue berries, very sweet. Mama made preserves and jam from them. A real treat for us was to eat them with sugar and milk or cream.

Mama was an expert seamstress. She made Frances's wedding dress. It was peacock blue and very beautiful. I didn't know what a store-bought dress was until I was almost 14 years old. Our slips and underthings were made from flour and sugar sacks.

After my first year of school in Walker, we moved to Linden. I went to school for 2 years there. Then we moved to the sawmill. It was hard getting to school from the mill, so Mama moved to Vernon during the school year so we (John, Lloyd, Beulah, and I) could go to school. She did this for a couple of years. Then we'd move back to the mill for the summer.

We went to school in the little two-room school house that my kids and their cousins went to school in. There wasn't any playground equipment except for the old Giant Stride which we would swing on. It still stands on the school grounds today.



That school house was used not only for school, but for church, dances, and any other social function that might take place. We used it until the church house across the street was built.

When I was 13 years old, Beulah and I stayed with Claude and Fern Phipps for the school year. We worked for them for our room and board. I did all the housework because Fern was expecting a baby (Cora). I did all the laundry for 7 people, including Beulah and me. Since I did it on a washboard, I usually had blisters on my fingers from scrubbing on the washboard. Lots of times they wouldn't heal up from one week to the next. I'd go home after school and do laundry until dark, doing the whites one day and the coloreds the next. In the winter, the clothes would freeze before I could get them on the line.

Claude and Fern had a little store by their house. They always had lots of bananas. They fed me bananas until I could hardly look at one for many years. They still aren't one of my favorite fruits.

After school was out, I stayed and worked for Fern until after her baby was born. I went with her and her kids to Snowflake to wait for it to be born. The nearest midwife lived in Snowflake. While there, I did all the cooking and had to clean Grandma Beard's two-story house from top to bottom. I had to walk to the post office to get the mail and would take her kids with me. Everyone wondered who that young woman was with all those kids.

Some of my best friends in Vernon at that time were Julia Whiting, Alice Whiting, and Lyda Crosby. If we had any parties, we'd always have them at Julia's house because hers was the only house big enough to hold us.

The next year I stayed with Grandma McNeil and went to school in Show Low. That was the end of my formal education.

I was about 11 years old when we moved to the mill. Mama was an excellent cook. She, Beulah, and I would get up at 3 or 4 in the mornings and cook three big meals a day. We cooked for 4 or 5 of our brothers and 5 or 6 other men—6 days a week and sometimes 7 if the men didn't have a family to go home to on the weekends. Mama always made biscuits for breakfast. All of our bread was made from scratch; there was no such thing as store-bought bread. So we made lots of bread. I remember standing on a box to make me tall enough to be able to mix bread. We'd mix it in the evening and let it raise all night, then punch it down the next morning, let it raise again, and bake it. It was almost an all-day job. We'd make 8 loaf batches about every other day.

Needless to say, there wasn't a lot of time to play kids' play. We did play in the sawdust pile a lot. We'd dig tunnels in it; thank goodness none of them ever caved in. We also liked to hike around the country around the mill. One day Lloyd, some of our cousins, and I went hiking around Wolf Mountain. When it came time to go home, they went in one



direction and I went in another. They kept telling me I was going the wrong direction, but I thought I was so smart and wouldn't listen to them. It was pretty scary when I realized I was lost. I finally came to an old log road and found my way home by following it.

We didn't get to go to church very much, but Mama, having a strong testimony, taught us the gospel. As we got older, we didn't have much in the way of entertainment or socializing. Once in a while if the boys were not too tired, we'd go to Show Low to a dance. We had to drive up to McNary and then down to Show Low.

On Christmas in the winter of 1927 or 28, we decided to go to the dance in Show Low. I think it was Donald, Alvin, and me. We were in a Model T Ford coupe. There wasn't a heater in it, so they put a piece of cardboard in front of the radiator so the heat from the motor would come back to the car. COLD FEET? OH, YES! It had snowed that day and the snow was deep. No one had been over the road to break tracks in it. We got about half way to McNary and got stuck. The boys would get out and shovel snow from in front of the wheels. Then we'd go another three or four feet and get stuck again. This went on for quite a distance, but we finally got out and went on to the dance.

We'd also have dances in the Vernon school house when we could find someone to play. It was at one of these dances where I met Chester Penrod. We were married August 26, 1929. I was 16.



Chet and Fern in their courting days

After we were married, we lived in Pineyon on the ranch his family owned. We lived with his mother for a while and then moved into a little two-room house that was built out of railroad ties. We didn't get to go visit my family at the mill very often as our transportation was limited in those days. Once in a while we would go in a wagon on an old road that went up through the forest from the ranch to the mill. Even after Beulah married Len and moved to Pineyon, we didn't get to see one another very often for the first few years, so we were pretty isolated.

Our first three children were born while we lived in Pineyon. Our children are: Loretta Idella, born November 15, 1930, Ludean, born May 5, 1934, Chester Eugene "Sonny," born March 29, 1936. We then had two stillborn sons—Kenneth Ray, born July 15, 1941 in St. Johns, and Dennis Jay, born August 15, 1942 in McNary. Our last child, Joycelen Rae, was born November 26, 1944 in McNary.





Grandma with Idella and Ludean, 1934

The big social event in our lives was going to dances, especially the holiday dances in Lakeside. Chet's brothers would put together a big sled and put straw on the floor of it. Then we'd all take our kids and lots of quilts and start out about 2 or 3 in the afternoon. After we got to the dance, we'd put our kids on quilts around the floor and dance sometimes all night. If there was any night left, we'd stay with relatives and go home the next day. Sometimes we'd have dances in Pineyon or Vernon and everyone would bring their kids and put them to sleep on quilts and we'd dance until the sun came up.

After Idella got old enough to go to school, we had to move to Vernon. We'd move there for the school year, then back to the ranch for the summer. We did this for 3 or 4 years, then Chet went to work for Papa logging at the mill. We lived at the mill and would move to Vernon for the school year and back to the mill in the summer time. We did lots of moving, but I enjoyed living back at the mill with my parents and the brothers and their families who would come and go. It seems to me that Lloyd and Ruth lived there more than the others when we lived there. Again, later we would go back to

the ranch in Pineyon in the summer. Mama and Papa would sometimes come to visit us and Len and Beulah. I remember one summer we had a bumper crop of acorns on the oak trees around the ranch, and they came to stay a few days. Mama, Papa, the kids, and I picked up sacks and sacks of acorns to feed the pigs.

In the latter part of February 1943, Papa had a stroke. He quickly deteriorated until he was so paralyzed he had to be cared for like a baby. I helped Mama take care of him, then we moved back to the ranch. I would go back to Vernon every other day when Chet went to work and help Mama take care of him and do the laundry. I also tried to go every Sunday; because he was so helpless, Mama had to have help. During the last two weeks he was alive, I was there almost every day. Then Alvin came and stayed the last 3 or 4 days before he died. I'm very thankful I had the privilege of helping him and Mama during this time.

Up until Papa died, Mama had never driven a car. She finally learned and would drive over to see us and Beulah's family once in a while. I think that was the extent of her driving. She might have driven to Show Low once or twice, I'm not sure.





Chet



Fern

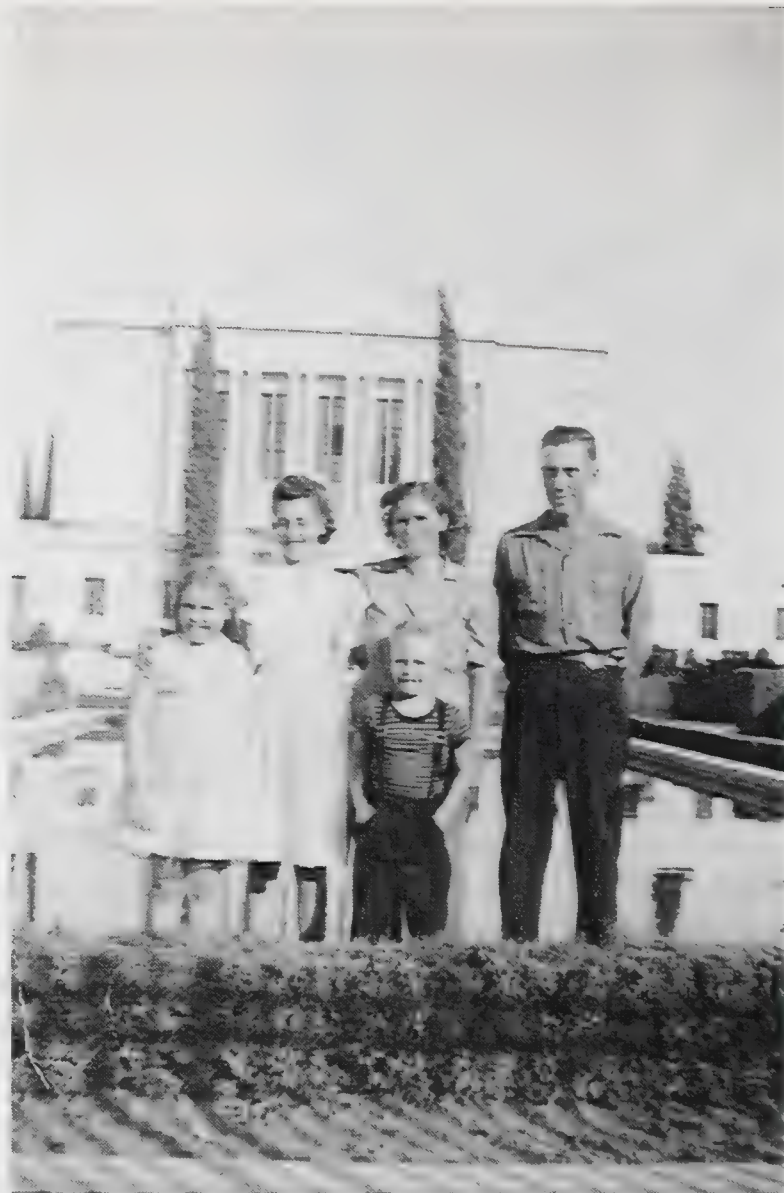
One incident stands out in my memory which took place, I think, the last summer we lived at the ranch in Pineyon. Sonny always had horses. He loved them and was never afraid of them. He had a mare that had a colt. One Monday morning right after Chet left for work, I heard Sonny scream and I knew immediately what had happened. He had gotten behind the colt and it had kicked him in the head right at the top of his scalp. There was the exact shape of its hoof on his head; we could see the bone showing through. We were the only ones living at the ranch, so there was no one else around. Sonny, Ludean, Joycelen, and I were there without any transportation. The only thing I could think to do was to get to Beulah's, about 2 miles away, and get some help. Ludean had never ridden horses and was afraid of them, so I knew I had to ride to Beulah's. We laid Sonny on the porch; fortunately he wasn't bleeding badly. I left Ludean to take care of him and Joycelen. That was the longest 2 mile ride I ever took, the horse running as hard as he could all the way. I got to Beulah's just minutes before they were leaving in the only car available at their ranch. We got Sonny and took him to the hospital in McNary to get his head stitched up. He still has that hoof print on his head.

We seemed to live around Lloyd and Ruth more than my other brothers. They were always so good to us. They took us on one camping and fishing trip. As was Lloyd's usual practice, they caught fish way over the limit. He ran into the game warden on the stream away from camp. He came running back to camp and told us we had to get out of there. We broke camp in record time and got out of there with fish stashed everywhere, even in the car doors.





Fern, Chet



Ludean, Idella, Fern, Chet, Sonny

They took our family on our first trip to Phoenix. It was after dark when we got there, so we slept on the lawn in front of the State Capitol building. We went on to Tucson and went to our first drive-in movie. It was quite a trip for us.

Then, in October 1943, they took us to Mesa and we went through the temple on October 26, 1943.

After we moved to Vernon permanently, I did the janitor work at the schoolhouse for a couple of years. I had to oil those old wood floors twice a year. At night before I could sweep them, I had to sprinkle a sawdust compound on them to keep down the dust. The only heat they had was wood burning stoves, so my kids and I split wood and carried it in every night. In the mornings, I would be up early to start the fires so it would be warm when the kids came to school. I also took care of Fern Cambern's boys, James and Kelly, while she taught school.

After Dale, Kent, Venla and Ludean graduated from grade school, I drove the bus to Round Valley to take them to high school. I drove bus for 5 years. I had several different



jobs during the day while the kids were in school. I baby sat for Wallace and Genevieve Wilkins, worked in a dry cleaners, did laundry and cleaned rooms at a motel. The last two years, I worked in the lunch room at the Eagar grade school.

After the Webb mill closed down in Vernon, we moved to Show Low where Chet went to work for the State Highway Department. Among some of the houses we lived in while we were in Show Low was Grandma McNeil's house. Mama stayed with us quite a bit at this time. Uncle Eph (McNeil) lived in a little house right next to Grandma's house. He wasn't too well, so I tried to help him with his meals while we lived there.

I worked as a cashier in a grocery store for several years. I then worked as a waitress all over Show Low and Pinetop. Around 1972, I went to Page and worked at the Wahweap Lodge for several years, then went to Phoenix and worked at Sun City West.

In 1982, I moved back to Vernon where I will probably live the rest of my life. I love Vernon and the people here. For several years we raised big gardens and I did lots of canning. I also raised some beautiful flowers. I really enjoyed it.

Also in 1982, Chet got sick and my time was pretty well taken up taking care of him. In May 1993, he had to have a pacemaker put in. In June of that year, he was hospitalized and had to go on oxygen 24 hours a day. They told us at that time he had 2 days to 2 weeks to live. We almost lost him several times, but with the help of the Lord, some good doctors in Phoenix, and lots of love and care from his family, he lived until December 24, 1994.

At the time of his death, we have 4 children, 16 grandchildren, 48 great-grandchildren (2 deceased), and 1 great-great-grandchild.

I have held several positions in the Church over the years, and I'm grateful for each one of them. I so love the gospel and what it means in my life. I love to read and learn more and more about it.



Chet and Sonny in Vernon





Joycelen, Grandma, Fern

I feel very blessed to be born into the family I was. I loved my parents and treasure all my time with them and every lesson they taught me. I feel my brothers and sisters are the best God could give anyone and I love each one of them and their families with all my heart.



Hannah Fern Goodman Penrod, age 80, and Chester Alma Penrod, age 86. March 10, 1994.





Chet, Joycelen, Ludean, Fern, Idella, Chester Eugene (Sonny)



## Idella Penrod Seymore

I was born November 15, 1930 in Pineyon, Arizona. We lived in Pineyon through the third grade. We then lived at the Goodman Sawmill and Vernon until I married. I went to school in Vernon, St. Johns, and Round Valley;.

I had some very enjoyable times at Grandpa's sawmill. I can still see him standing there moving the lever that controlled the saw back and forth to saw the lumber. Grandpa was short and wore a hat with a small brim.

Grandpa had a very brilliant mind and he read constantly. Maybe that is where I got my love for reading, because I find myself doing the same thing as he used to do. That is, read until midnight and then sleep in in the morning.

At the sawmill, we lived in a house not far from Grandpa and Grandma's, and I'd go up there and he'd still be asleep. There were only two rooms in their house, so the piano was in the same room where Grandpa was sleeping. I'd start playing on the piano. I couldn't really play the piano, but I could pick out anything I wanted by ear. This was a daily routine, and not once did he tell me to go home and be quiet. He'd pull the covers up over his head and allow me to play until I probably made him so nervous he'd get out of bed. By the time he got out of bed, Grandma had a delicious breakfast made and I'd eat with them. My favorites were her Germade cereal and baking powder biscuits. I guess that's where my mother got the ability to cook, because she was an excellent cook.

After breakfast, Grandpa would go to the outhouse, and I'd follow him there and sit on a rock a way from the outhouse and sit there and look around until he came out. Sometimes that was a long time because there would be an old Sears and Roebuck Catalog in there and he'd get to looking at it!

When he came out, he'd go down to the sawmill and supervise and I'd usually go to the sawdust pile to play or lose a pair of shoes. I've often wondered how many shoes were lost in that sawdust pile—we grandkids had some great times playing there. I used to think that the sawdust pile was gigantic!

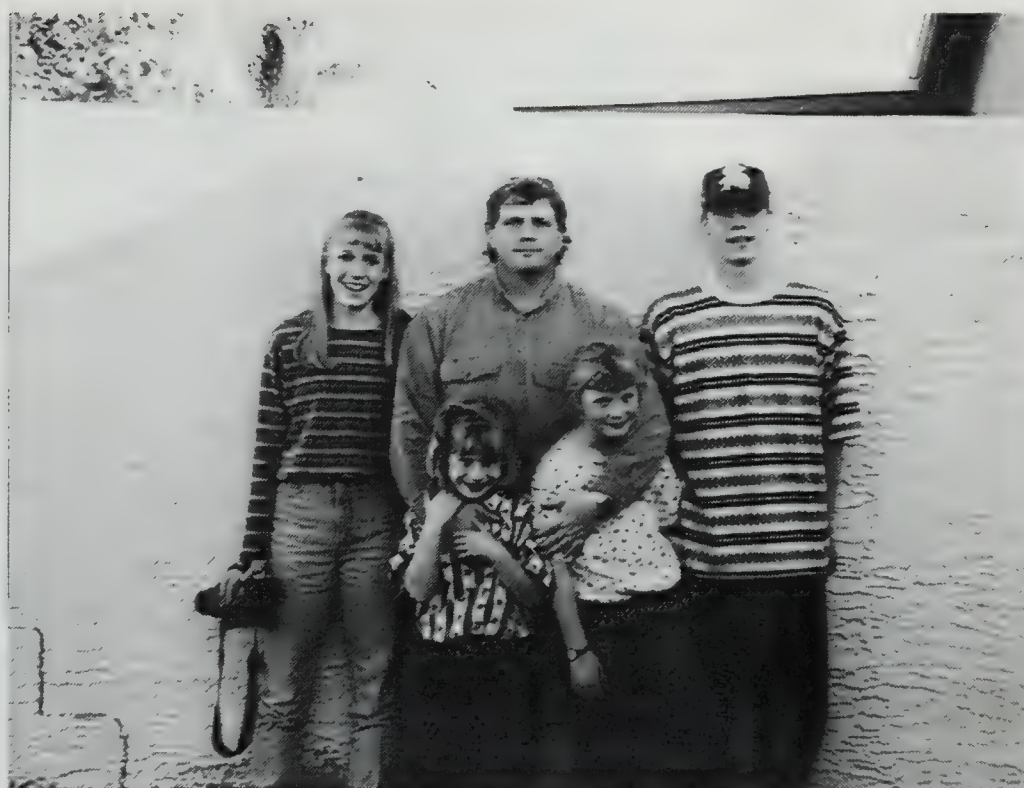
Grandma was a very hard worker, and she was always busy. I remember her garden east of where we lived, under the hill at Pancho Springs. She had beautiful gardens. In her later years, I remember her love for herbs. She had a vast knowledge of herbs and their uses. How I wish I had paid more attention to her knowledge. She knew what to use for everything. In D&C 89:10, the Lord tells us herbs were ordained for the use of man. Grandma read the scriptures daily and was very knowledgeable of them. I remember if I needed to know something, I could ask Grandma and she'd tell me where it was. She was a great Woman! I'm so very thankful to Grandpa and Grandma for my dear mother.



I married Dean Seymore on May 1, 1954 in Holbrook, Arizona. We have lived in Show Low, Mesa, Show Low, South Fork, Colorado, Flagstaff, and back to Show Low.

We've been blessed with six wonderful children who have been such a joy in our lives. They have blessed us with 23 wonderful grandchildren. Darl and Linda have three sons, Steve and Thiry had one son and three daughters, Steve and Karen have two sons,

Bryon and Robyn have two sons and two daughters, Roy and Patti have two sons, Craig and Camille have three sons and two daughters, and Kevin and Gaye have three sons.



Stephen with Keisha, Stefany, Jani, and Geoffrey

Craig and Camille are the parents of our "Angel Boy" Chet Allen, who was called home on December 24, 1989, the same date as his great-grandfather who little Chet was named for. My father, Chester Alma Penrod, passed away December 24, 1994. We love them both so dearly!

Our daughters, Linda and Patti, are wonderful wives and mothers. We are so proud of them. Our sons all served missions—Steve to Peru, Lima, Bryon to South Dakota, Rapid City, Craig to New Zealand, Christchurch, and Kevin to Florida, Tallahassee. Our oldest grandson, Darrin Brent Hall served a mission to Finland, Helsinki. We are so proud of them.

We now have family in Show Low, Heber, Mesa, Prescott, Lake Havasu, and Wisconsin. Our family is our life! We enjoy watching them grow and mature. They are all growing up so fast and time just flies. We try to make the most of each day.

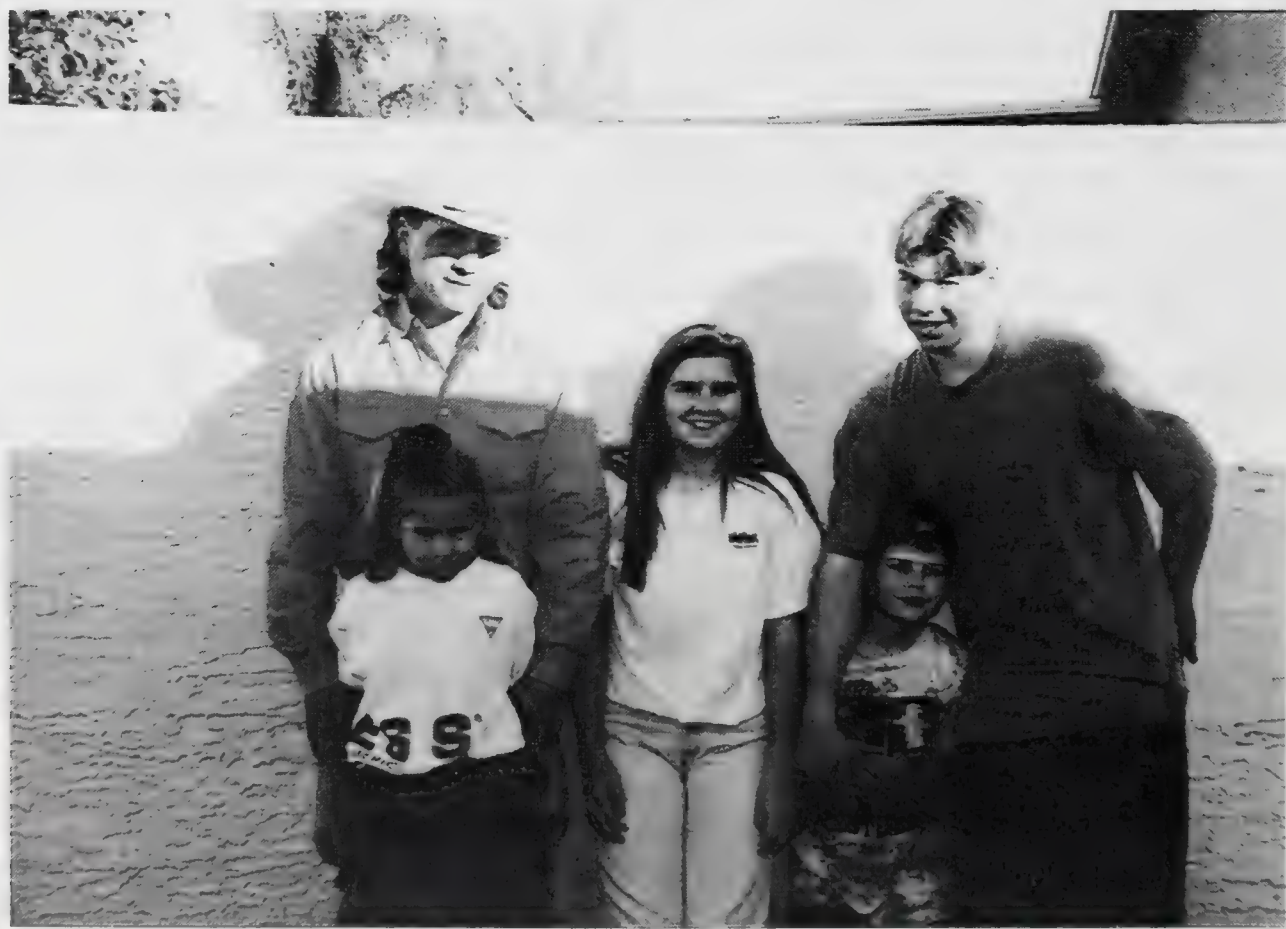
We are so very grateful for the Gospel, for the help and strength it is in our lives. We are mindful of a loving Heavenly Father who loves and helps us in our trials and tribulations. Also we are thankful for our challenges and opportunities they give us to learn and grow.

We love all of you, our Goodman relations!



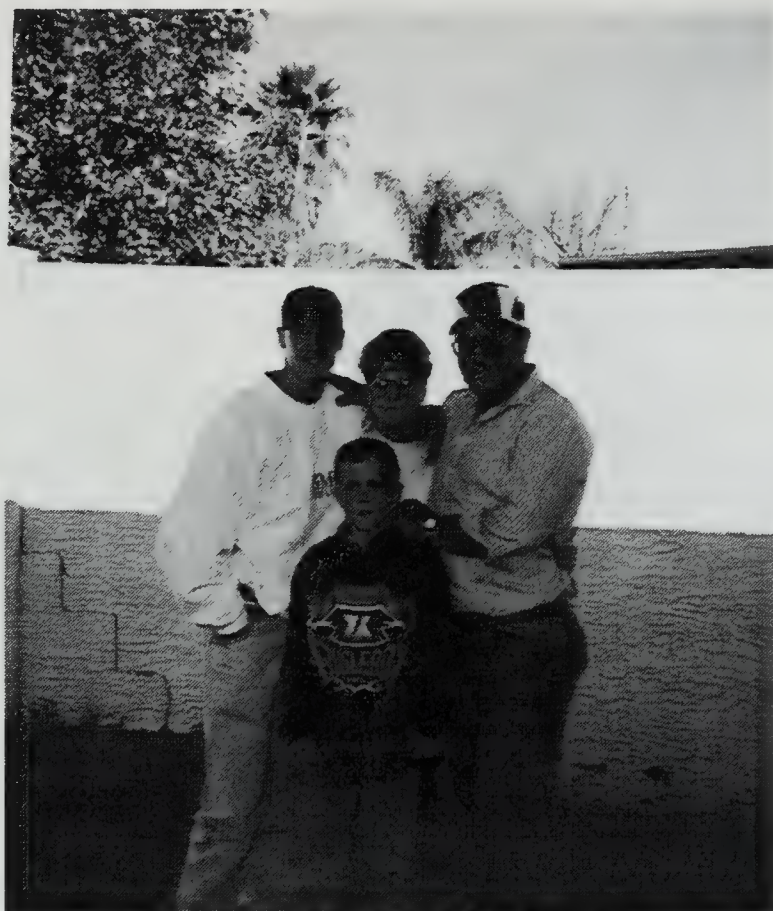


L to R, Back row: Keisha, Geoffrey, Steve holding Randy,  
Karen holding Nate. Front row: Stefany, Jani,  
Tara and Sonda



Bryon, with Danica, Lyndee, Chance and Ryan





Wendell and Patti Johnson,  
with Jason and Dustin



Craig and Camille, with Brock, Abby, Maggie, Griffin





Kevin, Lena holding Jacob, Joshua, Jon



Two oldest granddaughters  
Lyndee and Keisha



## Ludean Penrod Qualls

I was born May 5, 1934 in Pineyon, Arizona. Mom and Dad apparently couldn't think of a name for me, so Grandma Goodman named me Ludean. I think she read my name in a book.

I went to school in Vernon in the little old 2-room school house through the 8th grade. I graduated with Dale, Kent, and Venla in 1948. We had several good teachers, but the most outstanding was Lois Whiting. She had a great impact and influence on my life. To this day, I still believe she is the best teacher that has ever taught.

When I was growing up, we lived on the ranch in Pineyon, in Vernon, and at the Goodman sawmill. I have lots of fond memories growing up in all these places mostly because of the close association we cousins that lived in and around there shared. I also loved all my aunts and uncles; I always considered them very special people.

Of course, we had to make our own entertainment when we lived in Vernon. We had lots of bonfires up at the old pavilion. We played lots of games of "Run, Sheepie, Run" and "Kick the Can." When we lived at the mill, we played in the sawdust pile much of the time. I'm sure we were pests sometimes, but everyone seemed to have lots of patience with us. Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth and their family seemed to live there more when we lived there. Grant was just a baby then, and we used to play house in some of the old buildings around there; poor little Grant was always our baby.

I suppose more than one of us has fallen in the big spring at the sawmill. I remember my fall very well. Gloria and I were playing closer to it than we should have been and I fell in. Fortunately, Aunt Ruth heard me scream and came to pull me out. It was a traumatic experience for me, and I've had a fear of water since then.

When we lived at the ranch, I'd go up to Uncle Len and Aunt Beulah's to play with Venla and Dorothy Jean. Each time I went I just knew I was going to spend the night with them. I was fine until we had supper and it started getting dark, then I'd get so homesick. Dear Aunt Beulah always was so kind and would take me home.

As we got older and lived in Vernon, we'd go swimming in Bob's Lake in the summer time (I didn't get too far from the shore). We always seemed to end up at Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth's making candy—many times when they were gone and we weren't supposed to be there. They came home more than once to our surprise, but it didn't stop us from doing it again. I don't remember them every being angry at us, however.

I feel I was very fortunate to have the relationship with Grandma and Grandpa that I had. I loved them both so much. I stayed with Grandma quite a bit after Grandpa died;



sometimes Gloria would stay with us. I can still taste Grandma's buckwheat pancakes. I went to St. Johns with Grandma, Mr. O'Malley, and Joe Adams the day she went down to sign the papers to sell the mill. I always enjoyed helping her fill out her sheets for genealogy. She spent so much time and research on that.



Ludean, with Kara and Diana

I went to high school in Round Valley through my sophomore year. On April 15, 1950, I married Edgar Allen "Brick" Burk. We had three children: Diana Gail, born September 10, 1951, Russell Allen, born August 7, 1955, and Kara LaRae, born December 13, 1957. I lived in Eagar until Brick and I divorced in 1966. The following year, after living in Prescott for a brief time, I moved to Show Low where I have lived ever since.

About this time, Dr. Ellis B. Qualls from Springerville decided to open a Chiropractic clinic in Show Low. Two of my children were his patients and he knew I was looking for a job, so he asked me to work for him. We remodeled the old Show Low Drugstore building into a clinic and opened in 1969. I went to work for him as a Chiropractic Assistant. It was a challenge, but very gratifying and fulfilling.

On November 22, 1975, Ellis and I were married in the downtown chapel in Show Low. Along with our marriage, I inherited a wonderful son, Thomas "Tom" Henry Qualls.

After our marriage, we were involved in politics. Ellis served on the City Council for 12 years, 6 of those as Mayor. We continue to be active in the Democratic Party at the county and state level.



I always wanted to finish high school, so in 1986, at the age of 52, I took classes at our community college and got my G.E.D. I also took classes to teach illiterate people to read. This is one of my goals to pursue further.

In 1992 we sold our clinic and our practice and retired. We both like to travel, so we bought a conversion van and have done a lot of traveling and plan to do more. We also have a motorcycle, as do a couple of our children, so we have some good family times riding with them and taking trips together.

One of the most thrilling days of my life was September 8, 1994 when Ellis was baptized. We are now looking forward to going to the temple. We have 4 grandchildren (2 boys and 2 girls), and 1 great-grandson.



Kara, Russell, Ludean, Diana

I still love to go home to Vernon. There isn't a more beautiful sight in the world to me than turning off the highway at Midway Station and seeing those beautiful mountains above Vernon. It gives me such a feeling of peace and warmth. I know that the best people in the world have lived in that little place, and many of them have been and are my relatives. Some of the other people in Vernon who were special to me were Coral Webb, my MIA teacher, Mildred Naegle, a Primary Teacher, and dear Aunt Luella Rothlisberger, what a sweet, kind and gentle lady she was.

I inherited Grandpa's passion for reading. That is my favorite pastime. I love history, and especially the history of the Civil War and the lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. I also love the smell of sawdust or wood chips and moonlight nights up on the mountain with a breeze blowing through the pines and the quakies.

When I first started working at the clinic and would tell people who I was, they'd say, "Oh, you are Will Goodman's granddaughter. He was such a fine man." What a wonderful heritage Grandpa and Grandma have given us. I'm so proud and thankful for it.





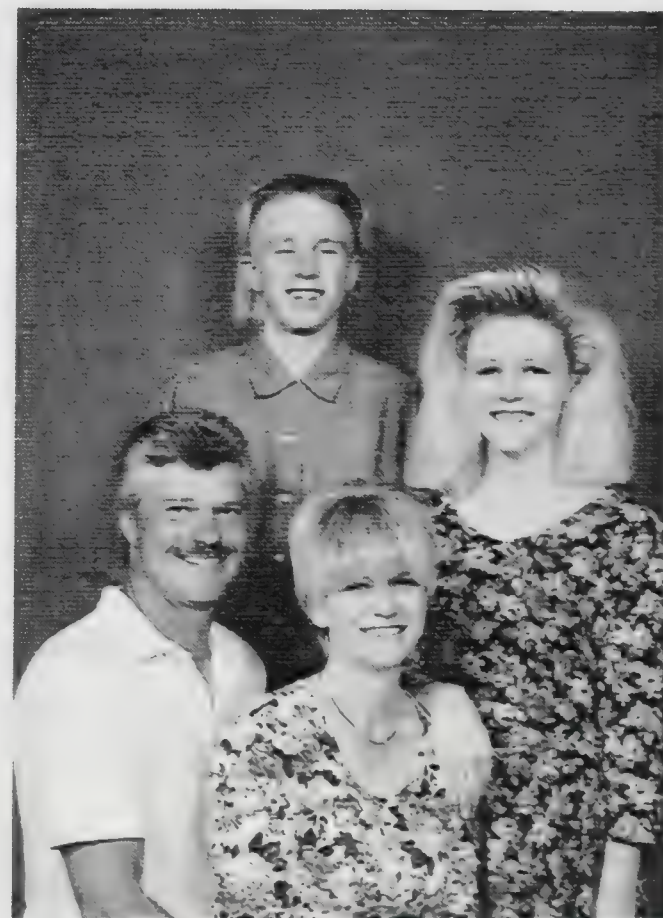
Ludean and Ellis



Tom Qualls



Kim and Diana Brewer,  
Brandy and Tod



Kara Miller and Fiance', Kevin Jones,  
with Justin and Alysia



## Chester Eugene "Sonny" Penrod

I was born on March 29, 1936 at Pineyon, to Chester Alma Penrod and Hannah Fern Goodman Penrod. I lived on a ranch in Pineyon with my mom, dad and two sisters, Idella and Ludean, for about 5 years. The family then moved to the old Goodman sawmill outside of Vernon. I remember living at the sawmill, playing in the old sawdust pile, and my sweet older sisters burying a brand new pair of my shoes which were never found. I remember riding "Old Pretty," our horse, around with the other kids.

When I started school, we moved back to Vernon for the school year, and then back to the ranch for the summer.

My memories of Grandpa Goodman are few. Mostly of when he was sick and Mom would go every day back to Vernon to help take care of him. I remember Grandma driving the old car out to the ranch to visit us.

Joycelen came to our family the first year back to Vernon in 1944. That summer at the ranch I was playing with a colt, not heeding my mom's advice to leave it alone, and was kicked in the forehead. They picked me up and laid me on a quilt on the porch. Ludean stayed with me while Mom saddled the horse and rode to Uncle Dell's ranch for help. He brought his car and took me to the hospital in McNary.

In 1945, we moved to Vernon permanently, and Dad went to work for J. H. Webb & Sons sawmill.

While growing up in Vernon, I went through elementary school. I had a lot of fun with all the kids and cousins, the bon fires at the old pavilion, the tricks we'd play on Halloween, like turning over outhouses and ringing the school bell. In the summer time I'd go with Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Ruth out on the Navajo reservation where Uncle Lloyd built dikes for the government. All the troubles Kent, Dale and I got into are too numerous to tell. One of my favorite memories was the time we made corn beer and hid it in the barn. When we came in for breakfast that Sunday morning, there were three glasses of corn beer waiting for us at the table—Uncle Lloyd had found our stash.

In 1950 I started high school at Round Valley in Eagar, about 30 miles away. Mom also started driving the school bus from Vernon to Round Valley that year. In 1953, I went to work for Bill Huso at his gas station in Show Low. At the time, Idella was working at Ross's cafe, so we rented an apartment in Show Low and worked for the summer. I graduated from Snowflake High School in 1954.

That summer I met the love of my life—young, little Velma Kay Jones. She lived in Coolidge with her parents and spent the summers in Lakeside at their summer home. At the end of summer she was going back home and I was to go to college at Eastern Arizona in



Thatcher. We decided to sneak off and get married in Reserve, New Mexico. She was 14 and I, 18, and both of us scared. Velma Kay's sister, Iva Faye, and her soon-to-be husband, Conch Slade, went with us to Reserve to be married. We were married in a grocery store and had to wait for the Justice of the Peace to come in off the range. It was about 8 o'clock p.m. before we were married. We went back home, none the wiser of what we had just done. About a week later, Velma Kay's older sister, Evon, caught wind of the marriage and told the woman who was in charge of watching them while Velma Kay's parents were moving back to Coolidge. Her parents said for us to stay there until they returned, "all of you." My mom was not real happy, either; the phrase "You made your bed, now lay in it!" came from her mouth. I'm happy to say that as of this writing, Velma Kay and I have been together 40 years.



L to R, Back row: Robbie, Sonny, Velma Kay  
Front row: Vonda, Robert, Shannon

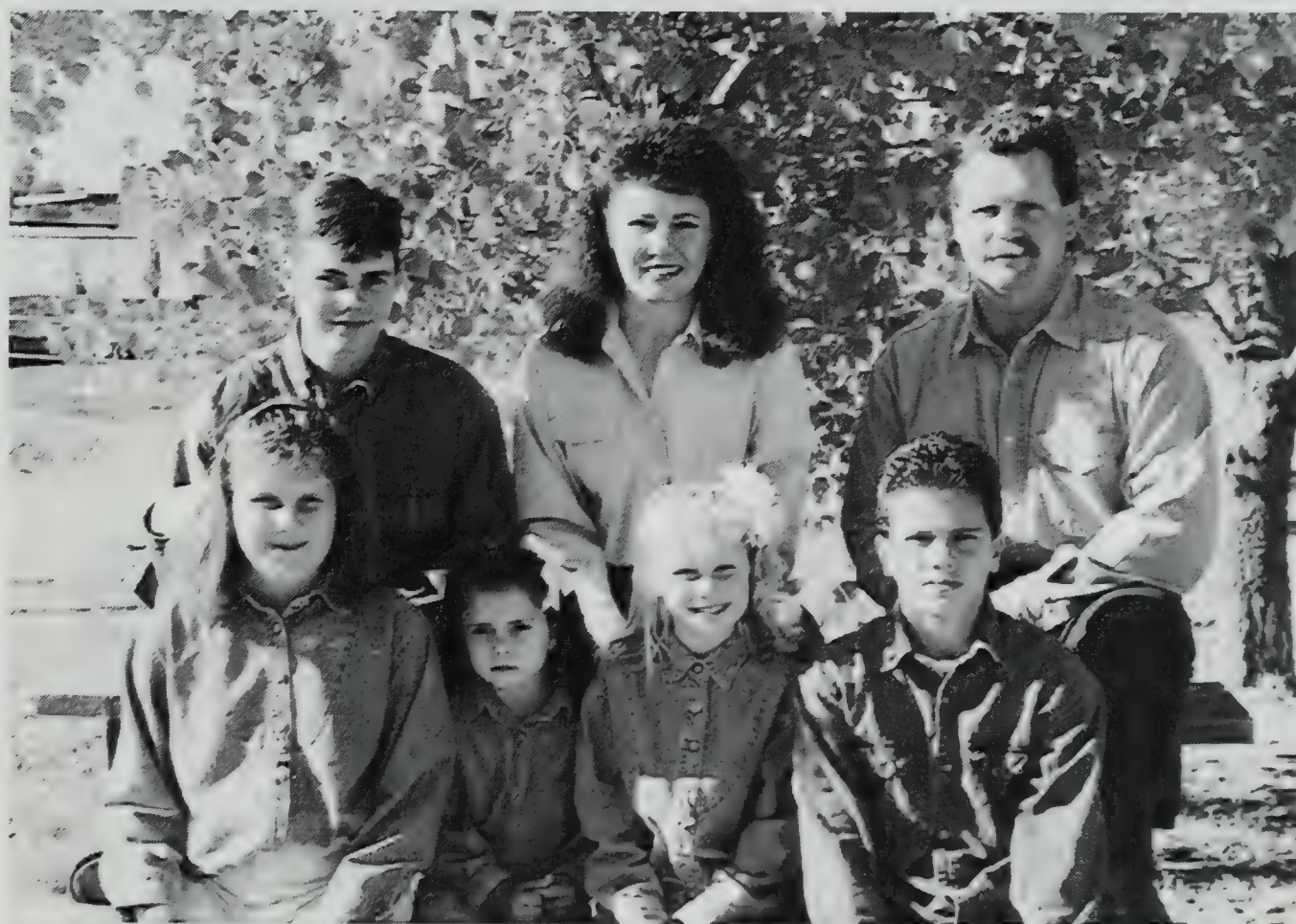
We started our life together in Show Low. For three years I worked in the log woods. In 1957, we moved to Phoenix where I worked for Al Klunder's Chevron Station at Indian School Road and 51st Street. While there, our first son, Robert Eugene, was born at St. Joseph's Hospital. In 1958, we moved to San Carlos on the Indian reservation where I worked for Art and Glen Reidhead, hauling logs from Hilltop to the San Carlos sawmill.

In 1960 we moved to Mesa; there I went to work for a trucking firm. A year later, our second son, Robbie Wayne, was born. We were fortunate enough to be able to adopt



two beautiful little girls. Vonda Kay came to us in 1964, and Shannon Gail was born in 1968, at Mesa Lutheran Hospital, where Velma Kay was working in the delivery room. We lived in Mesa for 14 years before moving to the home we had built in Tempe in 1974. There we raised our children.

Once they were all married, the city became too crowded for our lifestyle, which included horses and a love for team roping. So, in 1992, we sold our home and moved to Queen Creek. We enjoy living out here where we can rope in our own backyard and have 9 of our 19 grandchildren living next door to us. Shannon, Terry and their 5 children live in Mesa; Vonda and Robert live in Missouri with their 5. That's 19 grandchildren!



Robert and Shirley Penrod Family. L to R, Back row: Trevor, Shirley, Robert. Front row: Cami, Molly, Aimee, Kyle





Robbie and Cindy Penrod Family,  
with (L to R) Jace, Tyler, Bryson, Ashley



Robert and Vonda Salmon Family. Children (L to R) Gary, Jared,  
Thomas, Candice, and Logan





Terry and Shannon Bellows Family. On laps, Chase and Capri. In front: Britney, Shaine, Bryan



### Joycelen Rae Penrod Reed

I was born on November 26, 1944 in McNary at the General Hospital. I'm the last child of Chet and Fern Penrod.

One of the early childhood memories is that I loved playing with my doll. I'd dress and undress her and bathe her. I loved my doll so much that I pretended to be her Mommy. Maybe that's why I decided early in my life that all I ever wanted to be when I grew up was a Mommy.

At times I was a little brat. I'd run away down to Cathy Gillespie's house, and Ludean would have to come after me. I remember running away one time and Ludean came and got me. My mother was so mad that she locked me in the storeroom. Well, that made me mad so I ate the potato chips Mom had in there; I also kicked out the window and climbed out. Needless to say, Mama wasn't very happy with me. But most of the time I was pretty good.

I remember going down to Grandma Goodman's and Kenneth and I standing on her porch and arguing about whose Grandma she was. I don't think either one of us won that argument.

I lived and went to school in Vernon until I was 9 years old. At that time we moved to Show Low where I finished elementary school and went to high school in Snowflake, graduating in 1962.

While living in Show Low, I started taking piano lessons at the age of 10, which is one of my hobbies, and I still love to play the piano. I don't play as often as I should, but when I sit down to play, I really enjoy it. Another hobby I enjoy is dancing. Although I don't get to dance as often as I would like these days, I do enjoy it.

After high school, I moved to Phoenix for about 6 months and went to work for the telephone company. I then went back to Show Low to wait for my Prince Charming to come and find me.

In July 1965, this Prince Charming came to Show Low on his way to New York from Phoenix. He needed some money, so he stopped in Show Low to work as a cook at the Porter House for a few months and then go on to New York. I was a waitress at this time at the Porter House. This Prince Charming, whose name is David Elmer (Pete) Reed, swept me off my feet and we were married on October 23, 1965.

After we were married for about 3 months, Pete got a job with Sperry Flights Systems in Phoenix and we moved there in January 1966, where we have lived and raised our children. As a result of this marriage we have two beautiful children.





Pete and Joycelen Reed Family, with Kaelen and David

Our daughter's name is Kaelen Marie Reed Revense. She is married to Joseph Earl Revense. They reside in Logan, Utah with their two beautiful children—Zachary John and Kylie Hannah. Our son is David Anthony Reed; he currently lives in Portland, Oregon. He went up there to go to culinary school and met a young woman by the name of Gina Eska. They are engaged to be married during the summer of 1995.

When I met and married Pete, he was not a member of the Church. After 17 years of marriage, he joined the Church on June 25, 1983. We were sealed in the Arizona Temple on June 23, 1984. He has been a counselor in the Bishopric in two wards, and is currently serving on the High Council. He is the strength in my life. In June 1990 I got sick and had to go on dialysis. I'd get depressed and down, and he would always lift me up. In March of 1993, I received a kidney transplant. If Pete had not been by my side, I don't know what I would have done. He has been there for me during the good days and the bad days.

I'd like to tell a story about my Dad. When I was about 4 years old, Daddy and I went outside to the chicken coop to feed the chickens (or so I thought). While we were out there, Daddy said he had to kill a chicken for Grandma Goodman, and he asked me how he was going to kill this chicken. I said, "I don't know, Daddy." About then that chicken's head came flying at me. Daddy had wrung the chicken's neck and thrown its head at me. He let the rest of the chicken go—and that chicken really did run around with its head cut off! I



was so surprised to see that; Daddy laughed so hard I thought he was going to faint right there.

I have real good memories of growing up in Vernon.



Back row: David, Joycelen, Pete, Kaelen, Joseph.  
Front row: Gina, Kylie, Zachary.



## Chapter 15

### Beulah Goodman Penrod

I was born on July 23, 1917 — my grandmother Frances Amelia Church Goodman's birthday. We were living at Walker (later Clay Springs). Aunt Lottie Webb was midwife. I guess Mama had a rough time at my birth and almost hemorrhaged to death. I never heard her talk about it, but after Venla was married, Hyrum McCleve (Jay's dad) told me about it. He said he was in his field plowing and he saw Papa riding in a high lope toward him. When he reached Hyrum, he said, "Hyrum, get someone and come quick. Hannah needs help." So Hyrum got Ed Brewer and they administered to Mama. Even though Papa was not a Mormon, he had faith in the power of the Priesthood. And the Lord, looking down with compassion on Mama, saw fit to spare her life and blessed her with good health to take care of her big family. I was the youngest of ten, with seven brothers and two sisters.

I don't remember much of my life in Clay Springs. I was only four when we moved to Linden. I do remember the big barn and the good cream we would get off those big pans of milk. We'd spread it on our bread then sprinkle with sugar. Ummm good. One day I decided I'd like some and that I'd get it myself. Mama had a pretty sugar bowl with a lid. I climbed on a chair, got some bread, and spread on the cream. But when I got the sugar bowl, the lid slipped off and fell and broke in two. I was afraid to tell Mama so I took it outside and buried it in the deep snow. When Mama asked if anyone knew where the sugar bowl lid was, of course, I didn't. But the secret was soon revealed when the snow melted.

After we moved to Linden, I loved to ride our little horse, PeeWee. I would ride and ride. One day Mama said, "Beulah, come in and let's comb your hair." "Oh, Mama, the wind will comb it," and away I rode.

Mama always raised big gardens. She had a big watermelon patch, at least I thought it was big. I'd see the boys go down, thump a watermelon, bring it to the house, and boy, was it ripe and good. One day I thought I'd try thumping. I took a butcher knife, thumped a melon, and cut it open. But it was green as green. A wash ran along the side of the garden, so I took the green melon and threw it over the bank. I thumped another, cut it open, same green, over the bank. I don't know how many melons Mama had left after I got through thumping. I never did find a ripe one.

We had a well there in Linden and it had just a wooden platform around it after the curb had blown off. The water was up to the top, even with the boards. Mama would give Fern and me each a pail or bucket and send us down to get water. I hated to go because every time Fern would stick her foot over the edge and say that she was going to fall in (and it's a wonder she didn't). But I'd cry and beg her not to, then when we started back to the house, she would say, "Don't you tell Mama or I'll beat you good." I think that's the reason I'm afraid of water and why I had a dream about Lloyd drowning.



Our house was small so we younger kids were sleeping on the floor. Lloyd had a coon skin cap like Daniel Boone wore. One night I dreamed he fell in that well because I could see his cap floating on top of the water. I woke up crying and Mama couldn't get me to stop because it was so real. She had to show me that he was asleep on the floor beside me. I don't remember any of Fern's teasing after that.

I liked to go down and play with the Elias Smith kids—Bernice and Joe. They had a big barn with a loft in it. It was fun to play in the hay. I went to the 1st grade in Linden.

When we moved to the sawmill south of Vernon in the spring of 1924 (June, I think), there was water everywhere in that cienaga. We got stuck before we even got to the old barn, so Fern and I jumped off the wagon and ran down to see the house. Before I knew it, I was up to my knees in that old black mud. Fern had to help pull me out.

The first winter we were at the mill, we moved down to Vernon in a little house in the lane west of town. John, Lloyd, Fern and I were in school; I was in the 2nd grade. The outhouse was down by the wash. I had a knee that locked if I bent it back too far. I got down to the outhouse and as I sat down my leg locked and I couldn't make Mama hear my cries for help. I needed her to come and rub it to straighten it out. I was there a good long time.

We also moved down the next winter, although we rode horses from the mill as long as the weather was good—Fern rode alone and I rode with Lloyd. And one time we had a little car Lloyd drove to school until it stormed. Mrs. Wilhelm told Mama that she'd better make that boy slow down as he was coming around the corner on one wheel. Lloyd never figured out which wheel it was. This was the year that Frances died; her children stayed with us in that rented house.

After that year, we boarded out to go to school. I've always said I was the family bill collector. When we started staying with people to go to school, I stayed with who ever owed Papa for lumber. In the 4th grade, Fern and I stayed with Bernard Whiting half the year, and on to Fern Phipps's the last half year. In the 5th grade, Fern and I stayed half a year with Grandma McNeil in Show Low (no, Grandma never owed for lumber), and after Christmas I stayed with Stella Mills<sup>1</sup>. Lloyd stayed with Aunt Sarah Mills and Gib the whole year. Fern quit school in February.

In the 6th grade, I stayed with Hanford Dickerson in Floy, and with Bishop Charlie Whiting; the 7th grade with J. T. Neal in St. Johns; the 8th grade with J. T. Neal half a year, and Odelia Butler in Vernon the last half. In the 9th grade, I stayed with Pearl and Vaughn Stradling in St. Johns. This year was very enjoyable. They were great people and we had so

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<sup>1</sup>Stella Mills was married to Aunt Sarah's son, Ray. They had three children—Marjorie, Virginia, and Myrtle—then he died. Stella was a widow when I stayed with her.



much fun. Then before school started again, Len and I had plans to get married. I think I would have gone on to school if I could have lived at home.

One thing I remember vividly about staying in Show Low with Grandma McNeil was her outdoor toilet. Every weekend we scrubbed the seat and the floors until they were white as could be. She kept a can of ashes in the corner to sprinkle after each use, and it never had flies and never smelled. Also, the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs hung on the wall. The trick was to tear off a sheet and crumple and rub it between your hands until it was soft. I don't think we could buy toilet paper at that time.

I would get very homesick at times. Once while in St. Johns going to school, I came to Vernon on the bus. I hadn't been home for a long time. The snow was real deep, and no one had been out of the sawmill. Ruth Rothlisberger and I were real good friends, so I stayed with her at Aunt Luella's. The next morning the sun was shining nice so we talked it up between ourselves and decided we would walk to the sawmill which was about 5 miles up the hill. Ruth was going with Lloyd at the time, so it wasn't too hard to decide to go. We ate breakfast real early and put on our overshoes and coats, and asked Aunt Luella if we could go play on the ice on the stock tank. The Rothlisbergers were living at the old Wilhelm place; there was a big tank in the direction of the sawmill. She said we could, but not to stay out too long. We took some matches and as we went by the outhouse, the only paper we could find was an old dictionary so we took that, thinking we might have to start a fire along the way. The going was pretty good until we hit the timber, then the snow was up to our knees. It was frozen just enough to hold us up until we started to step again, then it would break through and let us down. Before long, we started to get tired. At first we would sit down and rest, but before long we would just fall full length over in the snow. In fact, by moving our legs out as far as we could and by raising and lowering our arms, we made "snow angels" in the snow.

We finally threw the old dictionary away and along in the afternoon we made it to the sawmill. Our feet were so cold, and one of Ruth's socks was frozen to her shoe. Papa had quite a job getting us thawed out. We had just gotten all warm and comfy when here came Glen Marble and Red Sanders on horses. When we didn't come back, Aunt Luella became worried and sent them after us. They said they didn't get worried until they came to where we started falling down, then they said they expected to find us frozen around every turn.

This was just one of our many adventures. Uncle Ed told Papa that he didn't want me going around with Ruth, because I was so much older and talked Ruth into getting into mischief. He didn't realize that Ruth was the older. But what one of us didn't think of, the other did. We had lots of fun times. (Insert by Gloria: No one could have been more full of mischief than Mom.)

Another time when I came up, the family had been going in and coming out on the sled pulled by the horses. I was going with Len at the time, and he had a Model A coupe.



He asked me if I wanted to go home, and I said, "Yes," so we got on those sled tracks and up to the mill we went. There was a face at every window in our house to see who was coming there in a car. If the car had slipped off the tracks, we'd have been there until the spring thaw.

When I stayed at Whitings, Julia had a pretty pair of red pumps with 3-inch heels. Gee, I thought they were pretty. When she wasn't around, I'd put them on and wear them around the bedroom. Then when I started going to dances with my brothers, Alvin took me to McNary and bought me a pair of 3-inch heel pumps. They were black, not red, but was I proud of them!

In the winters, the boys and I would ride the horses down to Vernon to the dances. We would dance all night then ride back to the mill the next morning. I would be so sleepy and Rowdy was so wide, I could lie down on his back and sleep all the way home. I can't remember why I didn't fall off.

When all the boys were home sporting, it wasn't unusual to have 18 or more white shirts in the wash every week. These had to be starched with starch made of flour and salt mixed with water and cooked until it got sort of clear. If there happened to be a lump left in the starch and it got on the clothes, oh, mercy me. I ironed white shirts every week with those old flat irons that we heated on the top of the stove. We used at least four flat irons because they cooled off so fast. Sometimes we would put a pan or something over them to heat them faster. What a chore! I swore when I got married, I was not going to have any boys to iron white shirts for. So what did I get? Five of them, but thank goodness they didn't wear white shirts except to church and special occasions. They usually wore western shirts, and by the time most of them got old enough to go places, wash 'n wear had taken the place of the starchy things.

I don't want the family to forget that those white shirts and everything else in the family wash (including "long handles") had to be washed on the wash board. We'd heat water in the big black kettle outside and scrub the clothes in a No. 3 wash tub. This is also the tub we'd bathe in.

It didn't take long to find out how to use the scrub board and not scrub your knuckles until they had big blisters and sores. I never found out how to save my poor old back, though. I think the washing machine was the greatest invention ever made. Mama had a big copper boiler that we'd heat water in and boil the white clothes in during the winter. This was done on the kitchen cook stove. That was a wonderful old stove. There was also a reservoir attached to the stove. We always kept it full of water so we had lots of hot water for washing dishes or what ever else we needed hot water for.

When Papa left the sawmill, we never knew when he would get home. One time when he was delivering lumber to St Johns, Fern and I went with him. As we came back through



Concho, we stopped at Chris Candelaria's. He ran sheep and had a little grocery store. I can't remember why we stopped, but we ended up spending the night. The next morning Fern and I were all swollen up, and our jaws looked like chipmunks'. We had the mumps. Of course, Papa decided he couldn't take us home in the truck with the wind blowing on us, so we spent that day and another night. We didn't mind as we were in bed in a room where this staunch Catholic family kept all their religious statuettes. We played with them all day and had a blast. I don't know what they would have thought if they had seen us. We went home the next day and there was Lloyd with his jaws all swollen. In about two weeks, here was Mama with her jaws all swollen. We kids played all the time and were not particularly bothered, but Mama was very sick.

I loved my Dad very much. He was so much fun to go with. He was a wonderful dad, friend, and neighbor. I don't think he ever had an enemy. Everyone liked him.

I have so many, many fond memories of our life at the old sawmill; digging tunnels in the sawdust pile, hikes up to the top of Wolf Mountain; even when Fern climbed the tree and spanked my behind all the way down because I wouldn't help her wash the dishes; standing on a box to be high enough to mix bread dough.

One night Fern and I had to go find the milk cow. It was after dark, so we had our German Shepherd dog, Queen, on a leash. We went up toward Naegles', and just before we got to their place, old Queen started growling and pulling us along with the hair standing up on her back. Needless to say, as quick as we could get her turned around and headed home, we ran all the way. We thought we'd been had.

What a special day it was on July 3, 1926! The family came down to Vernon, and Papa and I were baptized in Vernon Creek, just below the Carlock ranch. I was 9 and he was 55. We were confirmed the following day. Later, on October 28, 1932, Mama, Papa, Lloyd, Ruth, and I went to the Temple in Mesa to be sealed. Frances and Ray were also sealed to the family by proxy.

I was playing for a dance one night and Len was there. He asked Lloyd why he didn't come over to Pineyon and bring his sister, so Lloyd, Ruth, and I went to Pineyon. Len was shearing sheep so we had to wait on him, but then we went to Show Low and just mostly messed around, but that was the start of our going together.

Leone Gillespie told me down at Mesa last winter (1993) that he met Len over here in the Anderson Lane one day. He said they were talking and Len asked Leone if he thought that the Goodman girl would go with him. Leone told him he'd never know until he asked me.

We went together for about a year and a half before we got married. Len and I had been on a date and decided to get married, so he said, "Let's go ask your Dad." We went into



the house and he was sitting by the window reading. Len asked him for me. I had been babysitting Alvena for Bert and Alvin while they cooked at the log camps, so I had saved money and had enough to buy my wedding dress.

Mama made all my dresses until I was married. I ordered my wedding dress from the Sears Roebuck catalog. I don't remember how much it cost, but I don't suppose more than \$15, if that much. There were no stores close around where we could buy dresses. Almost everyone ordered from the catalogs—not only clothes, but just about anything they needed. The popular catalogs of the day were Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, or National Bella Hess. Nearly all packages that came to the Post Office were C.O.D. (collect on delivery). When the packages came in, if we had the money, we'd pay the C.O.D. charges and get our package. It was so much fun to open them and see what we got.



Goodman family piano

Before Frances was married, Papa bought a real nice piano, and we hauled it to the sawmill when we moved. It had lesson books with it, like a correspondence course. Papa told us kids that whoever learned to play it would get it when he and Mama were gone. I took the books and learned to play, but not really well. I never learned to count time or do the right fingering. When I stayed with Pearl and Vaughn Stradling, Pearl was supposed to give me lessons, but we were always doing other things (fun things).

I don't think I had more than a dozen lessons. I started playing for Sunday School before I got out of grade school. One day I was playing, but was so nervous I didn't pay attention to the verses. Pretty soon I was playing, but didn't hear anyone singing. They had sung all the verses and sat down. When I looked around, everyone was laughing. One of my embarrassing moments.

Ray Webb told me that he and his dad came up to the sawmill one time and they got stuck in the mud so stayed all night. He said I played the piano while Don played his guitar, that we played music and sang songs until about 2:30 in the morning.

Papa would sit and listen to me play for hours. He loved music and his favorite piece was *Star of the East*, played with the mandolin and guitar accompaniment that is on this piano.



The summer before I went to high school, Teb Whiting, Guy and Monte Gillespie, and I got together and started a little band and played for the dances. Teb played the banjo, Guy the trombone, Monte the drums and guitar, with me on the piano. We played together for a long time, even after we were married. We usually got \$1.00 to \$1.50 for playing until 1 or 2 in the morning, and at other times all night. In fact, we even played for the Thanksgiving dance here at Vernon on November 30, 1933, the night of our double wedding.

We had a double wedding—Len and I, and Teb and Mildred, Len's sister. Teb's dad, Bishop Charlie Whiting married us at his home.<sup>2</sup> Venla says she remembers sleeping on the desks in the school house while I played for dances. And I still love to play.

After we were married, we moved to Pineyon, west of Vernon. Len's folks had moved there from Pinetop, homesteaded, and started running cattle; they later had sheep, also. Venla and Dorothy Jean were born on the ranch at Pineyon. Mrs. Viola Sides from Plenty was the midwife when Venla was born on October 14, 1934. Then when Jean was born on April 27, 1936, Len went to St. Johns to get Dr. Boldin. He couldn't get him, so he got Mrs. Malone, a nurse, to come. But when they got back, Jean had already arrived. Len's mother and Mama delivered her. Len's mother had delivered several babies. I guess she was the one who delivered Walter when the family lived in Pinetop. I almost died having Jean. I had what they used to call "milk leg." A lot of women died from milk leg because they didn't know what to do for it. I'm pretty sure that was what caused the death of Papa's mother.

They took me to White River, but I couldn't get in that hospital because it was a government hospital, but the doctor said he would doctor me if we could find a place to stay nearby. Emily and Umpstead Rencher lived there. Because both of them worked, they said we could stay in their home. Jean had her days and nights mixed up; she'd sleep all day and cry all night. One day Mama said she was going to keep her awake all day so she would sleep that night. That evening just after Mama got Jean settled for the night, Emily came in and



Beulah and Len, with  
Jean, Venla, and Floyd

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<sup>2</sup>The Charles Whiting home was later sold to the Chicago Natural History Museum. For 18 summers, they dug Indian ruins here and around this country. The home now belongs to Paul Smith.



said, "I haven't got to love my baby all day," and picked her up. Guess what; Mama walked the floor with her again that night.

Floyd, Kenneth, and Rodney were all born at McNary—Floyd on August 23, 1939 at Alvin and Bert's home just as the 6 o'clock whistle blew. I was staying with Alvin and Bert while waiting for him to arrive. He was born on Bertha's birthday. Aunt Luella and Chloe Rothlisberger came to visit Bertha for her birthday and found me there with a new baby. Kenneth was born January 20, 1946, just after Donald and Evelyn came home to Vernon after World War II. They were staying with Mama and it was the worst snowy blizzard day. Len had gone to the ranch, so Don and Evelyn took me to McNary. It was snowing so hard Don could hardly tell where the road was. When we got to the hospital, I went in and they came back home, didn't stop at all. I guess they thought, "she's being taken care of; we'd better get home while we can."



Jean, Floyd, Venla

We lived on Len's Dad's ranch. Len worked for his Dad, working with the sheep and farming. We raised big gardens and acres of pinto beans so if we ever needed anything we couldn't raise on the ranch, we would sack up some beans and go to McNary or Lakeside and trade the beans for whatever we needed: sugar, salt, matches, flour, that was about it. We didn't feel the depression too much because we had all the food we needed. Len's first new car, his Model A Ford, was bought with beans from Patterson Motors in St. Johns. When we got married, we took beans to the McNary General Store and traded them for a table and chairs, a set of dishes, and a few pots and pans. I guess that's the reason I like beans.

After his Dad passed away, Arve Dell and his mother sold their sheep and we didn't have enough to pay a sheep herder; also, Len had started working over here at Vernon on sawmills cutting logs, etc., so we sold our sheep, too. We still stayed at the ranch in the summer time, but as the three older kids got old enough to go to school, we moved to Vernon in the winter. Then back to the ranch in the summer.

In the winter of 1942-43, we lived in St. Johns because we wintered our sheep north of St. Johns on a place called Long H. We also lived at the sawmill one year to help Papa with the mill. We moved away from the mill poorer than we were when we went there, and that was poor!



After Len's mother sold the ranch, we moved to Vernon permanently. Rodney was born July 13, 1950. Randel was born in St. Johns on June 12, 1956, and Kim in St. Johns on January 1, 1959—our New Year's baby. He had to have surgery when he was six weeks old, having been born with folds at the intake of his wind pipe.



Outing at Big Lake. L to R: Little Joe, Trina behind Rod, Kenneth, and Beulah

In June of 1950, I was appointed Post Master and served for 31 years. The first Post Office after I was appointed was the mill shack that Bill and Mary had lived in. We had moved that shack down by Mama and lived in it to send the kids to school after it snowed too deep to get out of the ranch. After I got the Post Office, we moved it over by my house where it is now.

That house was the coldest place imaginable with no insulation. When we got up in the mornings, the water in a bucket would be frozen solid. Finally, we got some heavy paper, heavier than wall paper, and put that on the walls. That helped some, but Venla tells about sitting by the stove at night to do her lessons and she'd have to hold the paper on the wall with one hand to keep it from blowing off. However, I think we were healthier then than now with all the heat and stoves that keep a fire going all night.

Later, Len built a room on the house for the Post Office, and the mill shack was still there when Evelyn moved it down to the Midway Station, where it is now.

I retired in June of 1981, and Evelyn was appointed Post Master and moved the Post Office down to the Midway Station.

After I retired, I planned to go to Mesa to work in the Temple, but the Branch was so small with no one to play for meetings. I didn't feel I could leave, so I stayed to help out until more families moved in with someone who could play the piano, and everything seemed to fall into place. I then had a chance to buy a small mobile home in Mesa. Since 1990, I



have been able to spend my winters down there, and it has been most enjoyable. I have had many spiritual experiences in the Temple. I've had a good life. It hasn't all been a bed of roses, of course. I've had many trials, but I'm thankful for them. I think we have to have trials in our lives to keep us humble.

Len was baptized on July 7, 1935. On November 22, 1961 we were able to go to the Temple in Mesa. All the children have been sealed to us. All are active in the Gospel, for which I am thankful. Teb Whiting told Len one time that when the Lord said to multiply and replenish the earth, he didn't mean for Len and Beulah to do it all. All together with laws and in-laws, 49 grandchildren, 49 great-grandchildren, and 1 great-great grandchildren (with two more on the way), we now total about 133.



Penrods in 1962. Back row: Mike (Venla's son), Floyd, Venla, Beulah, holding Kim, Jean, Len. Front row: Kenneth, Rodney, Randel.

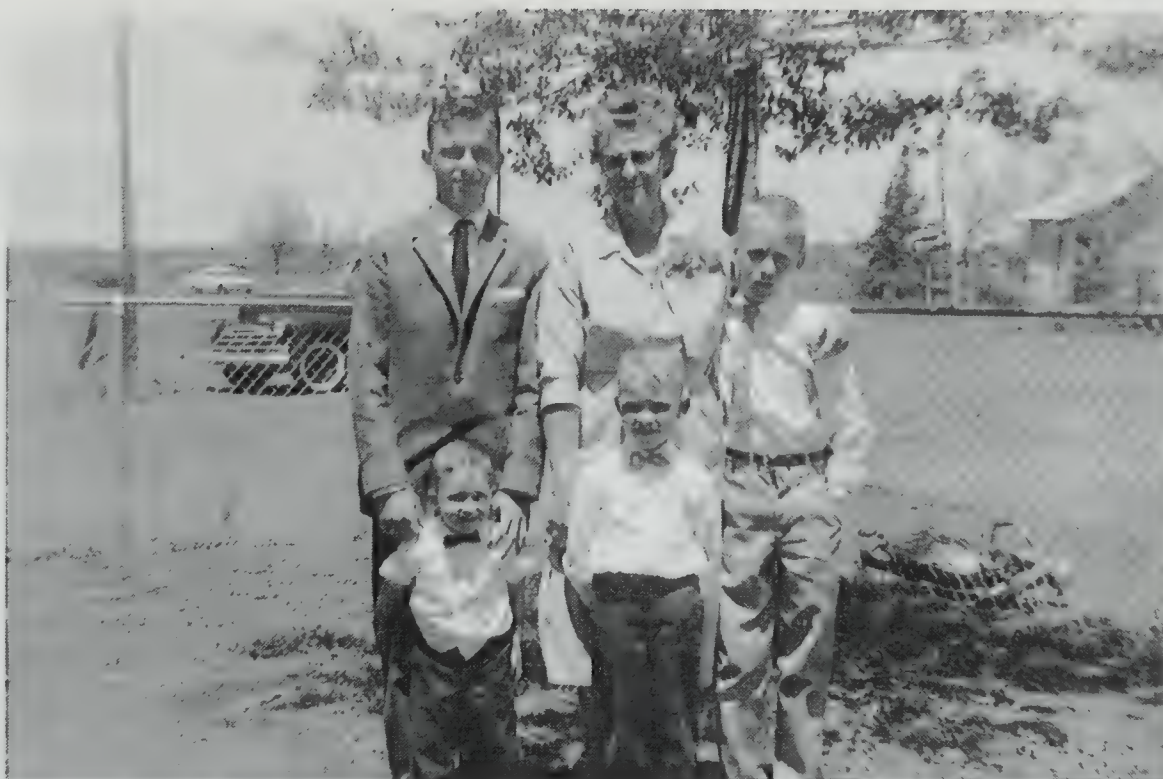
With all that living, my life has not been dull. I was shot in the arm with a 410 shot gun; I ran over Randel and Kim in the pickup; Kenneth took me after wood, and I fell and broke my arm.

Len's Dad gave me the 410 shot gun because I was the only one who ever shot it. I have saved many a chicken's life from predators. One

night I went to the chicken coop to get the eggs. When I opened the door, I could see a skunk in the nest, so I ran to the house and got my 410 and told Randel to come with me. He was to get up on the rabbit pen, and when the skunk came out in to the run, he was to shoot him. He missed because there was a hole under the coop the skunk went in. Next morning I went down and there was a dead chicken in the run. I decided he'd got one, but I didn't take time to get it out. The next morning when I went down to the coop, something had pulled the dead chicken under the edge of the coop and was eating on it. I could tell this because the feathers were moving. I ran to the house and got my gun and thought, "I've got you now, Mr. Skunk." I poked the barrel of the gun under the coop and pulled the trigger. Oops! My cat let out a horrible yeowl; I had shot my cat.



What a blessing it was in our lives when they constructed Highway 60 through here. We could then go to Show Low without going to Concho, then to Holbrook, then back to Show Low. Or to Springerville without first going to St. Johns, then back up to Springerville. Or to Phoenix without going to Flagstaff,



Kenneth, Beulah, Rodney, with Kim and Randel in front

to Prescott, and then down to Phoenix. Or down by Black River, to Rice, then Globe, to Phoenix. The road down Black River was so narrow, if cars would meet each other one or the other might have to back up to a place where the road was wide enough to pass.

Then when the R.E.A. brought in electricity, we were in hog heaven with lights, refrigerators, the whole bit. Papa never would have gone to bed—he could have just kept on reading. Eben Whiting laughed and said all he needed electric lights for was to see to fill his gas lantern.



L to R, Len, Rodney, Leland Shelley, Scoutmaster, and Nick Gurilla

Next we got running water in the house. We no longer had to go to the school well and carry water home in buckets.

As a family, we have had some sad and tragic times. Venla lost a baby girl with crib death; then a little boy killed with a gun. Len was shot while hunting. He, Rodney, and a Mexican man were hunting elk, when a boy from Mesa shot at them, hitting Len and the Mexican. Rodney was able to get them out for help after using his Boy Scout training. It was quite a traumatic experience for him at age 14—two men bleeding with no one around but



them, and deep snow on the ground. But with the help of the Lord, he was able to get them out.

Then on the 7th of September, 1967, it had been raining, and was still raining, when Len got up to go to work. I tried to get him to stay home, but he said he couldn't make any money staying home. Later that afternoon, someone brought word to Don that Len had been killed while cutting a tree. That was one of the saddest days of my life. Milo Wiltbank wrote the following tribute to Len (dated September 10, 1967).

Life is like a lot of foot steps  
 'Oft it seems unknown, unplanned  
 That the years have left to guide us  
 Footsteps in life's shifting sands.

So he walked down life's pathway  
 Path that other feet had made  
 Seeing only one step before him  
 Fearlessly and unafraid.

Knowing not each step was numbered  
 Took each step boldly, proud  
 Fearlessly by toil undaunted  
 Oftimes he stood against the crowd.

Caring for his friends and family  
 Caring for each one he met  
 Building quietly a reputaiaon  
 That his friends will not regret.

Loving man, but also nature  
 Each dawn a page on which to look  
 Each day a chapter still unwritten  
 Chapter of life's endless book.

Now he's taken a step unnumbered  
 One unseen by mortal eye  
 Step into the unknown tomorrow  
 In our grief we wonder why.

## Rodney Penrod Suggested For Carnegie Award

ROUND VALLEY — Rodney Penrod, 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Penrod of Vernon and a sophomore at Round Valley High School, is to be recommended for the Carnegie Hero award for his heroic efforts helping bring out his father and another wounded hunter after an accident in the Gneen's Peak area last week.

Penrod is credited with saving the lives of his father and Nick S. Gurule of Phoenix, who were both wounded by the same bullet in a gunshot accident while on an elk hunt.

Young Penrod, who had received first aid training in the Boy Scouts, applied tourniquets to the arms of both men, then helped his father 1½ miles to the road, where a passerby took him to the hospital, and then went back to get Gurule, who had become unconscious in the meantime. If Penrod had not acted quickly, both men would have bled to death, it was reported.



His earthly steps we know were counted  
 Know his work here was done  
 Just stepped into the sweet tomorrow  
 Out beyond the setting sun.

In appreciation of the  
 friendship we have known  
 with both the Goodman and  
 Penrod families.

—Milo and Mae



L to R, Back row: Len, Floyd, Kenneth, Beulah, Jean,  
 Rodney. Front row: Venla, Kim, Randel. June 1967.

until 4:00 p.m. During the winter months, it would be dark when we got home, and that made for a long day. But we went through rain, snow, ice, you name it. Scares me now to think about it.

One Wednesday night, when we went over to M.I.A., I filled the station wagon full of gas so if anything happened I could keep the kids warm as it was snowing. I loaded up the Bradys, Gillespies, Shannon (Floyd's oldest boy), and my boys, and off we went.

After M.I.A, we got in the car and didn't check the gas, thinking I had plenty. We got to Vernon and drove up to Brady's to let them out and I glanced down at the gas gauge. It registered empty. I had barely enough to get to the service station the next day. Someone had stolen our gas. Things like that are what make life interesting.

The Branch was discontinued here at Vernon soon after Len's death. Floyd was Branch President and Len was Sunday School Superintendent at the time. There weren't enough members to keep the Branch going, so we had to go to Eager for five years. I bought a station wagon, and I'd load that up with my little boys and other young kids around. It was quite a trial. Priesthood was at 7:30 a.m. We didn't have the block plan in those days, so we had to stay for Church, which didn't start





L to R, Back row: Kim, Randel, Rodney, Kenneth, Floyd.  
Front row: Venla, Beulah, Dorothy Jean. 1991

I have been organist for many years for Primary, Sunday School, M.I.A., Sacrament Meetings, etc. I was Sunday School organist in Eager the five years we were going over there. I never missed a dozen Sundays in all those years, and my two little boys, Randel and Kim, drove over that summit with roads so icy I didn't know if we were going to make it or not, snowing so hard we could hardly see. The members' eyes almost popped out when we walked in many times because the weather was so bad. Many times I would have the Brady kids and the Milt Gillespie kids, too. Sometimes Floyd's, too. We wouldn't have made it if the Lord had not been with us and blessed us. I know the Lord blesses us when we serve Him.

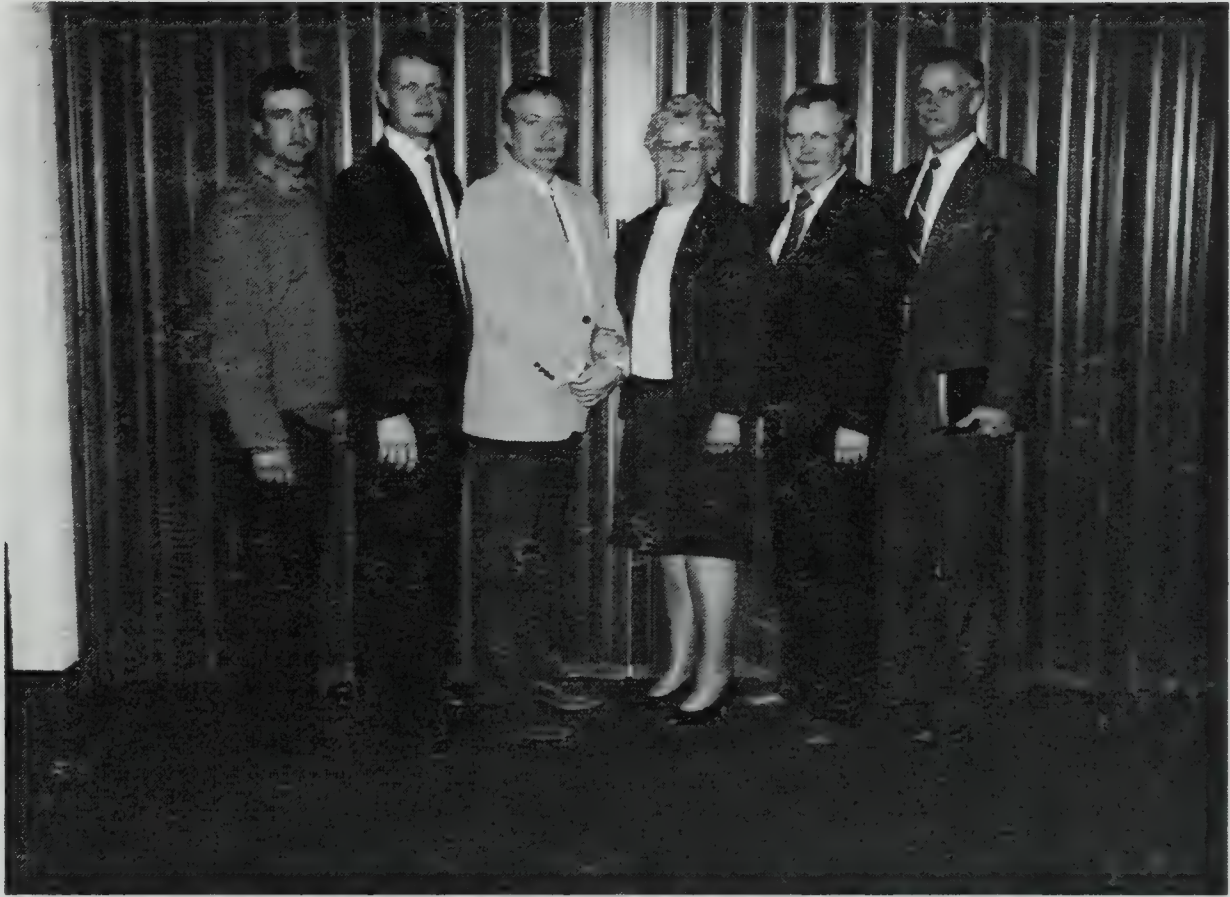
I have also played for many weddings, funerals, school programs, and all-night dances. I was released as organist the last time on November 11, 1990 when I got a chance to move to Mesa for the winter to work in the Temple. I still fill in when I come home in the summers.

I went over to Mama's home one day after Dell and Betty Hatch (John's daughter) had been to see her. Dell had played the piano, and Mama told me she was going to sell the piano



to him. I reminded her that Papa told me I could have the piano, and John also later vouched for that. Mama said she needed the money, so I told her I'd pay for it. I had it almost paid for when she passed away.

I have worked in all jobs in the Church. I was Primary President at Pineyon in about 1936; I don't remember exactly how long, but around that time. Bishop Charles Whiting presided over us. Primary was the only meeting we had there. I was Primary President again



Beulah and Sons: Kim, Randel, Rodney, Kenneth, Floyd

here in Vernon. I was also M.I.A. President after we moved to Vernon. I've taught Primary, Sunday School, Relief Society, and M.I.A. I was Relief Society President for seven years after the Branch was reorganized in Vernon again.

After Len was killed, we had to go to Eagar for all our meetings except Relief Society and Primary. I was also Primary President at that time.

I'm so glad Alvena and Gwen started the Goodman reunions. I have enjoyed every one of them and look forward to the next one. I love my family; they are all so good to me. I couldn't ask for a better family, including their spouses. They are all active in the Church, for which I am grateful.





Beulah Goodman Penrod

**SERVICE AWARD**

*This certificate is awarded to*

*Beulah G. Penrod*

*in grateful appreciation for dedicated service  
during an honorable career of 31 years service  
to the Government of the United States*

*Given by*

THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE  
*on this occasion of your retirement: June 12, 1981*



*W. R. Rough*  
REGIONAL POSTMASTER GENERAL



## Venla Altheria Penrod McCleve

I, Venla Altheria Penrod McCleve, was born of goodly and wonderful parents, the oldest child of Leonard Lamar and Beulah Goodman Penrod on 14 Oct 1924 at Pineyon, Apache County, Arizona. I grew up on the beautiful Penrod homestead nestled beneath the Pineyon Mountains. I had a great childhood and learned many lessons of life, especially the lesson of the value of work. My father and Mother worked very hard trying to make a living from the homestead. Dad and his brothers raised sheep. We had a big orchard and always a big garden. A big field of wheat was harvested and some of the wheat was taken to Snowflake to the gristmill to be ground into flour, enough to last us through the year until the next harvest.

One year there wasn't any fruit in the orchard, except for one apple which was hanging down low on a branch of an apple tree. I watched that apple grow and turn red. Finally, one day I just couldn't resist any more, and I took a great big bite out of that apple and just left it hanging on the tree. That evening at the supper table, I found out I wasn't the only one watching that apple. My Dad was somewhat upset with me, and I can't remember whether I got any more of that apple or not.

One year Dad had a contract to raise cucumbers for the Arnold Pickling Company in Phoenix. Dad planted 10 acres of cucumbers. These had to be picked from the vines every other day. At 5 a.m. on picking day, we were picking cucumbers until they were all picked. That was the only year I was glad to go to school when it started.

During the summers Dad would hire young Mexican boys from St. Johns to herd the sheep as they were turned out in the forest. One summer when I was about 10 years old, all these young men were serving our country in different branches of the Service. So Dad said I'd have to herd a band of sheep. I thought this would be so great, and I was promised I wouldn't have to wash dishes all summer. Little did I know what a task I was in for. Especially when we had company come and I had to herd sheep instead of getting to play.

Karl Webb came to thresh the wheat and saw me herding sheep. I gained the nickname of "Shepherdder." All my life when I have met Karl, he has to tell everyone around us that "This is Shepherdder. She doesn't mind being called that now. But it sure used to make her madder than hell when I called her that when she was going with the boys."

I started to school at Vernon when I was 5. Ludean was already 6. I thought at the time there wasn't anything worse than to only be 5 and your best cousin be 6.

One winter when I was in the 4th Grade, Dad pastured his sheep at the Long H Ranch east of St. Johns. We moved to St. Johns and I went to school there.



I started 5th Grade at Vernon. We'd stay at the Pineyon ranch, going back and forth each day to school until Christmas. Then we'd move to Vernon until Spring, and then back to Pineyon.

I have very fond memories of my school years in Vernon. Lois Whiting was our teacher during my 5th through 8th grades. She taught us very well in so many different subjects. I have a deep appreciation and love for her.

My classmates were my three best friends and cousins—Ludean, who has been my lifelong chum, and Dale and Kent. These three people played a special part in my life and I love them dearly.

The hair style for the boys at that time was to wet their hair and comb it straight back from their foreheads. Dale and Kent would do this and then run up the street from home to school. Many mornings their hair would be frozen to ice when they reached the school house.

We had many great fun times in Vernon. Some of these included building a big bonfire on the pavilion and playing "Kick the Can" or "Steal Sticks" and having Uncle Chet Penrod sneak up there with a sheet over his head and scare us half to death. Making candy on a Sunday afternoon that always had to be eaten with a spoon because it never set up. Going up to Webb's sawmill and jumping from one lumber pile to the next one, Attending parties in the little church and being in the many plays that Lois would put on at Christmas and the end of school. On Halloween tipping over outhouses, even with Grandma Goodman in hers at the time. Taking a jack o'lantern around to each house and putting it up to the window thinking we were scaring those inside the house. Except when we went to Eben and Lois Whiting's, Kent had the jack o'lantern and ran up a ladder leaning against the house and was sitting on top. Even came out and said, "Well, there's a hoot own up there. I'll go get my gun and shoot it." Kent came down in a hurry, explaining he wasn't a hoot owl.

As I grew older, I started going to dances in Show Low and Lakeside. I met a guy named Jay McCleve at one of these dances. He asked me if I'd like to go to Clay Springs the next day and go horseback riding. When we drove up in front of his home, his dad, Hyrum, came out. Jay had been going with another girl and Hyrum was expecting to see her. He sure had a funny look on his face when he saw me. He started asking questions about who I was, who my parents and grandparents were. When I said that Bill Goodman was my grandfather, he jumped out of his chair and ran over and started hugging me. I thought he was a weird old man. I knew Mama had been born in Clay Springs but didn't think about him knowing her. After I figured out he hadn't lost it, he told me this story:

Hyrum and his brother, Ed Brewer, were up in their field plowing, when Grandpa Goodman came riding on his horse as fast as the horse could go. He rode up and said, "Come quick. Hannah's got to have help!" They unhitched their horses from the plows and went with Grandpa to the Goodman homestead west of Clay Springs.



There Grandmother Hannah was giving birth to her 10th child, who was my mother, Beulah. Hyrum and Ed administered to her, and through the power of the Priesthood, she was spared and recovered from this.

Jay and I were married 21 January 1950, and are the parents of six children—Katrina Marie, Deanna Rose, Michael Smith, Narvin Jay, Merwin Lamar and Dalora. Deanna Rose and Merwin passed away when they were small.

We have lived in a number of places in Arizona while Jay was working at different jobs. We lived in Heber for about 12 years while Jay worked for Mart Porter and Reid Smith driving log trucks. We went to Chino Valley for a couple of years, and then moved back to Clay Springs in 1965. Jay has worked at Stone Container paper mill for 25 years. He has been in poor health and has had 3 major surgeries. With the last surgery, the doctors removed all of his stomach. He retired on a medical disability retirement two years ago. His health has improved some and he was able to help out on the LDS Church ranch gathering the cattle this fall. He spent many hours in the saddle, but commented he needed the blessings.



Jay and Venla

One of the happiest days of my life was on 21 November 1987. After 38 years, Jay and I were sealed together with our children in the Mesa Temple for time and eternity. At this time, I was also sealed to my parents.

I have always been active in the LDS Church. I have served in many different callings, such as Young Women's President for 11 years, MIA Maid Leader, Stake YW Camp Director for 5 years, Relief Society President for 5 years, Primary Blazer Leader for 9 years, only missing one meeting during that time, when my little girl was born, In-Service Leader in Sunday School, serving in this position under 5 consecutive Sunday School Presidents. After my family of children had left home, I learned to play the piano and served as the Relief



Society organist for 4 years. At the present time, I'm serving as a lifelong visiting teacher, my husband's home teaching partner, just released as MIA Maid advisor as Jay and I have been called to serve as Stake Missionaries.



Katrina's family. R to L, Back row: Jay Simper, Danielle, Katrina. Front row: Bob and Jana Nudson, with MaKayla

I'm on the Stake Family History Center Staff, having served in this calling for 18 years. I'm the Camp President of our Daughters of Utah Pioneers, the only one in Navajo County for two years. I'm President of our Clay Springs Public Library Board. Also I have served as the inspector on the election board in Clay Springs for many years. I have been blessed with many talents of handwork, even oil painting, which I say "Well, I'm related to Dale Goodman."

My testimony of the gospel has grown very strong through the many years of service, and it continues to grow as we strive to

keep the commandments and serve. We attend the temple each month and more when we are able. Our children and grandchildren are the pride and great joy of our lives.

Katrina lived in Show Low. She is employed by Navajo County, and works at Navapache Hospital as the ACCHS Eligibility worker. Her son, Jay Simper, married Danielle Hancock in the Las Vegas Temple 9 August 1991. (Danielle is a granddaughter of Jay and Marion Webb.) They live in Alhambra, California. Jay is very talented in music and attended the Musicians Institute Music School in Hollywood, graduating with top honors of his class of 150. He plays several instruments including the bass guitar and saxophone. He plays with his band for dances and teaches in a music school. He writes his own music and has recorded some of it. It was a thrill to his Grandpa Jay McCleve to go to a recording studio and record several songs with Jay. He's the Stake Athletic Director and Danielle is in the Relief Society Presidency. They are expecting their first baby in May of 1995.

Katrina's daughter, Jana Simper, married Robert Nudson. They live in Flagstaff. Both work for Wal-Mart. They have a little daughter, Makayla, 14 months (our first great grand baby) and they are expecting another baby in July 1995.

Michael Smith McCleve married Kimberly Joyce McClellan. They are parents of 5 children—Michael Smith, Jr., David Kayle, Vela Jolene, Brianna Lynn, and Dallin James.



They live in Taylor, Arizona. Michael has been employed at the Stone Container Paper Mill for 20 years. He is an EMT and drives the ambulance in the Volunteer Fire Department. He is active in playing baseball, basketball and takes his game of golf very seriously. Anything he sets his mind to do, he accomplishes that goal. His sons are following in his footsteps in sports.



Michael's Family. L to R, Back row: Michael, Michael, Jr., Dallin, Kayle, Kimberly. Front row: Jolene, Brianna.

Narvin Jay married Sanza Beth Perkins (daughter of Beth and John). They have 6 children—Eric Narvin, Deanna Chalet, Erin Michelle, Jared Ryan, Marcus Kendall, and Lindsay Chantel. They live in Mesa. Narvin filled an LDS Mission in Massachusetts Boston Mission in 1975-77. He is one of the best Scout Masters in the Scouting program in the Mesa District. He just received the District Award of Merit, the highest award given in the Mesa District. Sanza served as Primary President for several years and is now in the Young Women's serving as Laurel Advisor. Narvin has been employed with Salt River Project as a journeyman steam plant mechanic for 11 years.

Dalora married Steven Elder and had 3 children—Beau James, Kristi JoLynn, and Brandon Kieth. Later she married Joey Law and they have a daughter—Jessica Ann. They live in Eagar. Joe has been attending real estate classes in Scottsdale and Dalora works at the Best Western Sunrise Inn. She works the front desk and does the night audit. Dalora is taking computer classes through Northland Pioneer College. Beau and Kristi are involved in Sports, and Brandon loves soccer. Jessica loves to go to Primary and has fun in her daycare group.

During this past year, Michael, Jr., Kayle, and Eric attained the rank of Eagle Scouts. All of our grandchildren are involved in playing sports.





Narvin's Family. L to R, Back row: Sanza, Eric, Lindsey, Narvin. Middle row: Michelle, Deanna. Front row: Jared, Marcus

I'd now like to describe my Grandmother Goodman as I remember her. She was about 5 feet, 6 inches tall and slender. She had the most beautiful white hair. It was long and almost to her waist. She would braid her hair at night and comb it out in the morning and wore it in a bun on the back of her head with a turban around it. I don't ever remember one hair out of place. One thing which always has impressed me was her faithful testimony of the gospel. She received \$60 a month Social Security, and always paid her tithing first.

She would never be seen without her dentures. One day someone knocked at the door. Mama hid her teeth. Grandma couldn't find them so she answered the door holding a dish towel up in front of her mouth, probably feeling embarrassed. At the time we thought it was a great joke.

Also, because of Grandma, I learned to love genealogy work. She had a table just covered with sheets, and would ask me and others to help fill out the sheets with names.

One day after Grandpa passed away, she was over to the ranch driving that car that Grandpa had. I went home with her. I don't think she had driven very much. When we went through Vernon going to the sawmill, several people were standing along side the road. She'd wave as we went by, but never turned her head or took her eyes off the road. When we got up there where the road crosses that gully and starts up the hill, the motor died. I guess she forgot to shift gears. The car started to roll back down the hill and we were headed for the gully. She started to really stomp on the floorboard. She stopped it just at the edge of the gully. I can't remember getting to the mill, but we must have reached there.





Dalora's Family. L to R, Back row: Beau, Joey. Front Row, Kristi, Dalora holding Jessica, Brandon.

Grandma Hannah was a very hard working, industrious lady. She cooked for 35 men who were working at the sawmill. That was no small task. Mama tells of how big batches of bread were mixed at night to rise and be ready to go in the over the next morning. Aunt Fern and Mama learned how to work from an early age. Mama told of standing on a stool to wash dishes and mix bread. One night it was Aunt Fern's turn to wash the dishes and Mama to mix the bread. They would race to see who could finish first. Early the next morning, Grandma work Mama up and told her she'd have to remix the bread. She probably did a better job the net time.

Grandma didn't have a refrigerator at the sawmill. Just north from the big house was a big hole in the ground, full of cold water coming out of the ground; this was called a spring. A large board was across one end, and from this board, buckets were hung, milk and anything that needed to be kept cold were placed in these buckets and hung down in the cold sparkling water. If water can be described as the most delicious. It was that. Crystal clear and ice cold. Every bit of water was dipped from this spring for every purpose.

Neither did Grandma have a washing machine at that time. A big copper boiler was placed on the wood cook and white clothes were boiled in the water to get them clean. With 6 brothers, it wasn't unusual to have 21 white shirts each week to wash and starch and iron with the sad irons heated on the wood cook stove.





Jay and Venla's family. Back row: Michael, Jay, Narvin.  
Front row: Katrina, Venla, Dalora.

One day Wayne fell in the cold big spring. Grandma came running from the house, across the board, grabbed Wayne by the hair on his head, pulled him out, and stood him upright on the board. He was really sputtering and probably had a nice cold dip on a summer day.

There was an old house north and east of the sawmill where Alvena, Gwen, Dorothy Jean, and I would play house. One day we went to the sawmill from Pineyon to visit. We went down to this old house and were having a great time. When we started to go out the door, Don was waiting on the outside. When we'd try to open the door and come out, he'd throw a rock and WHAM! it would hit that old door. He was really accurate at throwing those rocks. He kept us there most of the day. When I got out, I ran to the sawmill to tattle to Uncle Alvin, thinking Don would be punished, instead Uncle Alvin just laughed and laughed over the situation

In the Vernon Ward records, the following is recorded:

Relief Society: 1938-43, Caddie J. Whiting, president, with Hannah M. Goodman and Ella Graw, counselors, and Louella Rothlisberger, secretary.

Primary: 1944-45, Louella Webb, president, Mildred Naegle and Hannah M. Goodman, counselors, and Fern Cambern, secretary.

I have felt really blessed and privileged to have lived in Clay Springs where so many people have known the Goodman family. They are always spoken of with great respect.



Here are some stories about Grandpa Goodman. He always slept in his shirt and socks.

Dad and Mom went cat fishing at Lakehole quite often. Dad would work all day, then they'd go to Lakehole (about 7 miles west of Vernon), build a big fire on the bank and fish all night. When he was visiting with us, Grandpa would go, too. John and Beth Perkins would often come from Taylor and spend the night with us. Grandpa would be sitting on the



Five Generations: Katrina, Beulah, Venla,  
with Jana and MaKayla.

bank with a fishing pole in his hand, and he caught a fish, he'd jump up and run up the hill, dragging the fish out onto the bank.

Herman Thomas was bishop when Jay and I moved back to Clay Springs in 1966. I had gone to his home with a visiting teacher and he came in and saw me and said, "You're a Goodman. They named those people well. They were good men." He told me these stories.

When Herman was a little boy in Pinedale, Grandpa came into the store there with some of his children and Grandpa bought candy for them. Herman thought Grandpa was really a good dad because Herman's dad didn't buy him candy.

One day Herman went out to the homestead west of Clay Springs. It was almost noon and Grandpa was still in bed. Grandma would call harshly, "Bill, get out of that bed!" Grandpa would very meekly reply, "Okay, Hannah," and go on sleeping and lying in that bed. What Herman didn't know was that Grandpa had probably sat up all night reading a book.

Another time Herman was in Concho working for the Soil Conservation and Grandpa came by. After they had visited for sometime, Herman asked him to come in and have



a cup of coffee. Grandpa replied he couldn't, he had to go on, but maybe just one cup. Herman said Grandpa went on three days later.

Before Grandpa had a car, people in Clay Springs would hear a wagon going by in the early hours of the morning. They'd listen and say, "Oh, that's Bill Goodman. He's probably been visiting and talked all night."

Gerald Wakefield told that he and his father were coming from Holbrook to Clay springs one night (probably in a wagon). They had stopped and built camp. During the night he heard an old car coming and he woke his dad up. His dad listened and said, "Oh, that's just Bill Goodman coming." When Grandpa got there, he spent the rest of the night with them (probably talked the rest of the night, too).

Ben Perkins said they didn't like the Goodman boys to come to the dances because they were such good dancers and could get any girl they wanted and especially Uncle Alvin because he used to swing on the corners.

Estelle Webb Thomas, wife of Jim, said that Grandpa built the room on the north of their home just past the covered bridge in Pinedale. Also, when Thomases were living on a ranch below Pinedale, a desperado had escaped from jail in Holbrook. Estelle and her small children were home alone; she looked out the window and off in the distance a horseman was coming toward her home. She didn't know what to do to protect herself. She had a pot of boiling water on the stove so she thought she would throw that on him. As she was preparing to do this, the rider walked across the porch and hollered, "Stell, have you got a cup of coffee?" It was Grandpa Goodman. She said she flung the door open and surprised Grandpa when she threw her arms around his neck. He didn't know how scared she was thinking he was that desperado and how relieved she was to find he wasn't.

My Dad's sister, Aunt Dice, said when she was living up to the sawmill, she came around the corner of the big house, and noticed the outhouse (north of the house, facing south). The door was open and there sat Grandpa and Grandma, each on a hole looking at the old catalog (the kind we used for toilet paper). Aunt Dice said she hurried back around the corner so she wouldn't embarrass them.

While Aunt Dice was living in Concho, Grandpa stopped there and spent a night at her house. The next day was Thanksgiving Day. Grandpa was sitting by the heater reading. As it started getting later in the day and Grandpa was still reading, Aunt Dice thought surely he'd want to go home if he knew it was Thanksgiving. So she said, "Mr. Goodman, do you know what day this is? Don't you want to go home?" He replied, "Oh, yes. It's Thanksgiving, and I can't think of any better place to be." And he just went on reading for the rest of the day.



## Dorothy Jean Penrod Brewer

(Written by Aunt Beulah)

Dorothy Jean was born 27 April 1936 at Pineyon, Apache, Arizona. Our midwife that was going to be there had gone on vacation, so Len, in desperation, made a fast trip to St. Johns to get a doctor. When he got there, Dr. Boldin was not available, so he got a registered nurse, Mrs. Malone, to come. Needless to say, before he got back, Grandmother Penrod, with the help of Grandma Goodman, had brought Jean into this world. By the time Len got back, everything was over and we were both sleeping.

Everything went well for a few days when I got a blood clot in my leg and almost lost my life. As there were not many doctors around at that time, Len and Mama took me to White River to a Dr. Carlston. He said I had blood poisoning and needed to be hospitalized, but he couldn't admit me there as it was a government hospital. He said if we could find a place to stay, he'd treat me. Luckily we had some friends that lived there. Both of them worked and were gone all day, so when they heard about it, they turned their home over to us. With the help of Dr. Carlston, Mama nursed me back to health.

Jean was never a well girl, but was sick a lot. We gave her all kinds of goodie medicines, everything we could think of or any one would suggest. Finally, we decided to send her to Phoenix to live with Mildred and Teb for one winter and go to school there. The next summer when she came home, she still wasn't any better. At that time there were a few



Round Valley High School Freshman Initiation.

Darcine Webb, Jean, Gloria, 1950

more doctors on the mountain. We took her to all of them. None of them could pinpoint her problem. Finally, Dr. Dysterheft suggested taking out her appendix. When that didn't solve her problem, he took her tonsils, since there wasn't anything left to come out. He admitted he didn't know what else to do. After she was married and we took her to a doctor in Scottsdale, he found she had a ruptured diaphragm and said that she had been born with it.



Another time she was so very sick and we didn't know what was wrong, but Dr. Armstrong in Show Low said she had had a light case of polio.

In spite of her sicknesses, she did what other kids did—went to school, and was almost always a straight "A" student, and graduated from high school in her Junior year.



Grandma, Jean, Jerry Brewer

One amusing family story comes from something Jean did. We didn't have a bathroom in the house as the kids were growing up—just one of those big galvanized wash tubs. To get outside from the kitchen we had to go through a small room off the kitchen. One day Len was in this little room taking a bath, while Jean was washing dishes in the kitchen. She needed to throw some water out the back door, so she went to the door of the room where Len was and called, "Close your eyes, Dad, I'm coming through."

Just before she graduated from high school, she married Gerald (Jerry) Brewer. They are the parents of 10 children. After they were married, Jerry joined the Army. Jean lived in Pinedale for awhile, then joined him in Washington where he was stationed. They were there until after their first baby, Dorinda, was born. When Jerry was released from the Army, they came back to Pinedale and have made their home there since.

For several years, Jean served as Post Master. She has also served in many positions in the Church.

Dorinda graduated from Eastern Arizona, and met and married Paul O'Dair. They have 7 children.

Brent served a mission in Germany.

Kent served a mission in Guatamala. After he came home, he graduated from BYU Law School. Last fall he was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace in Show Low. He was the first young man in Clay Springs Ward to receive the Eagle Scout Award.



Lucinda graduated from BYU and met her husband, Kirby Keller, there. They have one little girl and are currently living in Hong Kong

Barry served a mission in Los Angeles, California. After he came home, he joined the Air Force ROTC and graduated from the Air Force Academy. He met his wife in Colorado; and they were married in the Denver Temple. They have two children and are expecting their third. He also received his Eagle

Kerry served a mission in Ecuador. Gerald served a mission in Michigan. Arlinda, a sweet little girl lived but a few short years, when Heavenly Father took her home. Lynetta and Joseph are still at home.



## Leonard Floyd Penrod

I was the first son of Leonard Lamar Penrod and Beulah Goodman. As the 6 a.m. whistle blew at the McNary sawmill, I was born in the home of Alvin and Bertha Goodman, my mother's brother and sister-in-law. Aunt Bertha and I have the same birthday as this was also her birthday—August 23, 1939.



Chief Petty Officer—Floyd

I grew up on the Pineyon ranch west of Vernon. As a youngster it was my job to keep the bluejays, woodpeckers, crows—anything that could fly or eat fruit—out of the fruit orchard (what we raised was what we ate!). I had a .22 rifle to accomplish this chore.

One evening at the ripe old age of 5 years, while riding my horse, Snip, I saw some turkeys in the garden. The next afternoon, I said, "Mom, I'm going to kill a turkey." "Okay," she nonchalantly replied. I took the 410 shotgun and quietly strolled up to the vegetable garden which was about a quarter of a mile from the ranch house. Sure enough those turkeys were back. I sighted down the barrel, pulled the trigger and dropped a turkey in his feathered tracks. Quickly I aimed and shot at another turkey, but missed, as it was too close to me. After tossing the dead turkey over my shoulder by his legs, its head dragging on the ground, I proudly proceeded home.

Noisily entering the house, Mom looked up, and seeing the turkey, let out a yell of panic. "What the hell are we going to do with that?" She was afraid the game warden, Al Wilson, would catch us. Taking my cue from her, I hurriedly hid the turkey in the dark pantry, leaving it until Dad came home from work that evening from the sawmill in Vernon. He cleaned and took care of the turkey. I'm sure he was very proud of me!

At about age 8, we had moved from Pineyon into Vernon permanently. I started school and we had one teacher who taught all eight grades. We always had three or four teachers each school year. I never knew if we had bad teachers or over-zealous students.

High school was spent at good old Round Valley High in Eagar. Being a big 85 pounder in my freshman year, I enrolled in football, basketball and track, surviving them all.

The outdoors has always been home to me. Trapping and hunting wild lions, bears, bobcats, and so forth, with my trusty hound dogs, kept me busy all my growing-up years (50 is still growing, isn't it?).



Horses and cattle are another love of my life. Being in charge of two church ranches, owning a few cattle of my own, at times rodeoing and team roping, with all those late night jackpots, has brought me real joy—less money, but real joy.

Logging was and still is my profession. I cut, haul, and mill the timber for log homes on a small sawmill with two of my brothers, Randel and Kim, in Springerville.

In the winter of 1959, I met and married the cutest girl in Eagar, Sherraldine (Sherry) Slade. Being related to most everyone in Show Low, Lakeside, and Pinetop, Mom sent me to high school in Eagar so I'd meet someone I wasn't related to. Sherry and I are fourth cousins—her great-grandmother, Elnora Penrod, and my great-grandfather, Delbert Penrod were brother and sister. Just goes to show that great people always find each other.

For fifteen years we lived in Vernon, raising our family: Shannon, Melody, Lacie, Sherod, Shane, and Danica. Vernon was a perfect place to raise a family, freedom to roam and good people to do it with. When the children became active in church, scouting and sports, we spent most of our time on the road getting them from place to place, so decided it was time to move. In 1974 we built our home in Eagar. In August of 1982, Elona, age 7, and Delaney, age 3, were added to our family.



Floyd and Sherry

Between eight children, we never missed a wrestling match, basketball, football, or volleyball game, rodeo or roping for the next 15 years plus (I guarantee!). Great excitement though, but I don't know if I have the energy to go through the 23 grandchildren's sports.



The gospel became a very important part of my life. When we left Vernon, I was Branch President (never was released). I made up my mind that the Church would come first from then on. It hadn't always been; too many good ropings on Sunday.

We have served the Lord in the callings He has asked any of the family to do, hopefully in a pleasing manner to those we served. Presently I'm serving as Second Counselor in the Eagar Stake Presidency, and still learning.

Life truly passes quickly when one is having fun and challenges. Our Father in Heaven has blessed us greatly. May he do so to all of you, also. We have a great heritage.

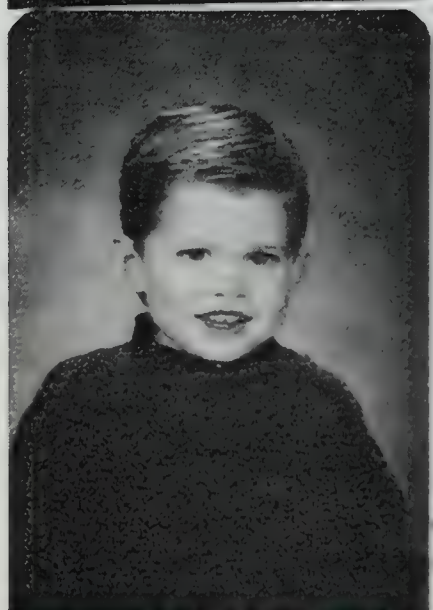
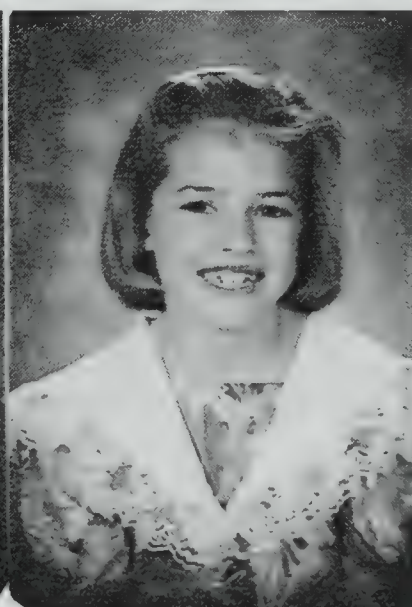


Shannon and Pamela, with Shannon Levi and Cody Christine





Grant and Melody, 1980



Top Row: Misty and Shayla.  
Bottom Row: Jeremiah and Valyeon



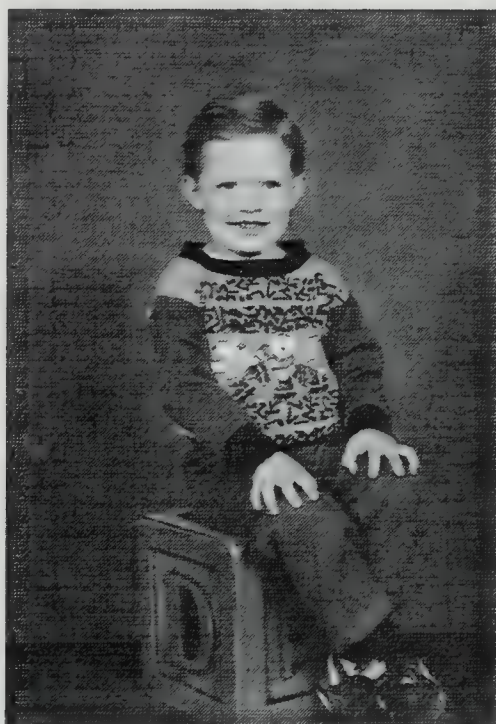


Lacie's Family: Top: Joshua. Middle row: Melvin, Lacie, Jordan.  
Front row: Cady, Jared, Sherral



Sherod and Linda, with Dakota





Dakota, 4



Kara Ann, 2

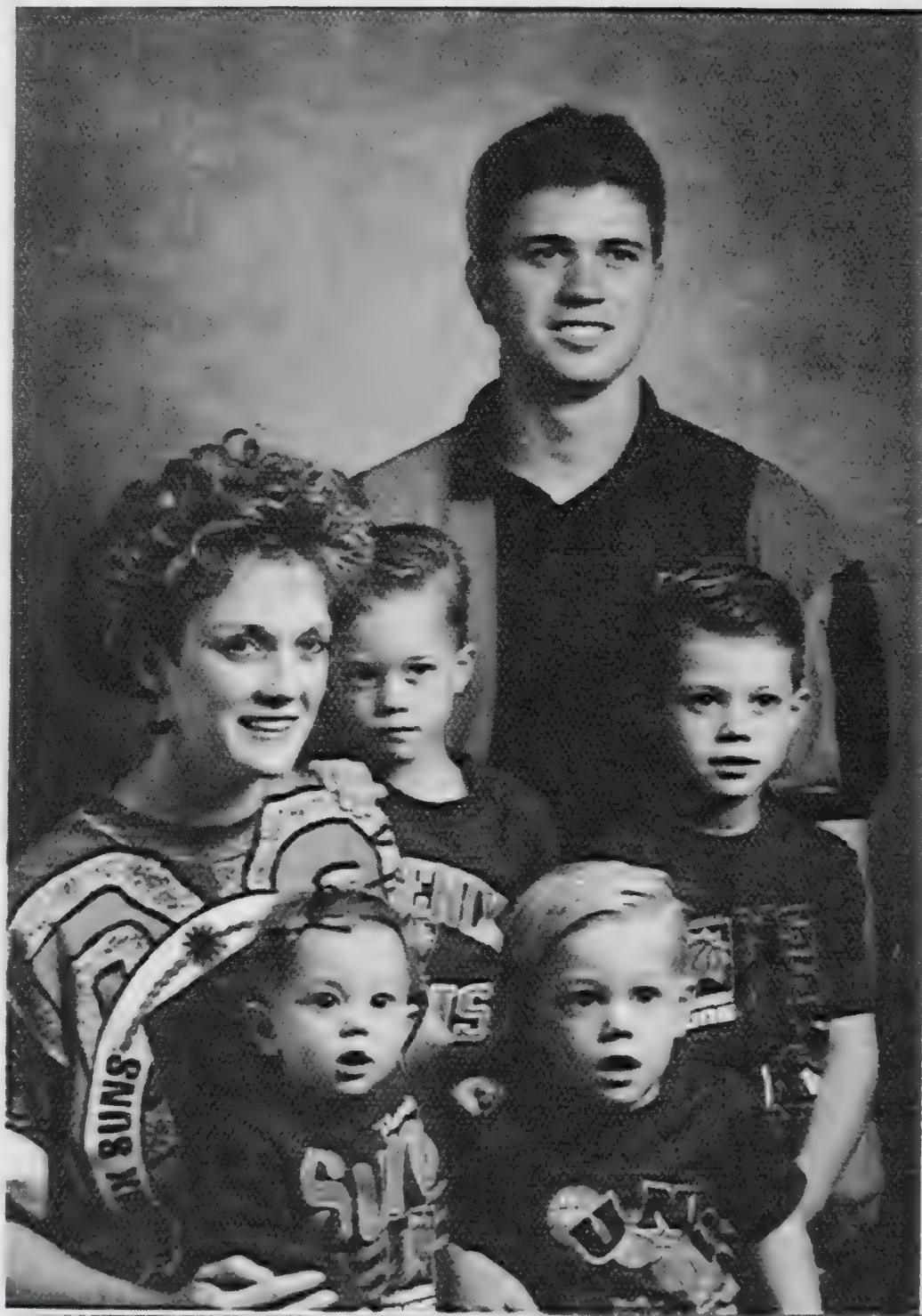


Trevan, 1



Shane and Kimberly, with Breinn and Regan





Danica's Family. Top: James. Middle row: Danica, Hunter, Kolten.  
Front row: Ayrice, Derek





Jim and Elona Sitler



Kyle



## Kenneth LaVerl Penrod

## Vernon Boys Visit Chicago As Guests Of Dr. P. S. Martin

VERNON— Joe Goodman and Kenneth Penrod report having had the time of their lives during Christmas week in Chicago. They were invited house guests of Dr. Paul S. Martin, Winnetka, chief curator of anthropology of Chicago Natural History Museum. He made all arrangements for their trip on the El Capitan and spent a solid week of his valuable time showing them points of interest.

A few of the outstanding highlights of their week were: seeing the musical comedy "The Flower Drum Song" with Elaine Dunn at the Shubert Theatre and several visits to the Chicago Natural History Museum, formerly the Field Museum of Natural History, which covers 46 acres; a trip through and to the top of the Prudential building, the highest in Chicago, where one can view the city and the corners of four surrounding states. A huge chapel with two large pipe organs; the Loop trips and a number of subway rides. They also saw beautiful new Trier High School on the North Shore which has a big student lounge, houses five gymnasiums and a 220 track and also a radio station. It has an enrollment of approximately 4,800 students.

They enjoyed dinner at the home of Mrs. Strausburger and nephew Roland; Mr. and Mrs. Romaine and son Pat, and Mr. and Mrs. Schular and son Bill, all of Winnetka. The boys, Pat, Roland and Bill come to Vernon in the summers as employees of Dr. Martin. Joe and Kenneth also enjoyed several dinner engagements at the home of Dr. Martin as well as picnics in many famous restaurants.

Asked how they liked it all they both stated that they hoped to make another trip there someday to see more of the museum and The Big City.

I was born on January 20, 1946 in McNary, the second son and fourth child of Len and Beulah Penrod. My mother told me it was snowing real hard and there was a lot of snow on the ground when it was time to go to the hospital. Dad had gone to Pineyon to the ranch, so Uncle Donald and Aunt Evelyn took Mom to the hospital. They just dropped her off at the door and left, trying to beat the storm back home. Venla said when Dad came home from the hospital with me, he said, "I now have two Jacks and two Queens." At this time we lived in a little two-room house in Vernon. (This house is what Mom later had for a post office and is now used for storage beside Mom's house in Vernon.)

The first couple of years we lived on my Grandmother Penrod's ranch in Pineyon. Then I barely remember moving to Vernon, where we lived in Ed and Louella Rothlisberger's house for awhile, then moved into L. P. Austin's house. From there we moved into Merle Gillespie's house as Dad and Mom bought it. The earliest memory I have there is that I had the measles when Webb's sawmill burned down.

When I was 5 years old, the rule for going to school was you had to be 6 before the 1st of January to start school in the fall, but Mom talked the School Board into letting me start early and told them if I couldn't make it, she'd pull me out. I guess I did all right because I kept going to school. Aunt Evelyn was my First Grade teacher and she was Great! I went the first 4 years to Vernon School. Then, when I was in Fifth Grade, they decided to have us go to Eagar to school, so we had to ride the bus 35 miles to school, although the bus was an old woody station wagon that Fern Phipps drove. The next year we were back in Vernon with all 8 grades meeting in the same room with one teacher. When I graduated from the Eighth Grade, two of us graduated—myself and Azora Dutson.

I went to Round Valley High School all four years, graduating in 1963. During the summer I

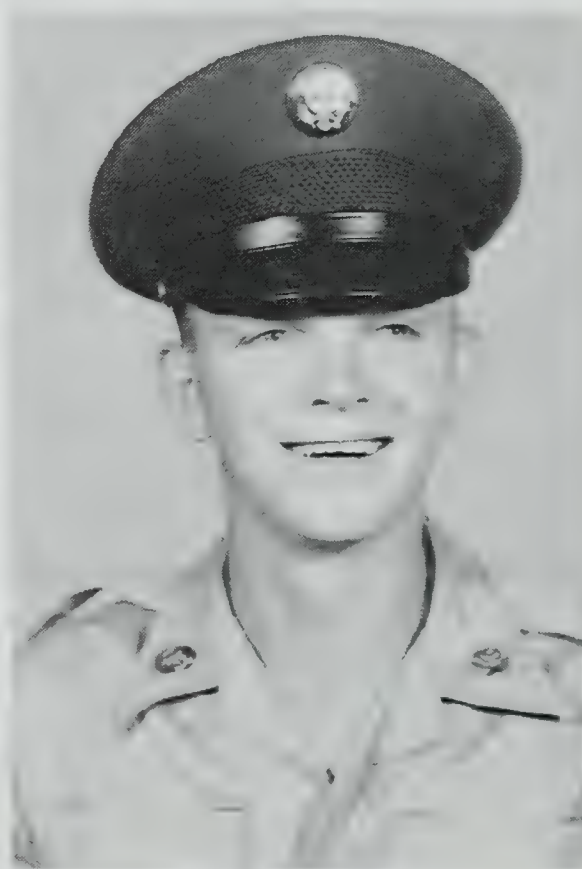


worked for Dad cutting logs. I next went to Eastern Arizona Junior College at Thatcher, but due to more interest in a social life than an education I was invited to sit out the first semester of my second year. I was also told if I came back, I'd have to maintain a "C" average. Well, as luck would have it, I got real sick with the flu right at mid-terms and didn't make the grade. I was invited to leave again, and 11 days later, I was classified 1-A by my draft board.

I went back to work for Dad in the woods. While I was sitting out the first semester of the second year, I almost got killed as a tree Dad fell hit another tree and knocked it down on me. If I had had my saw running at the time, it would have hit me on the head. As it was, it hit me on the back, but fell over another log so it didn't go all the way to the ground with me. I limped around for about 3 days and then went back to work.

After I had been out of school for about a year, I came home from work one night and told Mom I was going to get a haircut. (When we were little, Dad would cut our hair with hand clippers, and I still remember how those things pulled.) But Mom said, "You'd better read this letter first." It was my "Greetings from the President of the United States," ordering me to report to the Army.

I spent my basic training time at Fort Bliss, Texas during May and June of 1966. I was then sent to Fort Gordon, Georgia to go to Military Police School, but because I was half an inch too short, they wouldn't let me to through the school, so I was transferred to a holding company and worked on details for 3 weeks while waiting for new orders. I was then transferred to the 93rd Engineer Battalion (construction) at Fort Lewis, Washington. The only thing was, when I got to Ft. Lewis no one knew where the 93rd was, so we had to wait about 4 hours for someone to find them. They were an outfit that was just forming up to go to Vietnam. I got there about the middle of August; we had no equipment and only one barracks when I got there. I was the 12th man to sign in. We did nothing but basic training all over again until we got some equipment about 2 months later. I got lucky, though, because I had been sent there as a mechanic's helped and was immediately put into an Engineer Equipment Mechanics slot. Then I was put in charge of the tool crib for all the special and big tools we didn't have in our tool boxes. I worked in the tool crib until one of the parts men went AWOL at Christmas time, and then was put into the parts room to help out there. There was an enormous amount of paper work that had to be done as we had to take a 96 day supply of parts for all our equipment with us, so that is what I did. While at Ft. Lewis, I earned Company Soldier of the Month one month.



Kenneth



On the 2nd of June 1967, we boarded the *USS Upshur* for a lovely sea cruise to the tropical country of Vietnam. We were on the ship for 22 days with a 4-hour stop-over in Subic Bay in the Philippines.

We landed on the beach just like in the movies where the front of the boat drops and everyone goes ashore, only here there were other people taking pictures. We landed at Vung Tau, then were flown to Bieu Hou Air Force Base, loaded into trucks, and given 20 rounds of ammo but told not to shoot at anything. Once we got in the country, we had been told, we would move into barracks and go right to work. We were driving along this road and came to a place where the dirt had been pushed up in a big rectangle (about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile by  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile) with two half-finished buildings. The trucks stopped and an officer riding in our truck went to see what was going on. When he came back, he said, "Unload; this is your new home." We didn't have any barracks or even tents. The Monsoon season had just started, so it rained a lot. It was about a week before we had tents. I'd just find some boards to put down to keep my air mattress up out of the water. We had to build our own camp. When we finally started working in the motor pool, the mud really didn't have a bottom to it. We were stuck in the mud all the time until we got it mixed with some stuff that didn't turn to mud.

I helped set up our parts department, then was moved into the dispatch office to help get the paperwork caught up and straightened out. I remember very well the night in September when it was just about time to go to chow. I was told to report to the company commander, and was informed that Dad had been killed in a shooting accident. I got home three days later at 4:00 a.m. on the morning of the funeral on September 11. I was home for 30 days then went back to Vietnam. When I got back to my unit, the motor Sergeant decided it was finally time for me to work as a mechanic. We worked from 6 am until 6 pm,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  days a week. I was put on a contact truck which was a mobile maintenance shop. If something broke down, no matter where it was, another guy and I went after it. I did this every other month. On the alternate months, I worked from 6 pm to 6 am. We also had to pull guard duty at least every third night. It was busy and hectic, and I lost 32 pounds the last 6 months I was over there.

While in Vietnam the second time, I earned the honor of being the Battalion Engineer Soldier of the Month. I was given a 3-day, in-country R & R to Vung Tau, but the morning I was supposed to leave, the first Tet Offensive started, so I didn't ever get my R & R.

I came home in April 1968 and went to work for Floyd and Jay Webb in the woods until fall when I started to school at Glendale Community College. During the summer of 1969, I went to work for Valley Nation Bank at their operations center. I worked evenings full-time for the next  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years. I graduated from Glendale with an Associate Degree in Electronics Technology with quite good grades. The only problem was that every company I interviewed with for a job in electronics, I was told to get some experience and come back



and talk to them. I've worked for Fann Toyota, Snowflake Auto Parts, and have now been employed with Southwest Forest Industries in Snowflake.

In 1975 I married Janet Neff who had 4 boys at the time: Eugene Lloyd, Lamell Ray, Troy Lynn, and Jeffrey Lane. We have had 1 boy and 5 girls since then: Jeremy Lamar (currently serving in the Colorado Denver North Mission), Beulah Rachelle, Heather Gayle, Rebecca Noel, Stephanie Dawn, and Kristin Hannah.

Since I've been working at the mill, I've served as President and Vice President of Local 1819 of the United Paperworkers International Union. I've also been a coach and president of the Taylor Little League program.

Some of the church jobs I've held are: Den Leader, Cub Master, Scout Master, Primary Teacher, Elders Quorum Secretary, Ward Family History Consultant, and now serve as Ward Director for Family Records Extraction program and Advancement Chairman for the Scout Committee.



Kenneth and Janet Penrod Family



### Dennis Rodney Penrod

I was born on July 13, 1950 to Len and Beulah Penrod at the McNary General Hospital. Mom told me that when we got home from the hospital, Eben Whiting came to see me. He had never had any boys and told Mom that he'd like to name me Rodney. Then he asked Kenneth if he'd like to sell me. Kenneth said he would, so Eben gave him 50¢. About two weeks later, Eben came to get me, but Kenneth told him he couldn't have me. Eben said, "Well, I bought him." So Kenneth got the 50¢ and tried to give it back, but Eben wouldn't take it. After Eben left, Kenneth took the money and threw it in Eben's dooryard. That was the end of that sale.

I was raised in Vernon mostly, at least that's where I went to the first 7 years of school. We had all 8 grades in the same classroom. It seemed like every year we had a new teacher. Lois Whiting was one of my better teachers there. When I was in the 7th Grade, the teacher did a poor job, and I only got about half-way through my school books. The next year Mom sent me to live with Jay and Venla in Heber, and I finished grade school there. After one year at Snowflake High, Mom decided I needed to come home so she could keep track of me. I spent the next 3 years at Round Valley High School. We'd ride the mail bus over and back every day. When I played sports, I'd stay with someone in town. In my junior year (1966-67), Round Valley took its first State Championship title in football. Even though I was mostly a blocking dummy and bench warmer, I got to play some, too.

I next went to Eastern Arizona College for a year, where I majored in auto mechanics and was part of the Rodeo Club. I thought I was a bull rider, but eventually I wised up!

Then one of the most important events in my life happened. I was called to serve our Savior on a mission to the Montana-Wyoming Mission. I was up there two wonderful years from September 1969 to September 1971. When I returned home, I went back to school at Mesa Community College. I majored in Law Enforcement, but lost interest after a year. While going to MCC, I worked as a bellman at the Holiday Inn in Scottsdale. I even got to pack bags for and be a driver for the Green Bay Packers football team.

Between then and 1976, I've worked for my Dad in the woods, for Eben Whiting, for ADOT (while working for ADOT, I rode to work with Uncle Chet; since he'd never drive over 45 mph, I got a nap going to work and coming home), for Clyde Porter, and for Farnsworth Construction.

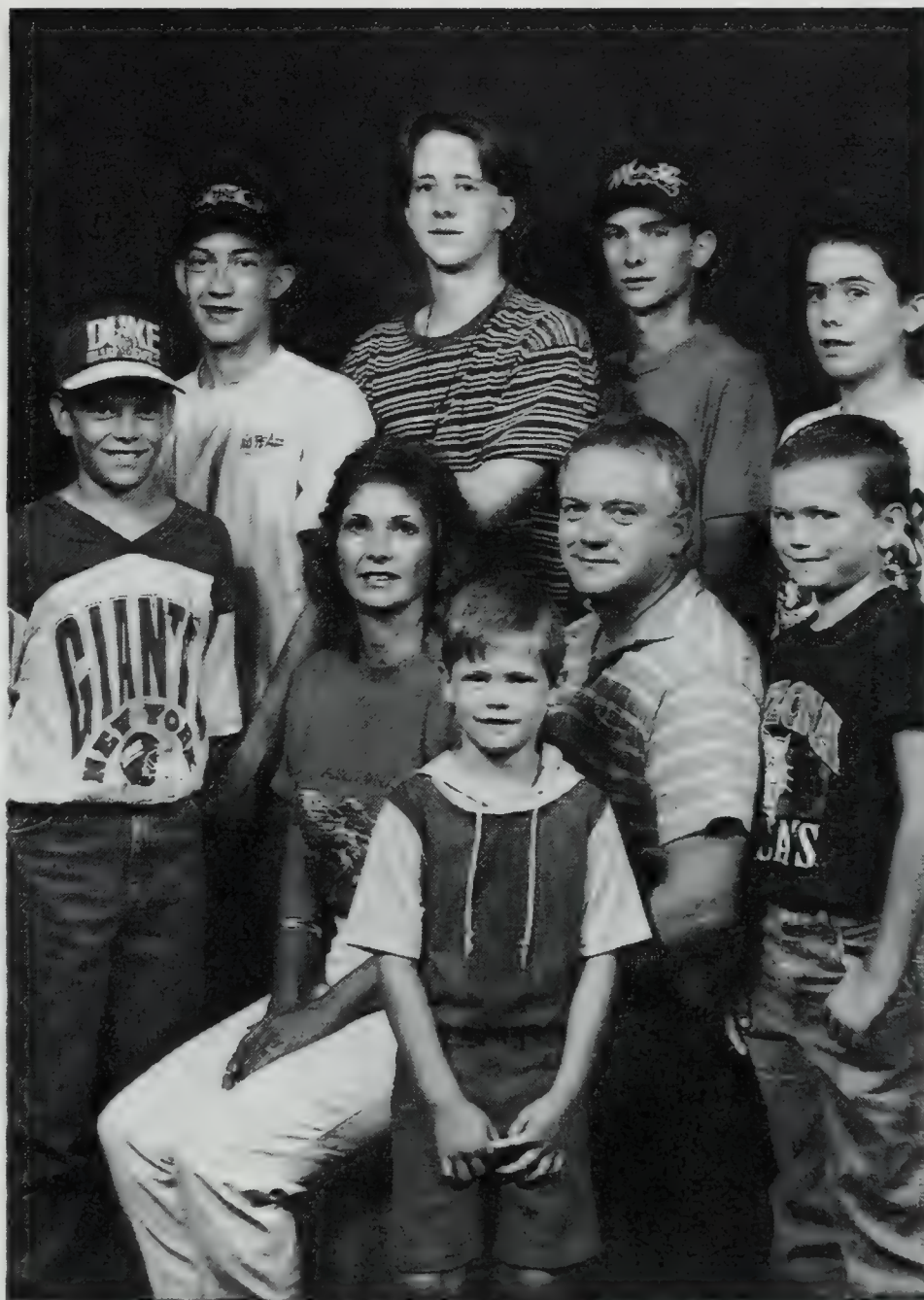
In 1974 I met my sweetheart, Connie Gayle Raban. On February 14, 1975 we were married and sealed for time and all eternity in the Provo Utah Temple. Since our marriage, we've lived in Mesa, Tempe, Snowflake, Shumway, and now in Taylor. In 1976 I went to work in the power house at the paper mill for Southwest Forest Industries, which sold out to Stone Container Corporation; I've been there for 18½ years.



Connie and I have 7 boys—Lamar 19, Kevin Rodney 17, Jason Maurice 16, Len Ray 14, Landry Dwayne 12, Terrell Benjamin 10, and Gentry Michael 7. As a family we enjoy camping, fishing, hunting, boating, skiing, and Goodman Reunions.

I've served in many callings in the Church, including the Sunday School Presidency, teacher, stake missionary, counselor in the Stake Young Mens Presidency, Elders Quorum Presidency, but mostly I've worked with the Boy Scouts ever since I was one in Heber. I've been a Scout Master twice and on the Troop Committee ever since.

My memories as a child include a hernia operation when I was about 3, having snow on the ground all winter long from October until April, the rooster that guarded the outhouse, the bear cub that Floyd brought home and when it got hungry Floyd would throw it at you and it would chew on your leg, playing games in the park at night by the light of a bon fire, going to church and primary, sticking my leg into Dad's chainsaw and the 175 stitches it took to sew me up, punching cows as a cowboy, branding, eating Rocky Mountain oysters cooked over a branding fire on a branding iron, hunting, fishing, camping, playing basketball on the dirt down by Dad's sack barn, going to rodeos over the 4th of July, hamburgers in Show Low as a family, trying to outrun Mom when she was after me with the quirt, riding my new bike on the dirt road in front of our house in Vernon, going up to the Goodman Sawmill when it was running, stealing green apples from Mrs. Phipps, Vernon Day in August, Goodman Reunions on Labor Day weekend. In high school my memories are of sports, more hunting and some things I'd like to forget, learning to drive, and . . . dating.



Rod and Connie Penrod Family



## Randel Shane Penrod

I was born in St. Johns, Arizona on June 12, 1956, the 6th of 7 children. I grew up in Vernon, having the good life of a boy who lived in a small town. I remember milking cows before and after school, feeding chickens and other animals. School took place in a two-room building. One room was for class and the other was for singing and other activities. I was in a Christmas play each year in the little Mormon church house.



Randel

M a n y exciting things were a part of my childhood. Things like falling out of the car with my brother, Kim, and both of getting run over. Things like breaking out my teeth, falling off the bunkbed. When I was a baby, I had a broken leg. I'm not sure how

that happened. I used to hunt with BB guns for big game like the "orange wing woodpecker." Seldom were any killed. I got a go cart for Christmas one year and spent a lot of time driving and working on it (mostly working on it). I could drive around the five city blocks and never worry about traffic.

At nine I went to work in the woods with my dad, carrying gas, oil, and water to the log cutters and marking the logs with a tape, to the lengths to be cut, after they were felled. At eleven, after two years of working with Dad, he was killed by a tree, and life, as we knew it, changed. I started driving and hauling wood with the '57 Apache Chevy Dad had left. When I was thirteen, Floyd took over where Dad left off, and I started running a chain saw that summer.

In my eighth grade year, our whole school started being bused to Eagar, 30 miles away, to attend school there. Each summer I continued to work in the woods and raced motorcycles in Taylor and Phoenix a couple of years. I graduated from Round Valley High School in 1974.



When I turned nineteen I went on a mission to North Carolina where I learned to love and care for other people. I grew into manhood and gained a strong testimony of Jesus Christ our Savior and the church He restored in the latter days.

I came home from my mission looking to get married, so I went to school to find a wife and a career. I went to Utah Tech in Provo because of the close proximity to BYU and the devotionals they had. I took welding classes as that was what interested me. I came home after six months with a basic skill in welding and no prospective wife.

My friend, Mitchell Tate, introduced me to a young woman by the name of Nancy Good, who was from Mesa, but had been living in Eagar for six months. We saw each other every day, getting to know each other and dating each night; after eleven days I asked her to marry me. Fortunately she agreed and we set our wedding date for September 15, 1978. I was employed at this time by Nick Greer as a truck driver.

Nancy and I were married in the Arizona Temple after having known each other for only 2-1/2 months. Nine months later, Nancy gave birth to Randel Floyd, a healthy, happy boy. Randy, as we call him, was a blessing to our lives and helped bond our new family together. At that time I had just started working as a journeyman welder at the Salt River Project in St. Johns. I continued to take welding classes at night over the next four years.



Randel's family. Back row: Whitney, Randy, Ryan.  
Front row: Zachery, Randel, Nancy

Nineteen months after Randy was born, we were blessed with Whitney Lynne. It turned out that she was to be our only daughter. By then we had a home in Glendale, and I was welding at the Palo Verde Nuclear Plant.



Two years after Whitney was born, we were blessed with Ryan Shane, another healthy boy. One month after his birth we moved back to Eagar and I found myself back in the log woods again.

Zachary Dean was born to us just nineteen months after Ryan. I was still logging and building a log home. Zachary was a happy baby as he endured a large number of moves with the family over the next few years. Ultimately we ended up building a home in Round Valley, and we've been living there for the past six years. It is good to finally be home to stay. I've been working for the last five years as a welder at the TEP power plant near Round Valley. I'm also still working in the woods parttime at our business of selling and building log homes and making lumber with our sawmill.

Life has been good to us and we enjoy our family and the things we do. Nancy has my full support as she has undertaken to home school our four children whose ages are now 15, 14, 12, 10. In the Church, I've held many positions over the years including Scoutmaster, Secretary in the bishopric, and Sunday School teacher.



## Delbert Kim Penrod

I was born in St. Johns on January 1, 1959, the last child born to Leonard Lamar Penrod and Beulah Goodman Penrod. I grew up in Vernon and did pretty much what most young boys do, including motorcycles, chasing rabbits in the old pickup, and fighting with my older brothers, which never really was very serious. Except for the time that we were riding in the pickup and when Mom started to back up, the door came open. Both Randel and I fell out and were run over by the pickup. We both survived.

Dad was taken from us when I was only 8 years old, and it was really hard for me to accept and understand at such a young age, But Mom took over and filled the void with everything she could, and things seemed to be okay. I have a wonderful Mom who managed to be my Mom and Dad, too.

I attended school in Vernon until the fourth grade; we then consolidated with Round Valley and I started going to school in Eagar. The first year of school in Eagar was really scary for me. From going to a school that had 10 or 15 students in the whole school and two whole classrooms, to a big school that had 20 kids in my class that were even my own age! But I survived that, too.

That was where I met my high school sweetheart. Shanna Slade asked me to the Sweetheart Dance my Junior year of high school. I was helping Kaylma Hall move to Phoenix, and Curt Gillespie and I had tickets to go to the Rodeo of Rodeos in Phoenix. I took a raincheck and asked Shanna to the Prom. We dated pretty steady from then on (except when I went out with other girls and she went out with other guys!). We really had a lot of fun. We were married in Eagar on October 5, 1979, and moved to Farmington, New Mexico where our first son, Rodney Lemar, was born on June 5, 1981. When he was six months old we moved to Glendale, Arizona, for six months, and then to Chandler where Brandon Kody was born on September 3, 1984. Our third child, and only daughter, was our nice surprise. Destiny Dawn was born March 20, 1986 in Mesa.

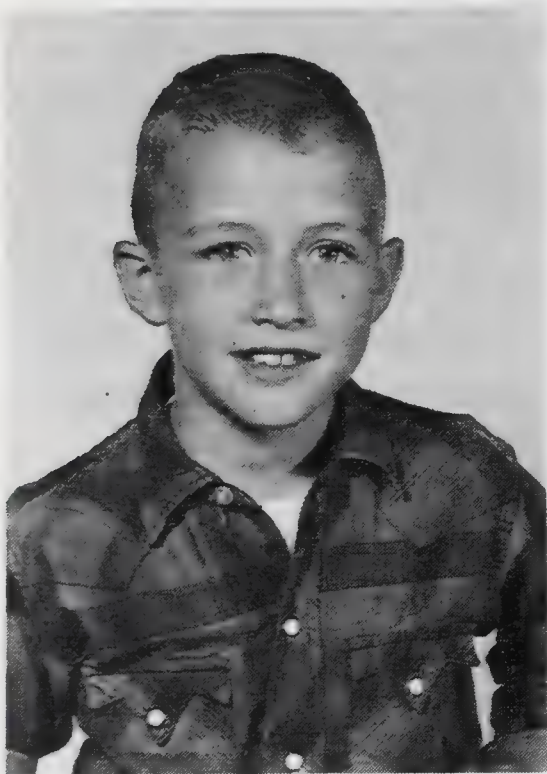
I worked construction all those years and times didn't ever seem very easy. In March 1988 our home was robbed and we wanted to go back to the mountains. We moved back to Vernon in May 1988, and Tyler Jay was born June 26, 1989.

We stayed in Vernon until 1990. I was employed with Apache County and I couldn't afford to keep driving to Springerville to work every day, so we moved to Springerville in November of 1990. This is where we have bought property and hope to build a house.

I am currently in the lumber business with Randel. He and I purchased a small sawmill in Oregon and we also sell logs for homes. Business has really been doing very well.



I have a good wife and four healthy children, and I feel I have really been blessed in my life.



Kim wins the trophy

## Kim Penrod 1968 Wins Second Ward Derby

EAGAR — The Eagar Second Ward Cub Scouts held their pinewood derby on Monday, January 22, in the cultural hall of the LDS church. Four dens participated in this race.

Each boy made a small car from a kit. The cars can only weigh up to five ounces.

Rulon Finch is in charge of the cubs of this Ward. Karl Gelissen is den father. Mrs. Larry Bigelow has one den.

Stanley Joe Finch was the winner for the fastest car of this den. Lonnie Finch got the prize for the best looking car. The winner in Mrs. Iva Slade's den was Billie Lund. His car won in both categories.

The den of Mrs. James Kimball had as winners Lloyd Gelissen for fastest and Mark Kimball for best looking. Mrs. Sherry Penrod heads the cubs in Vernon. Kim Penrod from Vernon was the winner in this den then went on to be the grand winner. Kim raced last year's winner, Ted Haws, and came out victorious.

Stanley Joe Finch was second place winner in the final match. The boys had snacks made from real snacks and homemade candies for freshments.





Kim's Family. L to R: Brandon, Rodney, Shanna holding Tylor,  
Kim, Destiny, 1993



## Ya'll Come to the Goodman Reunion

### Goodman Reunion Attracts 92 At McNary Ditch Camp

MCNARY Ninety two descendants of the William E. and Hannah Goodman family gathered at Ditch camp east of McNary for the 4th annual three-day Goodman reunion.

In spite of the stormy weather families started gathering Saturday August 31, coming from as far away as Idaho. Everyone pitched tents, cooked their supper on the camp fire, then the fun began.

There was horse show, polo, volleyball games, and other lights (from the big light) and fishing for those who liked to fish.

Sunday morning began with a breakfast of hot water, oven biscuits, bacon, eggs, and fish. Then there was more fishing and fun. In the afternoon there was pot luck dinner followed by a program.

Wayne Goodman was elected president for next year's reunion succeeding President Kent Goodman. Some had to leave Sunday evening in order to reach their homes in time for school etc. but others stayed on to enjoy another evening together. On Monday morning there was a water melon bust.



The guys are cookin' breakfast!



## **GLOSSARY**

**First Cousins by First Names and Nicknames**



Allie/Ali	Alvena, Alvin's daughter
Alvena	Alvin's daughter
Angus	Walter's son (deceased)
Barbara	Walter's daughter
Benny	John's son
Beth	Frances' daughter
Betty	John's daughter
Carol	Walter's daughter
Cathy	Walter's daughter
Dale	Lloyd's son
Dee	Dierdre Floy, Walter's daughter
Don/Donovan	Alvin's son
Dorothy Jean	Beulah's daughter
Edward	Bill's son
Elaine	Walter's daughter
Elane	Walter's daughter (deceased)
Eline	Walter's daughter
Ella	Walter's daughter
Eugene/Gene	Bill's son
Eugene/Sonny	Fern's son
Eva	John's daughter
Floy	Walter's daughter
Floyd	Beulah's son
Garry	Lloyd's son
Gene	Bill's son
Glen	John's son
Gloria	Lloyd's daughter
Grant	Lloyd's son
Gwen	Alvin's daughter
Idella	Fern's daughter
Janie	Walter's daughter
Jean	Beulah's daughter
Jerry	John's son
Jim	Bill's son
Joe	Don's son



Johnny .....	John's son
Joycelen .....	Fern's daughter
Kenneth .....	Beulah's son
Kent .....	Lloyd's son
Kim .....	Beulah's son
Lana .....	Alvin's daughter
Leslie .....	John's son
Little Joe .....	Don's son
Ludean .....	Fern's daughter
Marcia .....	Walter's daughter
Nancy .....	Don's daughter
Nancy .....	Walter's daughter
Patsy .....	Alvin's daughter
Pete .....	Walter's son
Randel .....	Beulah's son
Randy .....	Lloyd's son
Ray .....	Walter's son
Rebecca .....	Walter's daughter
Reese .....	Frances' son
Rhonda .....	Lloyd's daughter
Rita .....	Lloyd's daughter
Rodney .....	Beulah's son
Rose .....	Frances' daughter
Sherril .....	Walter's daughter
Sonny .....	Fern's son
Tevis .....	Lloyd's son
Twila .....	Alvin's daughter
Venla .....	Beulah's daughter
Walter J .....	Walter's son (deceased)
Walter Floyd, Jr. ....	Walter's son (deceased)
Walter Floyd, Jr (Pete) .....	Walter's son
Walter Ray Marble .....	Walter's son
Wayne/Wayno .....	Alvin's son







## **APPENDIX A**

**Pedigree Charts  
Showing the Ancestry of  
Edward Livingston Goodman  
and  
John Corlett McNeil**

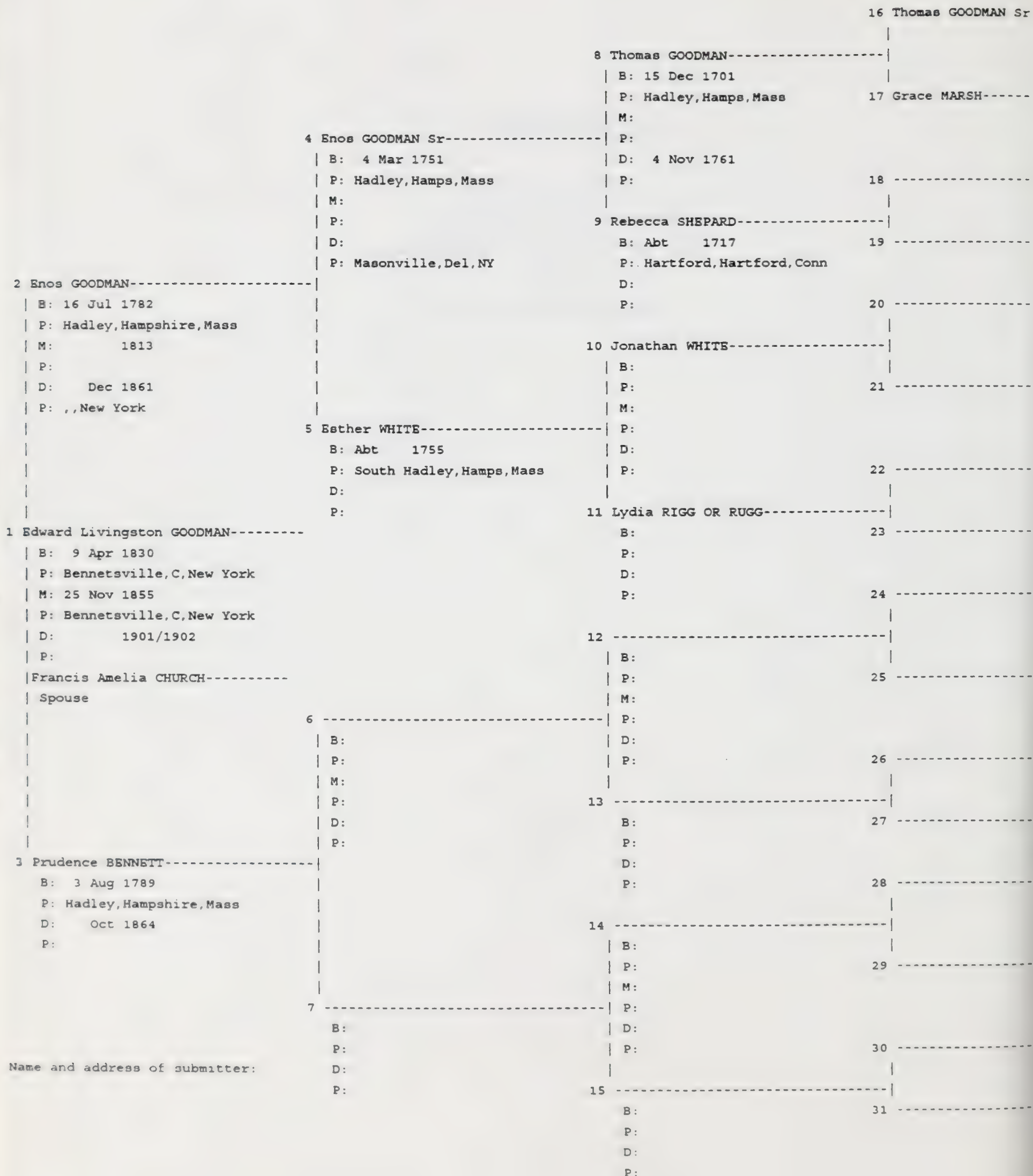


# PEDIGREE CHART

10 Jun 1995

Chart no

618

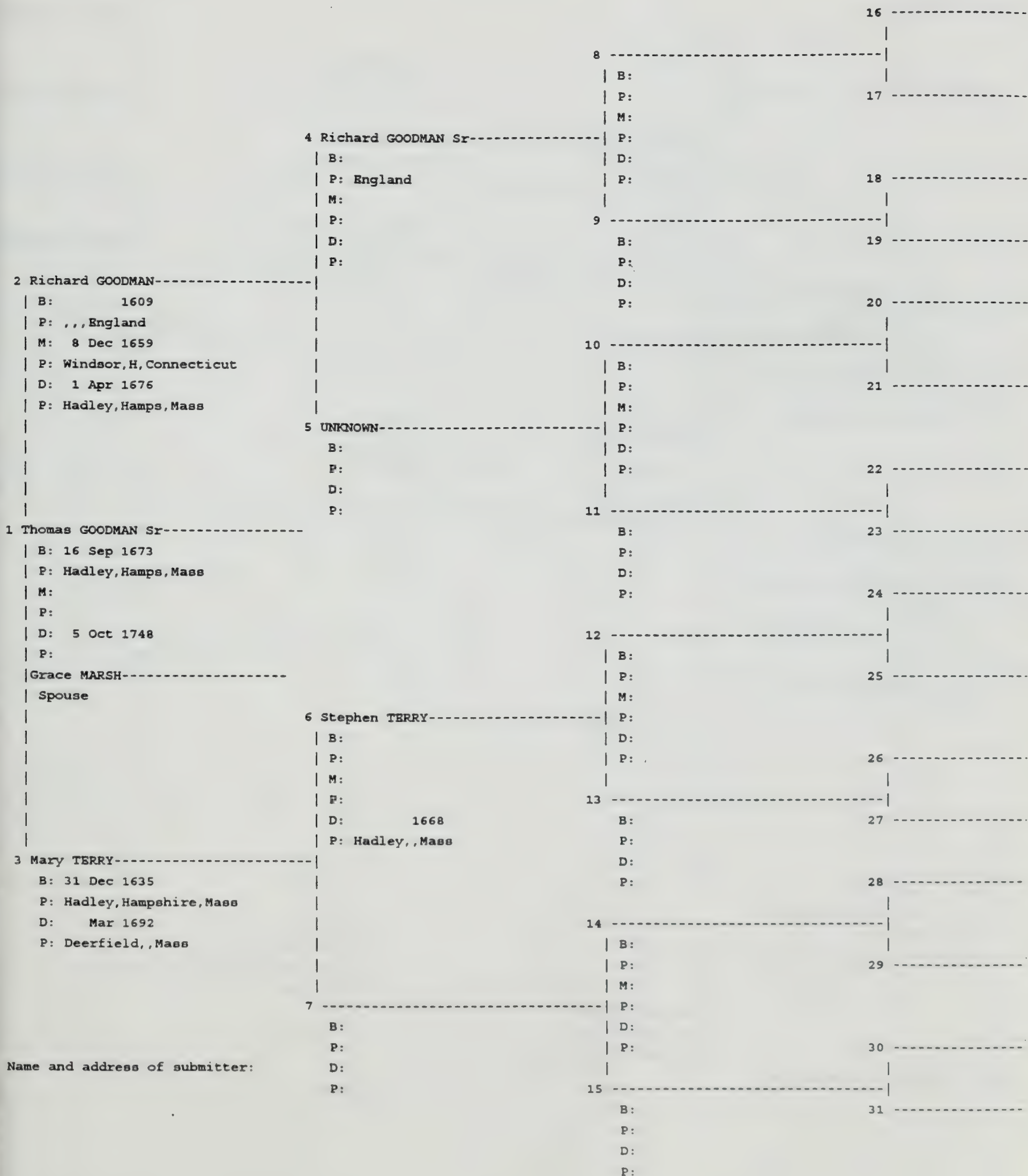




# PEDIGREE CHART

10 Jun 1995

619



Name and address of submitter:



PEDIGREE CHART

10 Jun 1995

Chart no

620

			16 Nathaniel CHURCH-
	8 Timothy CHURCH Sr-----		
	B: 12 May 1736		
	P: Hadley, Hampshire, Mass	17 Rachel MCCRANBY--	
	M: 9 Jun 1756		
		P: Mass	
4 Timothy CHURCH-----	B: 2 Nov 1769	D: 13 Nov 1823	
P: Brattleboro, W, Vermont	P: Brattleboro, W, Vermont	18 Samuel CHURCH 3rd	
M: 1792			
P:	9 Abigail CHURCH-----		
D: 1826	B: 16 Oct 1735	19 Damaris BILLINGS-	
P: Brattleboro, W, Vermont	P: Hardwick, Worcester, Mass		
	D: 12 Apr 1821		
	P:	20 -----	
2 Ezra Pratt CHURCH-----			
B: 9 Feb 1805			
P: Harpersville, , New York			
M: 31 Aug 1834	10 -----		
P: Afton, Chenango, New York	B:		
D: 21 Jun 1898	P:	21 -----	
P: Bainbridge, C, New York	M:		
	P:		
	5 Hannah PRATT-----		
	B: 1772	D:	
	P: Vermont	P:	22 -----
	D: 1860		
	P: Bainbridge, C, New York	11 -----	
1 Francis Amelia CHURCH-----		B:	23 -----
B: 23 Jul 1838		P:	
P: Afton, Chenango, New York		D:	
M: 25 Nov 1855		P:	24 -----
P: Bennetsville, C, New York			
D: 31 Jul 1872	12 -----		
P:	B:		
Edward Livingston GOODMAN-----	P:	25 -----	
Spouse	M:		
	P:		
	6 Gideon COOLEY-----		
	B:	D:	
	P:	P:	26 -----
	M:		
	P:	13 -----	
	D:	B:	27 -----
	P:	P:	
		D:	
3 Laurilla COOLEY-----		P:	28 Thomas LANDERS---
B: Dec 1814			
P: Afton, Chenango, New York			
D: 16 May 1898	14 Joseph LANDERS-----		
P: Bainbridge, C, New York	B: 2 Feb 1763		
	P: Stockbridge, Litfld, Conn	29 Mary or Molly LAK	
	M: 16 Jan 1785		
	P:		
	7 Desiree LANDERS-----		
	B: 12 Mar 1788	D: 7 Sep 1845	
	P: Herkimer, Clinton, NY	P:	30 -----
	D:		
	P:	15 Deborah RIDER-----	
Name and address of submitter:		B:	31 -----
		P:	
		D:	
		P:	



10 JUN 1995

16 Richard CHURCH Sr

[illegible]



[illegible]



# PEDIGREE CHART

10 Jun 1995

623

			16 -----
		8 William SMITH-----	
		B:	
		P:	17 -----
		M:	
	4 William SMITH-----	P:	
	B: Abt 1780	D:	
	P: Macclesfield,C,,England	P:	18 -----
	M:		
	P:	9 Sarah SMITH-----	
	D: 25 Jan 1827	B:	19 -----
	P: Macclesfield,C,,England	P:	
2 William SMITH-----		D:	
B: 12 Apr 1824		P:	20 John ETCHESS/ETCHESS
P: Macclesfield,C,,England			
M: 27 Jun 1852		10 Issacher ETCHELLS-----	
P: Manchester,L,,England		C: 8 Nov 1767	
D: 10 Sep 1915		P: Newton Heath,L,,England	21 Alice CLIFF-----
P: Porterville,Morgan,UT		M:	
	5 Mary ETCHELLS-----	P:	
	B: 1 Mar 1800	D:	
	P: Failsworth,L,,England	P:	22 -----
	D: 1882		
	P: Salt Lake City,SL,UT	11 Elizabeth ETCHELLS-----	
1 Mary Ann SMITH-----		B: Abt 1766	23 -----
B: 2 Jul 1853		P: Failsworth,L,,England	
P: Newton Heath,L,Bng		D:	
M: 12 Sep 1868		P:	24 -----
P: Salt Lake City,SL,UT			
D: 30 May 1944		12 George HIBBERT-----	
P: Show Low,Navajo,AZ		B:	
John CORLETT MCNEIL-----		P:	25 -----
Spouse		M:	
	6 James HIBBERT-----	P:	
	B: 28 Mar 1809	D:	
	P: Newton Heath,L,,England	P:	26 -----
	M: 10 Nov 1828		
	P:	13 Mary ROE-----	
	D: 24 Apr 1869	B:	27 -----
	P: Prestwich,Lncshr,,England	P:	
3 Mary HIBBERT-----		D:	
B: 20 Jul 1831		P:	28 -----
P: Failsworth,L,,England			
D: 24 Jul 1931		14 Matthew BROWN-----	
P: Coltman,Bonneville,Id		B:	
		P:	29 -----
		M:	
	7 Hannah BROWN-----	P:	
	B: 26 Sep 1808	D:	
	P: Newton Heath,L,,England	P:	30 -----
	D: 16 Feb 1896		
	P: Bountiful,Davis,UT	15 Sarah WILD-----	
Name and address of submitter:		B:	31 -----
		P:	
		D:	
		P:	







## **APPENDIX B**

**Family Group Records  
for the Descendants of  
Edward Livingston Goodman  
and  
John Corlett McNeil**



=====

HUSBAND Edward Livingston GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 9 Apr 1830 PLACE: Bennetsville, Chenango, New York  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 1901/1902 PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
MARR: 25 Nov 1855 PLACE: Bennetsville, Chenango, New York  
FATHER: Enos GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Prudence BENNETT

=====

WIFE Francis Amelia CHURCH

-----

BORN: 23 Jul 1838 PLACE: Afton, Chenango, New York  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 31 Jul 1872 PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER: Ezra Pratt CHURCH  
MOTHER: Laurilla COOLEY

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Walter Edward GOODMAN

---- BORN: 13 Jan 1857 PLACE: Bennetsville, Chenango, New York  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 21 Jan 1923 PLACE: Ava, Jackson, Illinois  
BUR.: 23 Jan 1923 PLACE: Ava, Jackson, Illinois  
SPOUSE: Rebecca TAGGART  
MARR: 29 Jan 1891 PLACE: Ava, Jackson, Ill

-----

2. NAME: Ellen Prudence GOODMAN

---- BORN: 23 Feb 1859 PLACE: Bennetsville, Chenango, New York  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 13 Sep 1923 PLACE: Dewitt, Clinton, Michigan  
BUR.: PLACE: Dewitt, Clinton, Michigan  
SPOUSE: Mark F. PENNELL  
MARR: 1880 PLACE:

-----

3. NAME: William Ezra GOODMAN

---- BORN: 24 Jun 1871 PLACE: Golden Township, Oceana, Mi  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 26 May 1943 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
BUR.: 28 May 1943 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ  
SPOUSE: Hannah MCNEIL  
MARR: 12 Apr 1897 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ

-----

4. NAME:

---- BORN: PLACE:  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

=====



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

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10 Jun 1995

=====

HUSBAND John CORLETT MCNEIL

-----

BORN: 12 Jan 1823 PLACE: Santon, Isle of Man, England  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 20 Aug 1909 PLACE: Colonia Moralos,, Sonora, Mexico  
BUR.: 21 Aug 1909 PLACE: Colonia Moralos, Sonora, Mexico  
MARR: 12 Sep 1868 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT  
FATHER: William MCNEIL  
MOTHER: Ann CORLETT

=====

WIFE Mary Ann SMITH

-----

BORN: 2 Jul 1853 PLACE: Newton Heath, Lancashire, Eng  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 30 May 1944 PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ  
BUR.: 1 Jun 1944 PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ  
FATHER: William SMITH  
MOTHER: Mary HIBBERT

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Sarah Alice MCNEIL

---- BORN: 7 May 1870 PLACE: Bountiful, Davis, UT  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

-----

2. NAME: Daniel MCNEIL

---- BORN: 2 Mar 1873 PLACE: Bountiful, Davis, UT  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

-----

3. NAME: Ephraim "S" MCNEIL

---- BORN: 2 Sep 1874 PLACE: Bountiful, Davis, UT  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

-----

4. NAME: Lillias MCNEIL

---- BORN: 6 Mar 1876 PLACE: Bountiful, Davis, UT  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

=====



=====

HUSBAND John CORLETT MCNEIL

Yr c

WIFE Mary Ann SMITH

Yr c

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Hannah MCNEIL

---- BORN: 18 Feb 1878

PLACE: Bountiful, Davis, UT

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED: 26 Jan 1960

PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ

BUR.: 30 Jan 1960

PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ

SPOUSE: William Ezra GOODMAN

MARR: 12 Apr 1897

PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ

-----

6. NAME: Angus Smith MCNEIL

---- BORN: 6 Jul 1879

PLACE: Kanab, Kane, UT

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED: 8 Jul 1879

PLACE: Kanab, Kane, UT

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

7. NAME: Benjamin MCNEIL

---- BORN: 16 Dec 1880

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

8. NAME: Althera MCNEIL

---- BORN: 22 Mar 1883

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, UT

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

9. NAME: James Hibbert MCNEIL

---- BORN: 3 Apr 1885

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED: 23 Jul 1886

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

10. NAME: Jesse "S" MCNEIL

---- BORN: 4 Nov 1887

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

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10 Jun 1995

=====

HUSBAND John CORLETT MCNEIL

Yr of Birth

WIFE Mary Ann SMITH

Yr of Birth

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

11. NAME: Annie Francis MCNEIL

---- BORN: 25 Apr 1890

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

12. NAME: Willie Smith MCNEIL

---- BORN: 9 Aug 1892

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

13. NAME: Fredrick MCNEIL

---- BORN: 25 Dec 1893

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

14. NAME: Don Carlos MCNEIL

---- BORN: 22 Feb 1896

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

=====



=====

HUSBAND William Ezra GOODMAN

-----  
BORN: 24 Jun 1871 PLACE: Golden Township, Oceana, Mi  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 26 May 1943 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
BUR.: 28 May 1943 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ  
MARR: 12 Apr 1897 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ  
FATHER: Edward Livingston GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Francis Amelia CHURCH

=====

WIFE Hannah MCNEIL

-----  
BORN: 18 Feb 1878 PLACE: Bountiful, Davis, UT  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 26 Jan 1960 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ  
BUR.: 30 Jan 1960 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ  
FATHER: John CORLETT MCNEIL  
MOTHER: Mary Ann SMITH

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Alvin Ezra GOODMAN

-----  
BORN: 9 Jan 1901 PLACE: Linden, Navajo, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 22 Nov 1979 PLACE: Lakeside, Navajo, AZ  
BUR.: 26 Nov 1979 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
SPOUSE: Bertha ROTH LISBERGER  
MARR: 16 Jul 1932 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ

-----

2. NAME: Walter Floyd GOODMAN

-----  
BORN: 30 May 1903 PLACE: Pinetop, Navajo, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 5 Sep 1968 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas  
BUR.: PLACE: Balch Springs, Dallas, Texas  
SPOUSE: Geraldine Flora SCRUGGS  
MARR: 22 Apr 1948 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas

has other

-----

3. NAME: Donald Eugene GOODMAN

-----  
BORN: 16 Nov 1905 PLACE: Fort Apache, Navajo, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Evelyn ROSTBURG  
MARR: 27 Apr 1942 PLACE: Wickenburg, Maricopa, AZ

-----

4. NAME: Francis Ellen GOODMAN

-----  
BORN: 22 Nov 1897 PLACE: Linden, Navajo, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 6 Dec 1925 PLACE: Gallup, McKinley, New Mexico  
BUR.: 9 Dec 1925 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona  
SPOUSE: Horace CRANDELL  
MARR: 5 Oct 1917 PLACE: Walker Ranch, Navajo, Arizona

=====



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

9 Jun 1995

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=====

HUSBAND William Ezra GOODMAN

Yr of Birth

WIFE Hannah MCNEIL

Yr of Birth

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: William Edward GOODMAN

---- BORN: 12 Apr 1899 PLACE: Linden, Navajo, Arizona

M CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: 8 Jul 1986 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona

BUR.: 12 Jul 1986 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona

SPOUSE: Lula Mary GHOLSON

MARR: 24 Dec 1924 PLACE: Blythe, , California

-----

6. NAME: John McNeil GOODMAN

---- BORN: 6 Feb 1908 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona

M CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: 13 Mar 1986 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona

BUR.: 16 Mar 1986 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona

SPOUSE: Lahoma Lee BENNETT

MARR: 28 Jan 1931 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, AZ

-----

7. NAME: Ray "M" GOODMAN

---- BORN: 31 Jul 1910 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona

M CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: 3 Aug 1910 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona

BUR.: PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona

SPOUSE:

MARR: PLACE:

-----

8. NAME: Lloyd Everette GOODMAN

---- BORN: 26 Sep 1911 PLACE: Claysprings, Navajo, Arizona

M CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: 16 Aug 1961 PLACE: Springerville, Apache, Arizona

BUR.: 19 Aug 1961 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona

SPOUSE: Emma Ruth ROTH LISBERGER

MARR: 11 Jul 1932 PLACE: Gallup, McKinley, NM

-----

9. NAME: Hannah Fern GOODMAN

---- BORN: 13 Sep 1913 PLACE: Claysprings, Navajo, Arizona

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Chester Alma PENROD

MARR: 26 Aug 1929 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona

-----

10. NAME: Beulah GOODMAN

---- BORN: 23 Jul 1917 PLACE: Claysprings, Navajo, Arizona

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Leonard Lamar PENROD

MARR: 30 Nov 1933 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona

=====



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=====

HUSBAND Horace CRANDELL

-----

BORN: 18 Mar 1894 PLACE: Pinedale, Apache, AZ  
 CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: 24 Dec 1987 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ  
 BUR.: PLACE: Clay Springs, Navajo, AZ  
 MARR: 5 Oct 1917 PLACE: Walker Ranch, Navajo, Arizona  
 FATHER:  
 MOTHER:

=====

WIFE Frances Ellen GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 22 Nov 1897 PLACE: Linden, Navajo, Arizona  
 CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: 6 Dec 1925 PLACE: Gallup, McKinley, New Mexico  
 BUR.: 9 Dec 1925 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona  
 FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
 MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

CHILDREN

-----

1. NAME: Frances Beth CRANDELL  
 ---- BORN: 11 Aug 1918 PLACE: Walker, Navajo, AZ  
 F CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE: John Curtis PERKINS  
 MARR: 5 Oct 1934 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ

-----

2. NAME: Horace Reece CRANDELL  
 ---- BORN: 26 Dec 1920 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ  
 M CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE: Penelope SCHWAB  
 MARR: PLACE:

-----

3. NAME: Gladia Rose CRANDELL  
 ---- BORN: 5 Dec 1921 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, AZ  
 F CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE: Andrew Lazelle PERKINS  
 MARR: 16 Jun 1937 PLACE:

-----

4. NAME:  
 ---- BORN: PLACE:  
 CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE:  
 MARR: PLACE:

=====

Check one option for all individuals on this form: |  
☐ 1. I will provide proxies for ☐Bap ☐Bnd ☐Seal |  
 at the \_\_\_\_\_ temple. |  
☐ 2. Please provide all proxies at any temple. |  
☐ 3. Send all names to the Ancestral File. |

Relati



## DESCENDANCY CHART

2 Jul 1995

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=====

1-- Frances Ellen GOODMAN (1897-1925)  
sp-Horace CRANDELL (1894-1987)  
2-- Frances Beth CRANDELL (1918)  
sp-John Curtis PERKINS (1913)  
3-- Frances Irene PERKINS (1935)  
sp-Clinton Wayne KARTCHNER (1938)  
4-- Bobbie Irene KARTCHNER (1959)  
sp-James Leslie MENDELL (1953)  
5-- James Lloyd MENDELL (1977)  
5-- Jennifer Lynn MENDELL (1980)  
5-- Jeri Lynnette MENDELL (1982)  
5-- Jessica Lynelle MENDELL (1984)  
5-- Jayla Lynelle MENDELL (1988)  
4-- Monte Wayne KARTCHNER (1960)  
sp-Debra Jean BERRY ( -1987)  
sp-Sherylee DOING  
4-- Clinton Trent KARTCHNER (1970)  
sp-Lucia Yvette BORING  
4-- Nola Renee KARTCHNER (1972)  
sp-Newell Farnsworth KNIGHT  
4-- Tilghman Scott KARTCHNER (1974)  
4-- Mana Camille KARTCHNER (1976)  
4-- Lisa Monee KARTCHNER (1978)  
3-- John Curtis PERKINS Ii (1938-1967)  
sp-Rosemary Ellen BARTON (1942)  
4-- Schelina Rose PERKINS (1959)  
4-- John Curtis PERKINS Iii (1961)  
4-- Ralph Craig PERKINS (1962)  
3-- Mary Joan PERKINS (1940)  
sp-Boyd Willis GARDNER  
4-- Connie Jean GARDNER (1958)  
sp-Thomas Lynn RICHARDS (1955)  
5-- Amy Celeste RICHARDS (1978)  
5-- Sara Jean RICHARDS (1980)  
5-- Mary Beth RICHARDS (1982)  
5-- William Ezra RICHARDS (1984)  
4-- Clinton Boyd GARDNER  
4-- Calvin Willis GARDNER (1961)  
3-- Shauana Lou PERKINS (1943)  
3-- Alvin Roy PERKINS (1945)  
sp-Nadean WEBB (1949)  
4-- Michael Roy PERKINS (1967)  
sp-Shawna Lee THOMPSON (1968)  
5-- Cambrianne PERKINS (1989)  
5-- Chelsey Lynn PERKINS (1991)  
4-- Darren Wynn PERKINS (1968)  
sp-Patricia Ann THOMAS (1969)  
5-- Adreanna PERKINS (1989)  
4-- Weston M. PERKINS (1971)  
4-- Dusty Britt PERKINS (1976)  
4-- Brand Kendall PERKINS (1979-1980)  
4-- Brent Dane PERKINS (1979)  
4-- Amber PERKINS (1981)  
4-- Maigan PERKINS (1984)  
3-- Jesse Wendell PERKINS (1947)  
sp-Barbara Lynne MCMULLIN (1947)

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=====  
 4-- Marnie Lyn PERKINS (1967)  
 sp-Michael Edward GLASS (1961)  
 5-- Meghan Lyn GLASS (1989)  
 4-- Dawn Elizabeth PERKINS (1970)  
 4-- Stephanie Denise PERKINS (1972)  
 4-- Wendell Stacey PERKINS (1974)  
 4-- Shasta Lee PERKINS (1976)  
 4-- Jesse Cade PERKINS (1978)  
 4-- Austin Hale PERKINS (1981)  
 3-- Horace Keith PERKINS (1949)  
 3-- Clella June PERKINS (1959)  
 sp-Robert Lan ADAMS (1957)  
 4-- Shannon Lynn ADAMS (1980)  
 4-- Rebecca Lane' ADAMS (1983)  
 sp-Robert Lee SINCLAIR (1967)  
 4-- Jesse Lee SINCLAIR (1994)  
 3-- Sanza Beth PERKINS (1961)  
 sp-Narvin Jay MCCLEVE (1957)  
 4-- Eric Narvin MCCLEVE (1980)  
 4-- Deanna Chalet MCCLEVE (1981)  
 4-- Erin Michelle MCCLEVE (1984)  
 4-- Jared Ryan MCCLEVE (1987)  
 4-- Marcus Kendall MCCLEVE (1990)  
 4-- Lindsey Chantel MCCLEVE (1993)  
 2-- Horace Reece CRANDELL (1920)  
 sp-Penelope SCHWAB  
 3-- Ronald Reese CRANDELL  
 sp-Joan  
 2-- Gladia Rose CRANDELL (1921)  
 sp-Andrew Lazelle PERKINS  
 3-- Larry Lazelle PERKINS (1939)  
 sp-Sunny Kimbella LUTHER (1941)  
 4-- Anthony Duane PERKINS (1960)  
 sp-Christine ABBOTT (1960)  
 5-- Derek Anthony PERKINS (1983)  
 5-- Nicole Christine PERKINS (1985)  
 5-- Jeremy Abbott PERKINS (1988)  
 5-- Jennifer Joy PERKINS (1990)  
 5-- Elizabeth Rose PERKINS (1993)  
 5-- Benjamin Harding PERKINS (1995)  
 4-- Stephanie Lynne PERKINS (1962)  
 sp-John BREWINGTON  
 5-- Sunny Brynn BREWINGTON (1984)  
 sp-Richard LaCoy HOOD (1962)  
 5-- Bryan Richard HOOD (1987)  
 4-- Cynthia Lee PERKINS (1964)  
 sp-Mark Cyril MALIWAUKI (1963)  
 5-- Matthew Mark MALIWAUKI (1987)  
 5-- Andrew Michael MALIWAUKI (1989)  
 5-- Mason Cyril MALIWAUKI (1992)  
 5-- Levi Daniels MALIWAUKI (1995)  
 4-- Sheryl Kay PERKINS (1966)  
 sp-David Theodore DEMARS (1968)  
 5-- Taylor David DEMARS (1993)  
 5-- McKay Perkins DEMARS (1995)  
 4-- Michael Jeremy PERKINS (1969)  
 -----



DESCENDANCY CHART

2 Jul 1995

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=====

- sp-Amanda Joy MACDONALD (1972)
- 5-- Camilla Joy PERKINS (1995)
- 3-- Kathleen PERKINS (1941)
- sp-Levere Alton TURNER
- 3-- Ernest Reese TURNER (1945)
- 3-- Roland Kent TURNER (1948)
- 3-- Linda Rose TURNER (1950)
- 3-- Rocky Levere TURNER (1952)

=====



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=====

HUSBAND William Edward GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 12 Apr 1899 PLACE: Linden, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 8 Jul 1986 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona  
BUR.: 12 Jul 1986 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona  
MARR: 24 Dec 1924 PLACE: Blythe, , California  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

WIFE Lula Mary GHOLSON

-----

BORN: 26 May 1905 PLACE: Corona, Lincoln, New Mexico  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 17 Oct 1991 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona  
BUR.: 22 Oct 1991 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona  
FATHER:  
MOTHER:

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Thomas Eugene GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 3 Aug 1925 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Thelma MINER  
MARR: 5 Apr 1947 PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona

-----

2. NAME: William Edward GOODMAN Jr

-----

BORN: 15 Aug 1930 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 16 Oct 1978 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona  
BUR.: PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona  
SPOUSE: Shirley Jolene MORGAN  
MARR: 11 Jul 1950 (div) PLACE: Winslow, Navajo, Arizona

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3. NAME: James Lloyd GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 15 Oct 1932 PLACE: Indio, Riverside, California  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Janet Kay LANGSTON  
MARR: 29 May 1958 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona

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4. NAME:

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BORN: PLACE:  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

9 Jun 1995

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=====

1-- William Edward GOODMAN (1899-1986)  
sp-Lula Mary GHOLSON (1905-1991)  
2-- Thomas Eugene GOODMAN (1925)  
sp-Thelma MINEER (1926)  
3-- Barbara Jean GOODMAN (1947)  
sp-Lewis Roger FINELL (1942)  
sp-Fredrick Arnel KLUG (1945)  
4-- Ronald Gary KLUG (1967)  
3-- Thomas Eugene GOODMAN Jr (1949)  
sp-Carolyn WESTOVER (1951)  
4-- Jeremy Michael GOODMAN (1978)  
4-- Kristi Lynn GOODMAN (1980)  
4-- Derek Thomas GOODMAN (1987)  
3-- Virginia Carol GOODMAN (1950)  
sp-Carl Eugene TOLOMEI  
sp-Stephen Lovette WEST (1939)  
4-- Cara Lynn WEST (1971)  
2-- William Edward GOODMAN Jr (1930-1978)  
sp-Shirley Jolene MORGAN (1934)  
3-- Danny Ray GOODMAN (1951)  
sp-Tamara Annette DAY (1951)  
4-- Danny Ray GOODMAN Jr (1972)  
4-- Tasha Annette GOODMAN (1974)  
sp-Aaron VICKERS  
5-- Chelsa Nicole VICKERS  
4-- Julie Marche GOODMAN (1975)  
5-- Paul Phillip GOODMAN (1995)  
4-- Edward Francis GOODMAN (1980)  
3-- James Edward GOODMAN (1955)  
sp-Norma Jean ESPINO (1955)  
4-- Melanie Lynn GOODMAN (1982)  
4-- Jason Albert GOODMAN (1986)  
3-- William Timothy GOODMAN (1959)  
sp-Victoria Ann DOWELL (1961)  
4-- Aaron Cole GOODMAN (1981)  
4-- William Robert GOODMAN (1984)  
2-- James Lloyd GOODMAN (1932)  
sp-Janet Kay LANGSTON (1937)  
3-- Diana Kay GOODMAN (1959)  
sp-Charles Lyman TAYLOR Jr (1960)  
4-- Charles Lyman TAYLOR Iii (1979)  
sp-Mark Wayne DOSS (1960)  
4-- Megan Alyssa DOSS (1992)  
3-- William John GOODMAN (1960)  
3-- Sherrie Ann GOODMAN (1962)  
sp-Christopher Vincent MICHELS (1961)  
4-- Melissa Ann MICHELS (1988)  
sp-Steven Ray TAYLOR (1963)  
4-- Shawna Rae TAYLOR (1984)  
3-- David James GOODMAN (1971)  
sp-Sally Marie SIMMONS (1971)  
4-- Shelby Lynn GOODMAN (1991)  
4-- Savanna Kay GOODMAN (1993)  
3-- Richard Michael GOODMAN (1975)

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HUSBAND Alvin Ezra GOODMAN

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BORN: 9 Jan 1901 PLACE: Linden, Navajo, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 22 Nov 1979 PLACE: Lakeside, Navajo, AZ  
BUR.: 26 Nov 1979 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
MARR: 16 Jul 1932 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

WIFE Bertha ROTH LISBERGER

-----

BORN: 23 Aug 1914 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER: Edward ROTH LISBERGER  
MOTHER: Luella HALL

has other

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Lucy Alvena GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 24 May 1933 PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Clarence Allen MOWRER  
MARR: 27 Mar 1954 PLACE: Gallup, McKinley, N Mx

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2. NAME: Gwen GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 9 Jun 1934 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Albert Leroy ADAIR  
MARR: 20 Sep 1951 (div) PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ

has other

-----

3. NAME: Donovan Ezra GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 11 Nov 1935 PLACE: Standard, Navajo, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Kay LaDean YOWELL  
MARR: 29 Nov 1959 (div) PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ

-----

4. NAME: Arlo Wayne GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 8 Apr 1937 PLACE: Floy [Plenty], Apache, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 1 Jan 1979 PLACE: Springerville, Apache, AZ  
BUR.: 5 Jan 1979 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
SPOUSE: Dora Adeline UDALL  
MARR: 23 Aug 1958 (div) PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ, Usa

has other



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

9 Jun 1995

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HUSBAND Alvin Ezra GOODMAN

Yr of Birth

WIFE Bertha ROTH LISBERGER

Yr of Birth

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CHILDREN (continued)

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5. NAME: Patsy Sue GOODMAN

---- BORN: 24 Sep 1944

PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Veldon Roy SEYMORE

MARR: 3 May 1963

PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ

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6. NAME: Lana Lue GOODMAN

---- BORN: 8 Jun 1946

PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Amasa Marion WILLIS

MARR: 11 Jul 1963 (div)

PLACE: Showlow, Navajo, AZ, Usa

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7. NAME: Twila GOODMAN

---- BORN: 5 Mar 1954

PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Brian Christopher HALL

MARR: 9 Jan 1988

PLACE: Taylor, Navajo, AZ

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

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=====

1-- Alvin Ezra GOODMAN (1901-1979)  
 sp-Bertha ROTH LISBERGER (1914)  
 2-- Lucy Alvena GOODMAN (1933)  
 sp-Clarence Allen MOWRER (1930)  
 3-- Allen Brent MOWRER (1954)  
 sp-Debbie Lynne ANDERSON (1956)  
 4-- Brent Jacob MOWRER (1979)  
 4-- Carey MOWRER TWIN (1979-1979)  
 4-- Lauren MOWRER TWIN (1979-1979)  
 4-- Lacie Jae MOWRER (1980)  
 4-- Aislinn Brianna MOWRER (1982)  
 4-- Yondelle Amberlynn MOWRER (1983)  
 4-- Chantry MOWRER (1986)  
 4-- Lucas MOWRER (1989)  
 3-- Ruy Vance MOWRER (1956)  
 sp-Jeanne Kay SCHUSTER (1957)  
 4-- Shad Allen MOWRER (1979)  
 4-- Marsha Joy MOWRER (1980)  
 4-- Lance Michael MOWRER (1982)  
 3-- Kevin Dade MOWRER (1958)  
 sp-Melanie Patricia FREEMAN (1959)  
 4-- Sara Elisabeth MOWRER TWIN (1984)  
 4-- Jennifer Patricia MOWRER TWIN (1984)  
 3-- Stacy Drew MOWRER (1963)  
 sp-Cynthia Nanette LEWIS (1961)  
 4-- Ciara Nicole MOWRER (1986)  
 4-- Dylan Joshua MOWRER (1990)  
 4-- Skylar Danielle MOWRER (1994)  
 3-- Jared Kurt MOWRER (1968)  
 sp-Ann Marie WATKINS (1968)  
 4-- Gregory Quinn MOWRER (1990)  
 4-- Page Marie MOWRER TWIN (1993)  
 4-- Hannah Kay MOWRER TWIN (1993)  
 2-- Gwen GOODMAN (1934)  
 sp-Albert Leroy ADAIR (1932)  
 3-- Teri Lyn ADAIR (1952)  
 sp-Rodney Peckham CROOK (1948)  
 4-- Daniel Marcus CROOK (1975)  
 4-- Felicia Lyn CROOK (1976)  
 4-- Sabrina Rachele CROOK (1978)  
 4-- William Nathan CROOK (1980)  
 4-- Christopher Jordan CROOK (1983)  
 4-- Kristie Janae CROOK (1985)  
 3-- Paul Dirk ADAIR (1956)  
 sp-Connie Marie MOSCHELL (1952)  
 4-- Amber Marie LIND (ADAI R) (1982)  
 4-- Shera Ann ADAIR (1990)  
 3-- Shayle Kit ADAIR (1960)  
 3-- Tod Ephraim ADAIR (1964)  
 sp-Toni Elizabeth COLEMAN (1961)  
 4-- Cody Ryan ADAIR (1982)  
 4-- Chet Ephraim ADAIR (1985)  
 4-- Chelsie Lee ADAIR (1989)  
 4-- Cassidy LaDawn ADAIR (1990)  
 3-- Buford Clate ADAIR (1967)  
 sp-Stephanie HARRIS (1970)

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

2 Jul 1995

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- 4-- Nicole LaShay ADAIR (1987)
- 4-- Shayla Christine ADAIR (1989)
- sp-Arthur Lee FOSTER (1930)
- 2-- Donovan Ezra GOODMAN (1935)
- sp-Kay LaDean YOWELL (1942)
- 3-- Dwayland Don GOODMAN (1960)
- sp-Cherrilyn
- 3-- Shelly Kay GOODMAN TWIN (1961-1961)
- 3-- Shannon Lee GOODMAN TWIN (1961-1961)
- 3-- Richard Lynn GOODMAN (1963)
- 3-- Donovan Craig GOODMAN (1966)
- 2-- Arlo Wayne GOODMAN (1937-1979)
- sp-Dora Adeline UDALL (1939)
- 3-- Dora Lucinda GOODMAN (1959-1981)
- sp-Eugene Ernest HAFEN (1957)
- 4-- Jennifer Leigh HAFEN (1976-1981)
- 4-- Amber Marie HAFEN (1978-1981)
- 3-- Jordan Wayne GOODMAN (1960-1981)
- 3-- Nicole Marie GOODMAN (1963)
- 3-- Julie Ann GOODMAN (1965)
- sp-Richard Paul BRUCE (1966)
- 4-- Kanisha McKai GOODMAN-BRUCE (1991)
- 4-- Gwendolyn Ashanti GOODMAN-BRUCE (1994)
- 3-- Kelly Lynn GOODMAN (1965)
- sp-Mark Paul BROWNLEE (1966)
- 4-- Calum Markel GOODMAN-BROWNLEE (1944)
- sp-Deborah Lynn FERGUSON
- 3-- Timothy Duane GOODMAN (1977)
- 2-- Patsy Sue GOODMAN (1944)
- sp-Veldon Roy SEYMORE (1940)
- 3-- Carolyn Rae SEYMORE (1964)
- sp-Jeffrey Todd GILLESPIE Sr (1959)
- 4-- Jeffrey Todd GILLESPIE Jr (1984)
- 4-- Charde' GILLESPIE (1986)
- 4-- Logan Michael GILLESPIE (1988)
- 4-- Veldon Chantz GILLESPIE (1993)
- 3-- Mayann SEYMORE (1965)
- sp-Charl Alexander STRADLING (1964)
- 4-- Caremee Ann STRADLING TWIN (1987-1989)
- 4-- Cambria Marie STRADLING TWIN (1987)
- 4-- Donna Shantae STRADLING (1991)
- 4-- Jodee Raenell STRADLING (1944)
- 3-- Veldon Roy SEYMORE Jr (1966)
- sp-Shellie Ann BROWNING (1967)
- 4-- Garrett Scott SEYMORE (1989)
- 4-- Quint Austin SEYMORE (1993)
- 3-- Gaynell SEYMORE (1969)
- sp-Boyd John SANDERS (1969)
- 3-- Brandon Trent SEYMORE (1970)
- sp-Tricia Ann FOOTE (1971)
- 4-- Brandon Trent SEYMORE Jr (1994)
- 3-- Cyndee Jolene SEYMORE (1976)
- 3-- Randa Joy SEYMORE (1981)
- 2-- Lana Lue GOODMAN (1946)
- sp-Amasa Marion WILLIS (1938)
- 3-- Canyon Lee WILLIS (1963)

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

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- sp-Lisa Renee WAKEFIELD (1964)
  - 4-- Crysta Leigh WILLIS (1984)
  - 4-- Tyler Jordan WILLIS (1987)
  - 4-- Courtney Lachelle WILLIS (1990)
  - 4-- Landen Taylor WILLIS (1992)
- 3-- Trever Marion WILLIS (1965)
  - sp-Gina Maria HUTCHINS (1968)
    - 4-- Steven Matthew WILLIS (1990)
    - 4-- Shannon Nicole WILLIS (1991)
    - 4-- Shane Trever WILLIS (1993)
    - 4-- Shad Hank WILLIS (1994)
  - sp-Robin Denise HANCOCK (1970)
    - 4-- Victor Tyson WILLIS (1991)
- 3-- John Ezra WILLIS (1967)
  - sp-Donna Marie KAY (1966)
    - 4-- John Clinton WILLIS (1987)
    - 4-- Dustin Roy WILLIS (1989)
  - 3-- Shannon WILLIS (1969)
    - sp-Ronald Eugene SHUMATE
      - 4-- Amber Nicole SHUMATE (1980)
- 2-- Twila GOODMAN (1954)
  - sp-Brian Christopher HALL
    - 3-- Lacy HALL (1976)
    - 3-- Joseph Cory HALL (1977)
    - 3-- Michael Christopher HALL (1978)

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## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

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9 Jun 1995

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HUSBAND Walter Floyd GOODMAN

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BORN: 30 May 1903 PLACE: Pinetop, Navajo, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 5 Sep 1968 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas  
BUR.: PLACE: Balch Springs, Dallas, Texas  
MARR: 14 Feb 1928 (div) PLACE: Gallup, McKinley, New Mexico  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

has other marria

=====

WIFE Inez MCNEIL

-----

BORN: 19 Oct 1910 PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER:  
MOTHER:

## =====

## CHILDREN

## =====

## 1. NAME: Ella GOODMAN-MARBLE

-----

BORN: 5 Nov 1930 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Brooks GREEN  
MARR: 29 Jun 1952 PLACE: Lordsburg, NM

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## 2. NAME: Walter Ray GOODMAN-MARBLE

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BORN: 3 Jul 1933 PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Sharon Edwina HANCOCK  
MARR: PLACE:

## -----

## 3. NAME: Dierdre Floy GOODMAN-MARBLE

-----

BORN: 7 May 1935 PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

## -----

## 4. NAME:

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BORN: PLACE:  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

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HUSBAND Walter Floyd GOODMAN

BORN: 30 May 1903 PLACE: Pinetop, Navajo, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 5 Sep 1968 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas  
BUR.: PLACE: Balch Springs, Dallas, Texas  
MARR: 27 Jan 1934 (div) PLACE: ,. Az  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

has other

WIFE Laura Louise BROWNFIELD

BORN: 26 Feb 1918 PLACE: Orange, Otero, New Mexico  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER:  
MOTHER:

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Walter James GOODMAN

---- BORN: 24 May 1934 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 24 May 1934 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

2. NAME: Angus GOODMAN

---- BORN: 3 Jan 1935 PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 3 Jan 1935 PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

3. NAME: Laura Elane GOODMAN

---- BORN: 6 Dec 1935 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 29 Apr 1938 PLACE: Morristown, Maricopa, Arizona  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

4. NAME: Walter Floyd GOODMAN Jr

---- BORN: 24 Mar 1937 PLACE: Miami, Gila, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 29 Apr 1938 PLACE: Morristown, Maricopa, Arizona  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

9 Jun 1995

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HUSBAND Walter Floyd GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 30 May 1903 PLACE: Pinetop, Navajo, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 5 Sep 1968 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas  
BUR.: PLACE: Balch Springs, Dallas, Texas  
MARR: 22 Apr 1948 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

has other marria

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WIFE Geraldine Flora SCRUGGS

-----

BORN: 24 Jan 1925 PLACE: Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER: Wiley David SCRUGGS  
MOTHER: Pearl Iona BARRICK

## =====

## CHILDREN

-----

1. NAME: Elaine GOODMAN  
---- BORN: 22 May 1944 PLACE: San Pedro, Los Angeles, California  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Colin Martin WARNES  
MARR: 17 May 1969 PLACE: Washington, D.C.

-----

2. NAME: Eline GOODMAN  
---- BORN: 10 Apr 1945 PLACE: Little Rock, Pulaski, Arkansas  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Albert Pasacio RODRIGUEZ  
MARR: 23 Feb 1964 (div) PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas

has other marria

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3. NAME: Walter Floyd GOODMAN Jr  
---- BORN: 26 Mar 1946 PLACE: Little Rock, Pulaski, Arkansas  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Mary A. HARRINGTON  
MARR: 8 Apr 1973 (div) PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas

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4. NAME: Sherril Ann GOODMAN  
---- BORN: 31 Oct 1947 PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Leon HILL  
MARR: PLACE:

has other marria



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HUSBAND Walter Floyd GOODMAN

WIFE Geraldine Flora SCRUGGS

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CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Nancy Lee GOODMAN

---- BORN: 3 Sep 1949 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Jesse Monroe MILLS Sr

MARR: 17 Oct 1969 PLACE:

-----

6. NAME: Carol Lynn GOODMAN

---- BORN: 30 Nov 1950 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Dallas

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Larry Dean JENSEN

MARR: 3 Nov 1972 PLACE: Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah

-----

7. NAME: Marcia Sue GOODMAN

---- BORN: 19 Sep 1952 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Billy Ray DENHAM Sr

MARR: 5 May 1969 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

has other

-----

8. NAME: Cathy Ann GOODMAN

---- BORN: 31 Mar 1955 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: RaMon R. HADERLIE

MARR: 5 Jan 1974 PLACE: Idaho Falls,Bonneville,Idaho

-----

9. NAME: Barbara Jo GOODMAN

---- BORN: 7 Mar 1956 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: Jeffrey MELBOURNE

MARR: 13 Sep 1974 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

-----

10. NAME: Janie Marie GOODMAN

---- BORN: 18 Jun 1959 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

F CHR.: PLACE:

DIED: PLACE:

BUR.: PLACE:

SPOUSE: George Calvin GOODRICH

MARR: 27 Jan 1978 PLACE: Dallas,Dallas,Texas

has other



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

9 Jun 1995

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=====

HUSBAND Walter Floyd GOODMAN

Yr. of Birth

WIFE Geraldine Flora SCRUGGS

Yr of Birth

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

11. NAME: Rebecca Sue GOODMAN

---- BORN: 13 Jul 1961

PLACE: Dallas, Dallas, Texas

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Michael Allen PALO

MARR:

PLACE:

=====



# DESCENDANCY CHART

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=====
1-- Walter Floyd GOODMAN (1903-1968)
  sp-Geraldine Flora SCRUGGS (1925)
    2-- Elaine GOODMAN (1944)
      sp-Colin Martin WARNES
    2-- Eline GOODMAN (1945)
      sp-Albert Pasacio RODRIGUEZ (1941)
        3-- Nicholas Anthony RODRIGUEZ (1969)
          sp-Tara Annette DURDEN (1972)
            4-- Ashton Elizabeth RODRIGUEZ (1992)
            4-- Dallin Spencer RODRIGUEZ (1993)
            4-- Taylor Channing RODRIGUEZ (1994-1994)
          3-- Jonathan Daniel RODRIGUEZ (1976)
        sp-Travis Tilmon TYNES Jr (1948)
      2-- Walter Floyd GOODMAN Jr (1946)
        sp-Mary A. HARRINGTON
      2-- Sherril Ann GOODMAN (1947)
        sp-Leon HILL
          3-- TERRY Leon HILL (1965)
            sp-Tammy Jean LAWSON
              4-- Cain EuDamon HILL (1992)
        sp-Rene RENDON
          3-- Juanita Maria RENDON (1968)
            sp-Juan SANCHEZ
              4-- Micaela Ariel SANCHEZ (1985)
            sp-Ramiro (Roy) YVARRA (1969)
              4-- Anabel Jowee YVARRA (1984)
          3-- Estella Rena RENDON (1970)
            4-- Jose Antonio RAMIREZ (1989)
          3-- Victoria Isabella RENDON (1972)
            sp-Ralph Ray BOARDMAN (1949)
              4-- Jessy Nicole RENDON-BOARDMAN (1991)
              4-- Moses Gustavo RENDON-BOARDMAN (1994)
          3-- Rosa Maria RENDON (1975)
      2-- Nancy Lee GOODMAN (1949)
        sp-Jesse Monroe MILLS Sr
          3-- Jesse Monroe MILLS Jr (1972)
          3-- Rebecca MILLS (1974)
      2-- Carol Lynn GOODMAN (1950)
        sp-Larry Dean JENSEN (1947)
          3-- Bonnie Lee JENSEN (1973-1973)
          3-- Gary Allen JENSEN (1975)
          3-- Steven Craig JENSEN (1978)
          3-- David Martin JENSEN (1979)
      2-- Marcia Sue GOODMAN (1952)
        sp-Billy Ray DENHAM Sr
          3-- Billy Ray DENHAM Jr (1970)
            sp-Rebecca Gayle ALLIGOOD (1974)
          3-- Bradley Lynn DENHAM (1972)
            sp-Cheryl Lavette MELLOTT (1965)
              4-- Christina ZUNIGA
              4-- Bradley Lynn DENHAM Jr (1985)
          3-- Benjamin Wayne DENHAM (1976)
          3-- Brent Allen DENHAM (1978)
        sp-Kenneth BARNES
          3-- Rachal Leigh Ann BARNES (1981)
        sp-Geoffrey Taylor HARDING (1951)
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## DESCENDANCY CHART

9 Jun 1995

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=====

- 2-- Cathy Ann GOODMAN (1955)
  - sp-RaMon R. HADERLIE (1951)
    - 3-- Brian Ray HADERLIE (1975)
    - 3-- Kelly Rae HADERLIE (1977)
    - 3-- Lisa Ann HADERLIE (1982)
- 2-- Barbara Jo GOODMAN (1956)
  - sp-Jeffrey MELBOURNE (1956)
    - 3-- Christy Jo MELBOURNE (1975)
      - sp-Jeffrey Cory SMITH
        - 4-- Cameron Cory SMITH (1993)
    - 3-- Jeffrey MELBOURNE Jr (1979)
    - 3-- Jason Michael MELBOURNE (1981)
- 2-- Janie Marie GOODMAN (1959)
  - sp-George Calvin GOODRICH
    - 3-- Jennifer Lynn GOODRICH (1978)
  - sp-Bobby Wayne WILLIAMS (1946)
- 2-- Rebecca Sue GOODMAN (1961)
  - sp-Michael Allen PALO
    - 3-- Michael Allen PALO Jr (1982)
    - 3-- Gina Marie PALO (1984)
- sp-Inez MCNEIL (1910)
  - 2-- Ella GOODMAN-MARBLE (1930)
    - sp-Brooks GREEN
      - 3-- Debra Ellen GREEN (1953)
      - 3-- Steven GREEN (1965)
  - 2-- Walter Ray GOODMAN-MARBLE (1933)
    - sp-Sharon Edwina HANCOCK (1935)
      - 3-- Michael Ray MARBLE (1956)
        - sp-Cynthia Lynn BROWN (1957)
          - 4-- Sean Christian MARBLE (1982)
          - 4-- Jameson Brown MARBLE (1984)
      - 3-- Marsha Gay MARBLE (1957)
        - sp-Michael Roy STEGELL (1955)
          - 4-- Mellani Jo STEGALL (1975)
          - 4-- Melissa Rae STEGALL (1976)
      - sp-Michael Reay LAYTON (1953)
        - 4-- Micah Rachele LAYTON (1981)
      - sp-Richard Ronald HANSEN (1960)
        - 4-- Richard Roscoe HANSEN (1980)
        - 4-- Micah Rachele HANSEN (1981)
      - 3-- LaDawn MARBLE (1962)
        - sp-David Anthon LEE (1962)
          - 4-- Jordan Rachele LEE (1987)
        - sp-Rick Eugene SETSER (1954)
      - 3-- Ralene MARBLE (1976-1976)
    - 2-- Dierdre Floy GOODMAN-MARBLE (1935)
  - sp-Laura Louise BROWNFIELD (1918)
    - 2-- Walter James GOODMAN (1934-1934)
    - 2-- Angus GOODMAN (1935-1935)
    - 2-- Laura Elane GOODMAN (1935-1938)
    - 2-- Walter Floyd GOODMAN Jr (1937-1938)

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HUSBAND Donald Eugene GOODMAN

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BORN: 16 Nov 1905 PLACE: Fort Apache, Navajo, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
MARR: 27 Apr 1942 PLACE: Wickenburg, Maricopa, AZ  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

WIFE Evelyn ROSTBURG

-----

BORN: 2 Nov 1908 PLACE: Grand Forks, Grand Forks, North Dakota  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER:  
MOTHER:

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Joseph Donald GOODMAN

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BORN: 27 May 1943 PLACE: Grand Forks, Grand Forks, Nd  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Margaret Elizabeth STATLER  
MARR: 9 Apr 1981 PLACE: Palmer, Matanuska, Ak

-----

2. NAME: Nancy Joan GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 20 Feb 1947 PLACE: McNary, Apache, AZ  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Daniel MCINTYRE  
MARR: 7 Nov 1986 PLACE: Greer, Apache, AZ

-----

3. NAME:

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BORN: PLACE:  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

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4. NAME:

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BORN: PLACE:  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

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# DESCENDANCY CHART

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=====
1-- Donald Eugene GOODMAN (1905)
  sp-Evelyn ROSTBURG (1908)
    2-- Joseph Donald GOODMAN (1943)
      sp-Margaret Elizabeth STATLER (1945)
    2-- Nancy Joan GOODMAN (1947)
      sp-Daniel MCINTYRE
        3-- Kala Cole MCINTYRE
        3-- Amye Camille MCINTYRE (1990)
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HUSBAND John McNeil GOODMAN

BORN: 6 Feb 1908 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona  
 CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: 13 Mar 1986 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona  
 BUR.: 16 Mar 1986 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona  
 MARR: 28 Jan 1931 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, AZ  
 FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
 MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

WIFE Lahoma Lee BENNETT

BORN: 9 Feb 1915 PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, Arizona  
 CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona  
 FATHER: Lee BENNETT  
 MOTHER: Mary Alberta BRADY

=====

CHILDREN

1. NAME: John Leroy GOODMAN  
 ---- BORN: 15 Apr 1931 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
 M CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE: June JOHNSON  
 MARR: 1 Jul 1952 PLACE:

2. NAME: Betty Jean GOODMAN  
 ---- BORN: 16 Oct 1932 PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ  
 F CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE: Albert Dell HATCH  
 MARR: 5 May 1949 (div) PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, AZ

3. NAME: Orland Glen GOODMAN  
 ---- BORN: 18 Mar 1934 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, AZ  
 M CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE:  
 MARR: PLACE:

4. NAME: Eva May GOODMAN  
 ---- BORN: 8 May 1936 PLACE: White river, Navajo, AZ  
 F CHR.: PLACE:  
 DIED: PLACE:  
 BUR.: PLACE:  
 SPOUSE: James Walter SHUMWAY  
 MARR: 2 Jun 1952 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, AZ



## FAMILY GROUP RECORD

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9 Jun 1995

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HUSBAND John McNeil GOODMAN

Yr of Birth

WIFE Lahoma Lee BENNETT

Yr of Birth

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Leslie John GOODMAN

---- BORN: 12 Jun 1939

PLACE: Show Low, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

6. NAME: Jerry Walter GOODMAN

---- BORN: 20 Oct 1940

PLACE: Snowflake, Navajo, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Priscilla Ellena MONTOYA

MARR: 28 Mar 1963

PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ

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7. NAME: Benny GOODMAN

---- BORN: 2 Jan 1943

PLACE: Miami, Gila, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Peggy Ann GARDNER

MARR: 1964

PLACE:

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1-- John McNeil GOODMAN (1908-1986)
   sp-Lahoma Lee BENNETT (1915)
     2-- John Leroy GOODMAN (1931)
       sp-June JOHNSON (1936)
         3-- Anthon John GOODMAN (1954)
           sp-Alice Yvonne CHRISTIE (1946)
             4-- Michael John GOODMAN (1977)
             4-- Christie Joyce GOODMAN (1979)
             4-- Rachel Beth GOODMAN (1980)
             4-- Rebecca Dianne GOODMAN (1981)
             4-- Sarah Celeste GOODMAN (1983)
             4-- Jessica Michelle GOODMAN (1984)
             4-- Nathan Thomas GOODMAN (1987)
         3-- Mary Donette GOODMAN (1955)
           sp-John Robert HAGELSTEIN
             4-- Kevin James HAGELSTEIN (1979)
             4-- Erik Troy HAGELSTEIN (1982)
           sp-David Cooper ELMORE (1953)
         3-- Eva Elaine GOODMAN (1958)
           sp-Leonard William GILLESPIE
             4-- Brandon Robert GILLESPIE (1979)
             4-- Chad William GILLESPIE (1982)
             4-- Katrina Jill GILLESPIE (1984)
           sp-Marvin KAY
             4-- Breanne KAY (1989)
             4-- Trenton Marvin KAY (1991)
         3-- Lloyd Jack GOODMAN (1962)
           sp-Jennifer Carrie WOOLF
             4-- Jordan Tyler GOODMAN (1990)
             4-- Cody Jackson GOODMAN (1994)
     2-- Betty Jean GOODMAN (1932)
       sp-Albert Dell HATCH (1924)
         3-- Beverly HATCH (1950-1950)
         3-- Albert Neil HATCH (1951)
           sp-Dayanne HAGER (1957)
             4-- Daryl Paul HATCH (1979)
             4-- Burgess HATCH (1982)
             4-- Hannah HATCH (1988)
             4-- Albert Nigel HATCH (1991)
         3-- Dale HATCH (1952)
           sp-Raymond Jay PARROTT (1956)
             4-- Todd Benjimin PARROTT (1977)
             4-- David Del PARROTT (1979)
             4-- Nicole PARROTT (1982)
             4-- Christian Raymond Jay PARROTT (1984)
         3-- Samuel Scott HATCH (1957)
         3-- Joe Daniel HATCH (1963)
           sp-Caroline ALLEGRETTI (1963)
             4-- Sandra HATCH (1985)
             4-- Dillon Joe HATCH (1986)
             4-- Samantha HATCH (1988)
     2-- Orland Glen GOODMAN (1934)
       sp-Lavina Fay MCALLESTER
         3-- Amy GOODMAN
         3-- Christy GOODMAN
           4-- Shelby Cheyenne GOODMAN
=====

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

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=====

- 2-- Eva May GOODMAN (1936)
  - sp-James Walter SHUMWAY (1928)
  - 3-- Lynnette SHUMWAY (1953)
    - sp-Richard Dow STEWART (1951)
    - 4-- Katrina STEWART (1974)
      - sp-James Eugene GIPSON (1973)
      - 5-- Tiffany Jayne GIPSON (1995)
    - 4-- John Richard STEWART (1976)
  - 3-- Charles Ray SHUMWAY (1955)
    - sp-Barbara TAYLOR (1955)
      - 4-- Bonnie SHUMWAY (1978)
      - 4-- Jacob Walter SHUMWAY (1979)
      - 4-- Samuel Taylor SHUMWAY (1981)
      - 4-- Milinda Sue SHUMWAY (1985)
      - 4-- Charles Ammon SHUMWAY (1988)
      - 4-- Veronica May SHUMWAY (1991)
  - 3-- Jeriann SHUMWAY (1957)
    - sp-Rendall Marion KEELING (1953)
      - 4-- Landon McNeil KEELING (1978)
      - 4-- Alison KEELING (1981)
      - 4-- Trevor Dan KEELING (1982)
  - 3-- Phillip Leslie SHUMWAY (1961)
    - sp-Elva Annalee SCOTT (1964)
      - 4-- Darcel Renae SHUMWAY (1984)
      - 4-- Brigitte Mae SHUMWAY (1987)
      - 4-- Cameron Phillip SHUMWAY (1990)
  - 3-- Rebecca SHUMWAY (1964)
    - sp-Raimo Alan HANSEN (1966)
      - 4-- Raila Anneli HANSEN (1989)
      - 4-- Erik Raimo HANSEN (1992)
      - 4-- Anton Boyd HANSEN (1992)
  - 3-- Sharon Lee SHUMWAY (1972)
    - sp-Thomas Donald MCPEEK (1964)
      - 4-- Emily Jardine MCPEEK (1994)
- 2-- Leslie John GOODMAN (1939)
- 2-- Jerry Walter GOODMAN (1940)
  - sp-Priscilla Ellena MONTTOYA (1942)
    - 3-- Danial Lee GOODMAN (1966-1966)
    - 3-- Nicolette Marie GOODMAN (1968)
      - 4-- Richard Anthony GARCIA (1988)
      - 4-- Andre Daniel-Lee GOODMAN (1992)
    - 3-- Ronald Hans GOODMAN (1974)
- 2-- Benny GOODMAN (1943)
  - sp-Peggy Ann GARDNER
    - 3-- Leslie John GOODMAN (1966)
    - 3-- Benny Alvin GOODMAN (1967)
      - sp-Crystal SMITH
    - 3-- Cindy GOODMAN (1970)
      - sp-Harry GOSLIN
    - 3-- Nancy GOODMAN (1972)
      - sp-Michael MOORE
    - 3-- Tom Ryan GOODMAN (1975)
    - 3-- Conny GOODMAN (1978)
    - 3-- Tammy GOODMAN (1979)
    - 3-- Patty GOODMAN (1981)

=====



=====

HUSBAND Lloyd Ewerette GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 26 Sep 1911 PLACE: Claysprings, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 16 Aug 1961 PLACE: Springerville, Apache, Arizona  
BUR.: 19 Aug 1961 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
MARR: 11 Jul 1932 PLACE: Gallup, McKinley, NM  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

WIFE Emma Ruth ROTH LISBERGER

-----

BORN: 1 Aug 1916 PLACE: Floy, Apache, AZ  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 26 Aug 1988 PLACE: Rexburg, Madison, Id  
BUR.: 29 Aug 1988 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ  
FATHER: Edward ROTH LISBERGER  
MOTHER: Luella HALL

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Lloyd Dale GOODMAN

---- BORN: 4 Jun 1933 PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Norma Lee HADDOCK  
MARR: 15 Apr 1955 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ

-----

2. NAME: Kent "B" GOODMAN

---- BORN: 27 May 1934 PLACE: Woodruff, Navajo, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Charlene BURK  
MARR: 20 Sep 1953 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ

-----

3. NAME: Gloria Ruth GOODMAN

---- BORN: 25 Jun 1936 PLACE: Plenty (Floy), Apache, AZ  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Alyn Brown ANDRUS  
MARR: 8 Jun 1955 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ

-----

4. NAME: Maynard Grant GOODMAN

---- BORN: 29 Jul 1939 PLACE: Springerville, Apache, AZ  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Gayle Louise RICHMOND  
MARR: 1 Aug 1959 PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ

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20 Jun 1995

=====

HUSBAND Lloyd Ewerette GOODMAN

Yr of Birth

WIFE Emma Ruth ROTHLIBERGER

Yr of Birth

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CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Garry Ray GOODMAN

---- BORN: 19 Jan 1947

PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Mary Jane HONE

MARR: 18 Jan 1974

PLACE: Provo, Utah, UT

-----

6. NAME: Rita Faye GOODMAN

---- BORN: 13 Jan 1950

PLACE: Springerville, Apache, AZ

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: David "L" GARNER

MARR: 26 Aug 1969

PLACE: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Id

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7. NAME: Randy Lavar GOODMAN

---- BORN: 25 Oct 1951

PLACE: Flagstaff, Coconino, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Ellen GARNER

MARR: 22 Jan 1972

PLACE: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho

-----

8. NAME: Rhonda Kaye GOODMAN

---- BORN: 19 Dec 1952

PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED: 5 Jun 1969

PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ

BUR.: 9 Jun 1969

PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

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9. NAME: Tevis Ewerette GOODMAN

---- BORN: 17 Aug 1956

PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, AZ

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED: 23 Jun 1988

PLACE: LaPuente, Los Angeles, Ca

BUR.: 27 Jun 1988

PLACE: Vernon, Apache, AZ

SPOUSE: Laurie Jo RICHENS

MARR: 1 Sep 1977 (div)

PLACE:

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

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=====
1-- Lloyd Everette GOODMAN (1911-1961)
   sp-Emma Ruth ROTH LISBERGER (1916-1988)
     2-- Lloyd Dale GOODMAN (1933)
        sp-Norma Lee HADDOCK (1936)
          3-- Steven Lloyd GOODMAN (1956)
             sp-Julie Ann PHILLIPS (1957)
               4-- Brea Ann Sandra GOODMAN (1976)
               4-- Clinton Allen GOODMAN (1978)
               4-- Norma Jo GOODMAN (1980)
               4-- Calvin Elvin GOODMAN (1983)
               4-- Chantil Lynette GOODMAN (1985)
             sp-Constance LaRoyce BYERS (1948)
          3-- Gregory Scott GOODMAN (1957)
             sp-Annette MERRILL (1958)
               4-- Bryan Gregory GOODMAN (1979)
             sp-Connie Sue OSBORNE (1959)
               4-- Billy Franklin GOODMAN (1978)
               4-- Dale Tecumseh GOODMAN (1983)
             sp-Lynette BLACK
               4-- Stevie Lane BLACK (1982)
          3-- Mark Loyal GOODMAN (1959-1976)
          3-- Eric Dale GOODMAN (1960)
             sp-Carey Sue LONG (1962)
               4-- Lyndsey Ann GOODMAN (1981-1981)
               4-- Eric Tye GOODMAN (1982)
               4-- Lacy Rachael GOODMAN (1985)
               4-- Janessa Joyce GOODMAN (1988)
               4-- Danielle Tracy GOODMAN (1994)
          3-- Tracy Brent GOODMAN (1962-1972)
          3-- Aleta Marie GOODMAN (1963)
             sp-Donald Phillip BREAKWELL (1963)
               4-- Maddie Joan BREAKWELL (1989)
               4-- Claire Marie BREAKWELL (1992)
          3-- Mari Lee GOODMAN (1965)
             sp-Victor Adin BAUMGARTEN (1968)
               4-- Adin Niel BAUMGARTEN (1990)
               4-- Thomas Everette BAUMGARTEN (1992)
2-- Kent "E" GOODMAN (1934)
   sp-Charlene BURK (1935)
     3-- Sherry Lynn GOODMAN (1954)
        sp-Jack Hunt BILLINGS (1951)
          4-- Brooklynn BILLINGS (1976)
          4-- Harmony Chon BILLINGS (1979)
     3-- Michael Ken GOODMAN (1957)
        sp-Julie ANDERSON (1960)
          4-- Dane Michael GOODMAN (1985)
          4-- Whitney Michelle GOODMAN (1988)
          4-- Joshua Kenneth GOODMAN (1990)
     3-- Christopher Alyn GOODMAN (1978)
2-- Gloria Ruth GOODMAN (1936)
   sp-Alyn Brown ANDRUS (1931)
     3-- Steve Pu'ela DANIELSON (1956)
        sp-Eleena Keiko CHING (1960)
          4-- Tiara Keiko DANIELSON (1983)
          4-- Chad N. DANIELSON (1985)
          4-- Keala Iakopo DANIELSON (1988)
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## DESCENDANCY CHART

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- 4-- Ty Vaitaloa DANIELSON (1994)
- 3-- Daniel Pu'eata ANDRUS (1958)
  - sp-Elizabeth Evelyn HARRIS (1960)
  - 4-- Aaron Daniel ANDRUS (1982)
  - 4-- Tiana Marie ANDRUS (1984)
  - 4-- Loni Elizabeth ANDRUS (1987)
  - 4-- Anisa Ruth ANDRUS (1990)
  - 4-- Turia Evelyn ANDRUS (1993)
- 2-- Maynard Grant GOODMAN (1939)
  - sp-Gayle Louise RICHMOND (1941)
  - 3-- Matthew Grant GOODMAN (1960)
    - sp-Leslie Rene BOEHME (1961)
    - 4-- Brittany Gayle GOODMAN (1984)
    - 4-- Corinne Rene GOODMAN (1989)
  - 3-- Harrell Shaw GOODMAN (1962)
    - sp-Lora Lynn JENSEN (1959)
  - 3-- Shanna Gayle GOODMAN (1964)
    - sp-Gregory Leroy TAYLOR (1959)
    - 4-- McKenna Louise TAYLOR (1989)
    - 4-- Hudson Gregory TAYLOR (1995)
  - 3-- Weston Everette GOODMAN (1974)
  - 3-- Darcy Ruth GOODMAN (1979)
- 2-- Garry Ray GOODMAN (1947)
  - sp-Mary Jane HONE (1949)
  - 3-- Reed GOODMAN (1976)
  - 3-- Lorin Floyd GOODMAN (1977)
- 2-- Rita Faye GOODMAN (1950)
  - sp-David "L" GARNER (1947)
  - 3-- Alecia GARNER (1971)
    - sp-Harley Gene WILCOX (1969)
    - sp-Aaron CLARK (1971)
    - 4-- Tyler Aaron CLARK (1994)
  - 3-- Krista GARNER (1973)
    - sp-Jason Charles RAY (1970)
  - 3-- Michael David GARNER (1976)
  - 3-- Shauna GARNER (1978)
- 2-- Randy Lavar GOODMAN (1951)
  - sp-Ellen GARNER (1951)
  - 3-- Erin Leigh GOODMAN (1974)
    - sp-Dayne S. BRATSMAN (1974)
  - 3-- Curtis Scott GOODMAN (1976)
  - 3-- Rhonda GOODMAN (1979)
  - 3-- Nicholas Grant GOODMAN (1982)
  - 3-- Kelli Ruth GOODMAN (1986)
- 2-- Rhonda Kaye GOODMAN (1952-1969)
- 2-- Tevis Everette GOODMAN (1956-1988)
  - sp-Laurie Jo RICHENS

=====



=====

HUSBAND Chester Alma PENROD

-----

BORN: 18 Jul 1907 PLACE: Pinetop, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 24 Dec 1994 PLACE: Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona  
BUR.: 28 Dec 1994 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
MARR: 26 Aug 1929 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, Arizona  
FATHER: Albert Nathaniel PENROD  
MOTHER: Mary Catherine BECKSTEAD

=====

WIFE Hannah Fern GOODMAN

-----

BORN: 13 Sep 1913 PLACE: Claysprings, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Loretta Idella PENROD

---- BORN: 15 Nov 1930 PLACE: Pineyon, Apache, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Leo Dean SEYMORE  
MARR: 1 May 1954 PLACE: Holbrook, Navajo, AZ

-----

2. NAME: Ludean PENROD

---- BORN: 5 May 1934 PLACE: Pineyon, Apache, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Edgar Allen BURK  
MARR: 15 Apr 1950 (div) PLACE: Reserve, Catron, New Mexico

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has other

3. NAME: Chester Eugene PENROD

---- BORN: 29 Mar 1936 PLACE: Pineyon, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Velma Kay JONES  
MARR: 30 Aug 1954 PLACE: Reserve, , New Mexico

-----

4. NAME: Kenneth Ray PENROD

---- BORN: 15 Jul 1941 PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 15 Jul 1941 PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE:  
MARR: PLACE:

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9 Jun 1995

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HUSBAND Chester Alma PENROD

Yr of Birth

WIFE Hannah Fern GOODMAN

Yr of Birth

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Dennis Jay PENROD

---- BORN: 15 Aug 1942

PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED: 15 Aug 1942

PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

6. NAME: Joycelyn Rae PENROD

---- BORN: 26 Nov 1944

PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona

F CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: David Elmer REED

MARR:

PLACE:

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=====
1-- Hannah Fern GOODMAN (1913)
  sp-Chester Alma PENROD (1907-1994)
    2-- Loretta Idella PENROD (1930)
      sp-Leo Dean SEYMORE (1929)
        3-- Linda Joycell SEYMORE (1949)
          sp-Darl Lamar HALL (1942)
            4-- Darrin Brent HALL (1967)
            4-- Brett Arden HALL (1975)
            4-- Brandon Lamar HALL (1978)
          3-- Stephen Dean SEYMORE (1955)
            sp-Thiry Lynn HALLIDAY
              4-- Geoffrey Dean SEYMORE (1978)
              4-- Keisha Nicole SEYMORE (1981)
              4-- Stefany Rachelle SEYMORE (1984)
              4-- Jani Lynn SEYMORE (1987)
            sp-Karen SCHOW (1964)
              4-- Randall Harl SEYMORE (1992)
              4-- Nathaniel Stephen SEYMORE (1944)
          3-- Bryon H. SEYMORE (1956)
            sp-Robyn Dee THOMPSON (1960)
              4-- Ryan Scott SEYMORE (1981)
              4-- Lyndee Danielle SEYMORE (1982)
              4-- Chance Garrett SEYMORE (1984)
              4-- Danica LeShae SEYMORE (1987)
          3-- Patricia Ann SEYMORE (1957)
            sp-Wendell Ray JOHNSON (1940)
              4-- Jason Allan JOHNSON (1978)
              4-- Dustin Ray JOHNSON (1984)
          3-- Craig Allan SEYMORE (1959)
            sp-Susan Camille WHITE (1964)
              4-- Chet Allen SEYMORE (1985)
              4-- Abby Camille SEYMORE (1987)
              4-- Brock Alexander SEYMORE (1989)
              4-- Griffin Craig SEYMORE (1991)
              4-- Maggie Elizabeth SEYMORE (1993)
          3-- Kevin Jon SEYMORE (1963)
            sp-Lena Gaye HANDLEY (1962)
              4-- Jon Dean SEYMORE (1991)
              4-- Joshua Bo SEYMORE (1992)
              4-- Jacob Chase SEYMORE (1994)
    2-- Ludean PENROD (1934)
      sp-Edgar Allen BURK (1929-1994)
        3-- Diana Gail BURKE (1951)
          sp-James Kim BREWER (1946)
            4-- Brandy Lin BURKE (1973)
            4-- Tod Kimball BREWER (1975)
            5-- Eryk Tod STEWART (1993)
          3-- Russell Allen BURKE (1955)
          3-- Kara LaRae BURKE (1957)
            sp-Bruce Warren MILLER (1953)
              4-- Justin Allen MILLER (1976)
              4-- Alysa Ranese MILLER (1977)
            sp-Ellis B. QUALLS (1926)
          2-- Chester Eugene PENROD (1936)
            sp-Velma Kay JONES (1939)
              3-- Robert Eugene PENROD (1957)
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## DESCENDANCY CHART

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=====

- sp-Shirley Rae ALLEN (1959)
  - 4-- Trevor Elias PENROD (1979)
  - 4-- Kyle David PENROD (1981)
  - 4-- Cami Rae PENROD (1983)
  - 4-- Aimee Elaine PENROD (1986)
  - 4-- Molly Kay PENROD (1989)
- 3-- Robbie Wayne PENROD (1961)
- sp-Cindy Lee COLE (1965)
  - 4-- Ashley Brooke PENROD (1985)
  - 4-- Bryson Wayne PENROD (1986)
  - 4-- Delaney James PENROD (1988)
  - 4-- Tyler Cole PENROD (1990)
  - 4-- Jace Garrett PENROD (1992)
- 3-- Vonda Kay PENROD (1964)
- sp-Robert Gary SALMON (1963)
  - 4-- Gary Royce SALMON (1987)
  - 4-- Jared Alan SALMON (1989)
  - 4-- Thomas Calvin SALMON (1990)
  - 4-- Logan Michael SALMON (1992)
  - 4-- Candice Marie SALMON (1994)
- 3-- Shannon Gail PENROD (1968)
- sp-TERRY Lee BELLOWS Jr (1968)
  - 4-- Britney Anne BELLOWS (1987)
  - 4-- Shaine Cecil BELLOWS (1989)
  - 4-- Bryan Scott BELLOWS (1992)
  - 4-- Chase Andrew BELLOWS (1993)
  - 4-- Capri Alise BELLOWS (1993)
- 2-- Kenneth Ray PENROD (1941-1941)
- 2-- Dennis Jay PENROD (1942-1942)
- 2-- Joycelen Rae PENROD (1944)
- sp-David Elmer REED
  - 3-- Kaelen Marie REED
  - sp-Joseph Earl REVERSE
    - 4-- Zachary John REVERSE
    - 4-- Kylie Hannah REVERSE
  - 3-- David Anthony REED

=====



=====

HUSBAND Leonard Lamar PENROD

-----  
BORN: 15 Feb 1910 PLACE: Pinetop, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: 7 Sep 1967 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
BUR.: 11 Sep 1967 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
MARR: 30 Nov 1933 PLACE: Vernon, Apache, Arizona  
FATHER:  
MOTHER:

=====

WIFE Beulah GOODMAN

-----  
BORN: 23 Jul 1917 PLACE: Claysprings, Navajo, Arizona  
CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
FATHER: William Ezra GOODMAN  
MOTHER: Hannah MCNEIL

=====

CHILDREN

-----  
1. NAME: Venla Altheria PENROD  
---- BORN: 14 Oct 1934 PLACE: Pineyon, Apache, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Jay Smith MCCLEVE  
MARR: 21 Jan 1950 PLACE: Globe, Gila, Arizona

-----  
2. NAME: Dorothy Jean PENROD  
---- BORN: 27 Apr 1936 PLACE: Pineyon, Apache, Arizona  
F CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Gerald Lewis BREWER  
MARR: 10 Mar 1953 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona

-----  
3. NAME: Leonard Floyd PENROD  
---- BORN: 23 Aug 1939 PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Sherraldine SLADE  
MARR: 31 Jan 1959 PLACE: Bagar, Apache, Arizona

-----  
4. NAME: Kenneth LaVerl PENROD  
---- BORN: 20 Jan 1946 PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona  
M CHR.: PLACE:  
DIED: PLACE:  
BUR.: PLACE:  
SPOUSE: Janet NEFF  
MARR: 2 Mar 1975 PLACE: Pinedale, Navajo, Arizona  
=====



9 Jun 1995

=====

HUSBAND Leonard Lamar PENROD

Yr of Birth

WIFE Beulah GOODMAN

Yr of Birth

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Dennis Rodney PENROD

---- BORN: 13 Jul 1950

PLACE: McNary, Apache, Arizona

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE:

MARR:

PLACE:

-----

6. NAME: Randel Shane PENROD

---- BORN: 12 Jun 1956

PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Nancy Louise GOOD

MARR: 15 Sep 1978

PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona

-----

7. NAME: Delbert Kim PENROD

---- BORN: 1 Jan 1959

PLACE: St. Johns, Apache, Arizona

M CHR.:

PLACE:

DIED:

PLACE:

BUR.:

PLACE:

SPOUSE: Shanna Rae SLADE

MARR: 5 Oct 1979

PLACE: Bagar, Apache, Arizona

=====



## DESCENDANCY CHART

666

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=====
1-- Beulah GOODMAN (1917)
  sp-Leonard Lamar PENROD (1910-1967)
    2-- Venla Altheria PENROD (1934)
      sp-Jay Smith MCCLEVE (1931)
        3-- Katrina Marie MCCLEVE (1950)
          sp-William J. SIMPER (1947)
            4-- William Jay SIMPER (1969)
              sp-Danielle HANCOCK
                5-- Tori Rachelle SIMPER (1995)
              4-- Jana Marie SIMPER (1971)
                sp-Robert Eugene NUDSON (1966)
                  5-- Makayla Nicole NUDSON (1993)
            3-- Deanna Rose MCCLEVE (1951-1951)
            3-- Michael Smith MCCLEVE (1955)
              sp-Kimberly Joyce MCCLELLAN (1957)
                4-- Michael Smith MCCLEVE Jr (1976)
                4-- David Kayle MCCLEVE (1978)
                4-- Venla Jolene MCCLEVE (1980)
                4-- Briana Lynn MCCLEVE (1981)
                4-- Dallin James MCCLEVE (1986)
            3-- Narvin Jay MCCLEVE (1957)
              sp-Sanza Beth PERKINS (1961)
                4-- Eric Narvin MCCLEVE (1980)
                4-- Deanna Chalet MCCLEVE (1981)
                4-- Erin Michelle MCCLEVE (1984)
                4-- Jared Ryan MCCLEVE (1987)
                4-- Marcus Kendall MCCLEVE (1990)
                4-- Lindsey Chantel MCCLEVE (1993)
            3-- Merwin Lamar MCCLEVE (1958)
            3-- Dalora MCCLEVE (1962)
              sp-Steven James ELDER (1957)
                4-- Beau James ELDER (1982)
                4-- Kristi JoLynn ELDER (1984)
                4-- Brandon Keith ELDER (1986)
              sp-Joey Allen LAW (1962)
                4-- Jessica Ann LAW (1991)
    2-- Dorothy Jean PENROD (1936)
      sp-Gerald Lewis BREWER (1933)
        3-- Dorinda Shirleen BREWER (1954)
          sp-Paul O'DAIR (1952)
            4-- Amber Lee O'DAIR (1976)
            4-- Shannon Kay O'DAIR (1978)
            4-- Stephen Brewer O'DAIR (1980)
            4-- Kristi Dawn O'DAIR (1983)
            4-- Ashlee Lynn O'DAIR (1986)
            4-- Mark Kendal O'DAIR (1988)
          3-- Jerry Brent BREWER (1957)
          3-- TERRY Kent BREWER (1959)
          3-- Lucinda Annette BREWER (1962)
            sp-Kirby KELLER
              3-- Barry Lynn BREWER (1965)
            sp-Christine Dawn HARPER
              3-- Kerry Cleon BREWER (1968)
              3-- Gerald Leonard BREWER (1971)
              3-- Arlinda Christine BREWER (1974-1982)
              3-- Lynnetta Jean BREWER (1977)
=====

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## DESCENDANCY CHART

667

2 Jul 1995

=====

- 3-- Joseph Lewis BREWER (1979)
- 2-- Leonard Floyd PENROD (1939)
  - sp-Sherraldine SLADE (1941)
    - 3-- Shannon Floyd PENROD (1959)
      - sp-Pamela Christine CHAVEZ (1960)
        - 4-- Shannon Levi PENROD (1981)
        - 4-- Cody Christine PENROD (1983)
    - 3-- Melody Lyn PENROD (1960)
      - sp-Grant Miller FLYGARE Jr (1957)
        - 4-- Misty Lyn FLYGARE (1981)
        - 4-- Shayla Starr FLYGARE (1983)
        - 4-- Jeremiah Grant FLYGARE (1987)
        - 4-- Valyeon Israel FLYGARE (1990)
  - 3-- Lacie LaAnn PENROD (1962)
    - sp-Melvin Edward JENSEN (1962)
      - 4-- Joshua Loe JENSEN (1981)
      - 4-- Melvin Jordan JENSEN (1982)
      - 4-- Sherral SheyAnn JENSEN (1984)
      - 4-- Jared Chase JENSEN (1987)
      - 4-- Cadie Sue JENSEN (1989)
  - 3-- Sherod Rayne PENROD (1963)
    - sp-Linda Ann MERRILL (1968)
      - 4-- Dakota Rayne PENROD (1989)
      - 4-- Kara Ann PENROD (1990)
      - 4-- Trevan Sherod PENROD (1992)
      - 4-- Katelyn Nicole PENROD (1994)
  - 3-- Shane Leonard PENROD (1964)
    - sp-Kimberly Kay BIGELOW (1965)
      - 4-- Breinn Sabrae PENROD (1989)
      - 4-- Reagan Rene PENROD (1993)
      - 4-- Stormy McKay PENROD (1994)
  - 3-- Danica Star PENROD (1966)
    - sp-Robert James MOLINA (1964)
      - 4-- Darren Hunter MOLINA (1987)
      - 4-- Kolten James MOLINA (1989)
      - 4-- Derek Jaren MOLINA (1991)
      - 4-- Ayrica MOLINA
  - 3-- Elona Lonee PENROD (1972)
    - sp-James SITLER
      - 4-- Kyle Austin SITLER (1994)
  - 3-- Delaney Clark PENROD (1979)
  - 2-- Kenneth LaVerl PENROD (1946)
    - sp-Janet NEFF (1945)
      - 3-- Jeremy Lamar PENROD (1975)
      - 3-- Beulah Rachelle PENROD (1977)
      - 3-- Heather Gayle PENROD (1979)
      - 3-- Rebecca Noel PENROD (1983)
      - 3-- Stephanie Dawn PENROD (1985)
      - 3-- Kristin Hannah PENROD (1988)
  - 2-- Dennis Rodney PENROD (1950)
    - sp-Connie Gayle RABAN (1954)
      - 3-- Lamar "W" PENROD (1975)
      - 3-- Kevin Rodney PENROD (1977)
      - 3-- Jason Maurice PENROD (1978)
      - 3-- Len Ray PENROD (1980)
      - 3-- Landry Dwayne PENROD (1982)

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# DESCENDANCY CHART

668

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=====
3-- Terell Benjamin PENROD (1984)
3-- Gentry Michael PENROD (1987)
2-- Randel Shane PENROD (1956)
  sp-Nancy Louise GOOD (1958)
    3-- Randel Floyd PENROD (1979)
    3-- Whitney Lynne PENROD (1981)
    3-- Ryan Shane PENROD (1983)
    3-- Zachary Dean PENROD (1984)
2-- Delbert Kim PENROD (1959)
  sp-Shanna Rae SLADE (1961)
    3-- Rodney Lemar PENROD (1981)
    3-- Brandon Kody PENROD (1984)
    3-- Destiny Dawn PENROD (1986)
    3-- Tylor Jay PENROD (1989)
=====
  
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## **APPENDIX C**

**Alphabetical List  
of all Family Members  
submitted on  
Family Group Records**



- Abbot, Christine (1960)  
 Adair, Albert Leroy (1932)  
 Adair, Buford Clate (1967)  
 Adair, Cassidy Ladawn (1990)  
 Adair, Chelsie Lee (1989)  
 Adair, Chet Ephraim (1985)  
 Adair, Cody Ryan (1982)  
 Adair, Nicole LaShay (1987)  
 Adair, Paul Dirk (1956)  
 Adair, Shayla Christine (1989)  
 Adair, Shayle Kit (1960)  
 Adair, Shera Ann (1990)  
 Adair, Teri Lyn (1952)  
 Adair, Tod Ephraim (1964)  
 Adair, Yvonne  
 Adams, Marva Lynn  
 Adams, Rebecca Laneé (1983)  
 Adams, Robert Lan (1957)  
 Adams, Shannon Lynn (1980)  
 Allegretti, Caroline (1963)  
 Allen, David Grant  
 Allen, Shirley Rae (1959)  
 Alligood, Rebecca Gayle (1974)  
 Allison, Mary  
 Anderson, Debbie Lynne (1956)  
 Anderson, Julie (1960)  
 Andrus, Aaron Daniel (1982)  
 Andrus, Alyn Brown (1931)  
 Andrus, Anisa Ruth (1990)  
 Andrus, Daniel Pu'eata (1958)  
 Andrus, Loni Elizabeth (1987)  
 Andrus, Tiana Marie (1984)  
 Andrus, Turia Evelyn (1993)  
 Barnes, Kenneth  
 Barnes, Rachal Leigh Ann (1981)  
 Barton, Rosemary Ellen (1942)  
 Baumgarten, Adin Niel (1990)  
 Baumgarten, Thomas Everette (1992)  
 Baumgarten, Victor Adin (1968)  
 Beckstead, Mary Catherine  
 Bellows, Britney Anne (1987)  
 Bellows, Bryan Scott (1992)  
 Bellows, Capri Alise (1993)  
 Bellows, Chase Andrew (1993)  
 Bellows, Shaine Cecil (1989)  
 Bellows, Terry Lee, Jr. (1968)  
 Bennett, Frances (1585)  
 Bennett, Lahoma Lee (1915)  
 Bennett, Prudence (1789)  
 Berry, Debra Jean  
 Bigelow, Kimberly Kay (1965)  
 Billings, Brooklynn (1976)  
 Billings, Damaris  
 Billings, Harmony Chon (1979)  
 Billings, Jack Hunt (1951)  
 Billings, Richard  
 Black, Lynette  
 Black, Stevie Lane (1982)  
 Blackledge, Nancy Ann  
 Boardman, Ralph Ray (1949)  
 Boehme, Leslie Rene (1961)  
 Boring, Lucia Yvette  
 Brady, Mary Alberta  
 Bratsman, Dayne S. (1974)  
 Breakwell, Claire Marie (1992)  
 Breakwell, Donald Phillip (1963)  
 Breakwell, Maddie Joan (1989)  
 Brewer, Arlinda Christine (1974)  
 Brewer, Barry Lynn (1965)  
 Brewer, Dorinda Shirleen (1954)  
 Brewer, Gerald Leonard (1971)  
 Brewer, Gerald Lewis (1933)  
 Brewer, James Kim (1946)  
 Brewer, Jerry Brent (1957)  
 Brewer, Joseph Lewis (1979)  
 Brewer, Kerry Cleon (1968)  
 Brewer, Lorna  
 Brewer, Lucinda Annette (1962)  
 Brewer, Lynnetta Jean (1977)  
 Brewer, Terry Kent (1959)  
 Brewer, Tod Kimball (1975)  
 Brewington, John  
 Brewington, Sunny Brynn (1984)  
 Brinkerhoff, Belle  
 Brooks, Thankful  
 Brown, Cynthia Lynn (1957)



- Brown, Hannah (1808)  
 Brown, Matthew  
 Brown, Vivian  
 Brownfield, Buddy  
 Brownfield, Laura Louise (1918)  
 Browning, Shellie Ann (1967)  
 Brownlee, Mark Paul (1966)  
 Bruce, Richard Paul (1966)  
 Bryant, Dorothy Ruth  
 Buck, Emily Cornelia (1900)  
 Burk, Charlene (1935)  
 Burk, Dan A.  
 Burk, Edgar Allen (1929)  
 Burke, Brandy Lin (1973)  
 Burke, Diana Gail (1951)  
 Burke, Kara LaRae (1957)  
 Burke, Russell Allen (1955)  
 Byers, Constance LaRoyce (1948)  
 Cameron, Betty Elizabeth  
 Castle, Rosemarie  
 Chavez, Pamela Christine (1960)  
 Chavez, Placido  
 Ching, Eleena Keiko (1960)  
 Christie, Alice Yvonne (1946)  
 Church, Abigail (1735)  
 Church, Charles L. (1846)  
 Church, Ellen L. (1843)  
 Church, Ezra Pratt (1805)  
 Church, Frances Amelia (1838)  
 Church, George Ezra (1841)  
 Church, John 1st  
 Church, John 2nd (1370)  
 Church, John 3rd  
 Church, John 4th (1525)  
 Church, John 5th (1548)  
 Church, Josiah  
 Church, Nathaniel (1704)  
 Church, Olive Eliza (1836)  
 Church, Reynold  
 Church, Richard (1610)  
 Church, Richard Sr. (1570)  
 Church, Robert (1505)  
 Church, Samuel 1st (1638)  
 Church, Samuel 2nd (1667)  
 Church, Samuel 3rd  
 Church, Timothy (1769)  
 Church, Timothy Sr. (1736)  
 Church, Walter (1854)  
 Church, William (1862)  
 Churchill, Josiah  
 Churchill, Mary  
 Clark, Aaron (1971)  
 Clark, Tyler Aaron (1994)  
 Cliff, Alice  
 Cole, Cindy Lee (1965)  
 Coleman, Toni Elizabeth (1961)  
 Cooley, Gideon  
 Cooley, Laurilla (1814)  
 Coppinger, Virginia Dale  
 Corlett, Ann (1797)  
 Corlett, William  
 Crandell, Frances Beth (1918)  
 Crandell, Gladia Rose (1921)  
 Crandell, Horace (1894)  
 Crandell, Horace Reese (1920)  
 Crandell, Joan  
 Crandell, Ronald Reese  
 Crook, Christopher Jordan (1983)  
 Crook, Daniel Marcus (1975)  
 Crook, Felicia Lyn (1976)  
 Crook, Justin Wayne (1973)  
 Crook, Kristie Janae (1985)  
 Crook, Rodney Peckham (1948)  
 Crook, Sabrina Rachele (1978)  
 Crook, William Nathan (1980)  
 Cutler, Glorene  
 Danielson, Chad N. (1985)  
 Danielson, Keala Iakopo (1988)  
 Danielson, Steve Pu'ela (1956)  
 Danielson, Tiara Keiko (1983)  
 Danielson, Ty Vaitaloa (1994)  
 Davis, Dorothy Alice  
 Day, Tamara Annette (1951)  
 Demars, David Theodore (1968)  
 Demars, McKay Perkins (1995)  
 Demars, Taylor David (1993)



- Denham, Benjamin Wayne (1976)  
 Denham, Billy Ray Jr. (1970)  
 Denham, Billy Ray Sr.  
 Denham, Bradley Lynn (1972)  
 Denham, Bradley Lynn Jr. (1985)  
 Denham, Brent Allen (1978)  
 Dewitt, Raenell  
 Dexter, Content (1701)  
 Doing, Sherylee  
 Doss, Mark Wayne (1960)  
 Doss, Megan Alyssa (1992)  
 Dowell, Victoria Ann (1961)  
 Durden, Tara Annette (1972)  
 Elder, Beau James (1982)  
 Elder, Brandon Keith (1986)  
 Elder, James Roy  
 Elder, Kristi JoLynn (1984)  
 Elder, Steven James (1957)  
 Elmore, David Cooper (1953)  
 Espino, Norma Jean (1955)  
 Etchells, Elizabeth (1766)  
 Etchells, Issacher (1767)  
 Etchels, Mary (1800)  
 Etches/Etchells, John  
 Everitt, Michael  
 Faires, JoAnn  
 Faust, Venus Lorraine  
 Ferguson, Deborah Lynn  
 Ferris, Willa May  
 Finell, Lewis Roger (1942)  
 Flygare, Grant Miller Jr. (1957)  
 Flygare, Jeremiah Grant (1987)  
 Flygare, Misty Lyn (1981)  
 Flygare, Shayla Starr (1983)  
 Flygare, Valyeon Israel (1990)  
 Foote, Elizabeth  
 Foote, Tricia Ann (1971)  
 Foster, Arthur Lee (1930)  
 Freeman, Melanie Patricia (1959)  
 Garcia, Richard Anthony (1988)  
 Gardner, Boyd Willis  
 Gardner, Calvin Willis (1961)  
 Gardner, Clinton Boyd  
 Gardner, Connie Jean (1958)  
 Gardner, Peggy Ann  
 Garner, Alecia (1971)  
 Garner, David "L" (1947)  
 Garner, Ellen (1951)  
 Garner, Krista (1973)  
 Garner, Michael David (1976)  
 Garner, Shauna (1978)  
 Gholson, Lula Mary (1905)  
 Gibson, Frances Joyce  
 Gillespie, Chardé (1986)  
 Gillespie, Jeffrey Todd Jr. (1984)  
 Gillespie, Jeffrey Todd Sr. (1959)  
 Gillespie, Katrina Jill (1984)  
 Gillespie, Leonard William  
 Gillespie, Logan Michael (1988)  
 Gillespie, RaShae (1966)  
 Gillespie, Veldon Chantz (1993)  
 Gipson, James Eugene (1973)  
 Gipson, Tiffany Jayne (1995)  
 Glass, Meghan Lyn (1989)  
 Glass, Michael Edward (1961)  
 Good, Nancy Louise (1958)  
 Goodman, Aaron Cole (1981)  
 Goodman, Abel (1814)  
 Goodman, Aleta Marie (1963)  
 Goodman, Alvin Ezra (1901)  
 Goodman, Amy  
 Goodman, Andre Daniel-Lee (1992)  
 Goodman, Angus (1935)  
 Goodman, Anthon John (1954)  
 Goodman, Arlo Wayne (1937)  
 Goodman, Arnold (1823)  
 Goodman, Barbara Jean (1947)  
 Goodman, Barbara Jo (1956)  
 Goodman, Benny (1943)  
 Goodman, Benny Alvin (1967)  
 Goodman, Betty Jean (1932)  
 Goodman, Beulah (1917)  
 Goodman, Billy Franklin (1978)  
 Goodman, Brea Ann Sandra (1976)  
 Goodman, Brittany Gayle (1984)  
 Goodman, Bryan Gregory (1979)



- Goodman, Caleb (1810)  
 Goodman, Calvin Elvin (1983)  
 Goodman, Carol Lynn (1950)  
 Goodman, Cathy Ann (1955)  
 Goodman, Chantil Lynette (1985)  
 Goodman, Cherrilyn  
 Goodman, Christie Joyce (1979)  
 Goodman, Christopher Alyn (1978)  
 Goodman, Christy  
 Goodman, Cindy (1970)  
 Goodman, Clinton Allen (1978)  
 Goodman, Cody Jackson (1994)  
 Goodman, Conny (1978)  
 Goodman, Corinne Rene (1989)  
 Goodman, Curtis Scott (1976)  
 Goodman, Dale Tecumseh (1983)  
 Goodman, Dane Michael (1985)  
 Goodman, Danial Lee (1966)  
 Goodman, Danielle Tracy (1994)  
 Goodman, Danny Ray (1951)  
 Goodman, Danny Ray Jr. (1972)  
 Goodman, Darcy Ruth (1979)  
 Goodman, David James (1971)  
 Goodman, Derek Thomas (1987)  
 Goodman, Diana Kay (1959)  
 Goodman, Donald Eugene (1905)  
 Goodman, Donovan Craig (1966)  
 Goodman, Donovan Ezra (1935)  
 Goodman, Dora Lucinda (1959)  
 Goodman, Dwayland Don (1960)  
 Goodman, Edward Francis (1980)  
 Goodman, Edward Livingston (1830)  
 Goodman, Elaine (1944)  
 Goodman, Eline (1945)  
 Goodman, Ellen Prudence (1859)  
 Goodman, Enos (1782)  
 Goodman, Enos Sr. (1751)  
 Goodman, Eric Dale (1960)  
 Goodman, Eric Tye (1982)  
 Goodman, Erin Leigh (1974)  
 Goodman, Eunice (1831)  
 Goodman, Eva Elaine (1958)  
 Goodman, Eva May (1936)  
 Goodman, Frances Ellen (1897)  
 Goodman, Garry Ray (1947)  
 Goodman, Gloria Ruth (1936)  
 Goodman, Gregory Scott (1957)  
 Goodman, Gwen (1934)  
 Goodman, Hannah Fern (1913)  
 Goodman, Harrell Shaw (1962)  
 Goodman, James Edward (1955)  
 Goodman, James Lloyd (1932)  
 Goodman, Janessa Joyce (1988)  
 Goodman, Janie Marie (1959)  
 Goodman, Jason Albert (1986)  
 Goodman, Jeremy Michael (1978)  
 Goodman, Jerry Walter (1940)  
 Goodman, Jessica Michelle (1984)  
 Goodman, John Leroy (1931)  
 Goodman, John McNeil (1908)  
 Goodman, Jordan Tyler (1990)  
 Goodman, Jordan Wayne (1960)  
 Goodman, Joseph Donald (1943)  
 Goodman, Joshua Kenneth (1990)  
 Goodman, Julie Ann (1965)  
 Goodman, Julie Marche (1975)  
 Goodman, Kelli Ruth (1986)  
 Goodman, Kelly Lynn (1965)  
 Goodman, Kent "E" (1934)  
 Goodman, Kristi Lynn (1980)  
 Goodman, Lacy Rachael (1985)  
 Goodman, Lana Lue (1946)  
 Goodman, Laura Elane (1935)  
 Goodman, Leslie John (1939)  
 Goodman, Leslie John (1966)  
 Goodman, Lloyd Dale (1933)  
 Goodman, Lloyd Everette (1911)  
 Goodman, Lloyd Jack (1962)  
 Goodman, Lorin Floyd (1977)  
 Goodman, Lucy Alvena (1933)  
 Goodman, Luther (1818)  
 Goodman, Lyndsey Ann (1981)  
 Goodman, Marcia Sue (1952)  
 Goodman, Mari Lee (1965)  
 Goodman, Mark Loyal (1959)  
 Goodman, Mary Donette (1955)



- Goodman, Matthew Grant (1960)  
 Goodman, Maynard Grant (1939)  
 Goodman, Melanie Lynn (1982)  
 Goodman, Merritt (1821)  
 Goodman, Michael John (1977)  
 Goodman, Michael Ken (1957)  
 Goodman, Nancy (1972)  
 Goodman, Nancy Joan (1947)  
 Goodman, Nancy Lee (1949)  
 Goodman, Nathan Thomas (1987)  
 Goodman, Nicholas Grant (1982)  
 Goodman, Nicole Marie (1963)  
 Goodman, Nicolette Marie (1968)  
 Goodman, Norma Jo (1980)  
 Goodman, Orland Glen (1934)  
 Goodman, Patsy Sue (1944)  
 Goodman, Patty (1981)  
 Goodman, Paul Phillip (1995)  
 Goodman, Rachel Beth (1980)  
 Goodman, Ralph Emerson (1891)  
 Goodman, Randy Lavar (1951)  
 Goodman, Ray "M" (1910)  
 Goodman, Rebecca Dianne (1981)  
 Goodman, Rebecca Sue (1961)  
 Goodman, Reed (1976)  
 Goodman, Rhonda (1979)  
 Goodman, Rhonda Kaye (1952)  
 Goodman, Richard (1609)  
 Goodman, Richard Lynn (1963)  
 Goodman, Richard Michael (1975)  
 Goodman, Richard Sr.  
 Goodman, Rita Faye (1950)  
 Goodman, Ronald Hans (1974)  
 Goodman, Ruth Catherine (1901)  
 Goodman, Sally (1827)  
 Goodman, Sarah Celeste (1983)  
 Goodman, Savanna Kay (1993)  
 Goodman, Shanna Gayle (1964)  
 Goodman, Shannon Lee (1961)  
 Goodman, Shelby Cheyenne  
 Goodman, Shelby Lynn (1991)  
 Goodman, Shelly Kay (1961)  
 Goodman, Sherrie Ann (1962)  
 Goodman, Sherril Ann (1947)  
 Goodman, Sherry Lynn (1954)  
 Goodman, Steven Lloyd (1956)  
 Goodman, Tammy (1979)  
 Goodman, Tasha Annette (1974)  
 Goodman, Tevis Everette (1956)  
 Goodman, Thomas (1701)  
 Goodman, Thomas Eugene (1925)  
 Goodman, Thomas Eugene Jr. (1949)  
 Goodman, Thomas Sr. (1673)  
 Goodman, Timothy Duane (1977)  
 Goodman, Tom Ryan (1975)  
 Goodman, Tracy Brent (1962)  
 Goodman, Twila (1954)  
 Goodman, Virginia Carol (1950)  
 Goodman, Walter Edward (1857)  
 Goodman, Walter Floyd (1903)  
 Goodman, Walter Floyd Jr. (1937)  
 Goodman, Walter Floyd Jr. (1946)  
 Goodman, Walter James (1934)  
 Goodman, Weston Everette (1974)  
 Goodman, Whitney Michelle (1988)  
 Goodman, William Edward (1899)  
 Goodman, William Edward Jr. (1930)  
 Goodman, William Ezra (1871)  
 Goodman, William John (1960)  
 Goodman, William Robert (1984)  
 Goodman, William Timothy (1959)  
 Goodman-Brownlee, Calum M. (1944)  
 Goodman-Bruce, Gwendolyn A. (1994)  
 Goodman-Bruce, Kanisha M. (1991)  
 Goodman-Marble, Dierdre F. (1935)  
 Goodman-Marble, Ella (1930)  
 Goodman-Marble, Walter Ray (1933)  
 Goodrich, George Calvin  
 Goodrich, Jennifer Lynn (1978)  
 Goslin, Harry  
 Graham, Charlotte Arlene  
 Green, Brooks  
 Green, Debra Ellen (1953)  
 Green, Steven (1965)  
 Greene, Margaret  
 Haddock, Norma Lee (1936)



- Haderlie, Brian Ray (1975)  
 Haderlie, Kelly Rae (1977)  
 Haderlie, Lisa Ann (1982)  
 Haderlie, RaMon R. (1951)  
 Hafen, Amber Marie (1978)  
 Hafen, Eugene Ernest (1957)  
 Hafen, Jennifer Leigh (1976)  
 Hagelstein, Erik Troy (1982)  
 Hagelstein, John Robert  
 Hagelstein, Kevin James (1979)  
 Hager, Dayanne (1957)  
 Hall, Brandon Lamar (1978)  
 Hall, Brett Arden (1975)  
 Hall, Brian Christopher  
 Hall, Danni (1984)  
 Hall, Darl Lamar (1942)  
 Hall, Darrin Brent (1967)  
 Hall, Heber (1976)  
 Hall, Jamie (1981)  
 Hall, Joseph Cory (1977)  
 Hall, Kelley (1975)  
 Hall, Lacy (1976)  
 Hall, Lamar  
 Hall, Michael Christopher (1978)  
 Hall, Wid (1978)  
 Halliday, Thiry Lynn  
 Halm, Karen  
 Hancock, Burtice Alexander  
 Hancock, Danielle  
 Hancock, Robin Denise (1970)  
 Hancock, Sharon Edwina (1935)  
 Handley, Lena Gaye (1962)  
 Handley, Max Robert  
 Hansen, Anton Boyd (1992)  
 Hansen, Erikk Raimo (1992)  
 Hansen, Micah Rachele (1981)  
 Hansen, Raila Anelli (1989)  
 Hansen, Raimo Alan (1966)  
 Hansen, Richard Ronald (1960)  
 Hansen, Richard Roscoe (1980)  
 Hansen, Ronald Benjamin  
 Harding, Geoffrey Taylor (1951)  
 Harding, Martha  
 Harding, Vernon Alexander  
 Harper, Christine Dawn  
 Harrington, Mary A.  
 Harris, Elizabeth Evelyn (1960)  
 Harris, Stephanie (1970)  
 Harrison, Abigail (1673)  
 Harrison, Isaac  
 Hatch, Albert Dell (1924)  
 Hatch, Albert Neil (1951)  
 Hatch, Albert Nigel (1991)  
 Hatch, Beverly (1950)  
 Hatch, Burgess (1982)  
 Hatch, Dale (1952)  
 Hatch, Daryl Paul (1979)  
 Hatch, Dillon Joe (1986)  
 Hatch, Hannah (1988)  
 Hatch, Jane  
 Hatch, Joe Daniel (1963)  
 Hatch, Samantha (1988)  
 Hatch, Samuel Scott (1957)  
 Hatch, Sandra (1985)  
 Hathcock, Barbara Jane  
 Haws, Marian Pearl  
 Herbst, Lydia Ann  
 Hibbert, George  
 Hibbert, James (1809)  
 Hibbert, Mary (1831)  
 Hill, Cain EuDamon (1992)  
 Hill, Leon  
 Hill, Terry Leon (1965)  
 Hone, Mary Jane (1949)  
 Hood, Bryan Richard (1987)  
 Hood, Richard LaCoy (1962)  
 Huffman, Letha Jane  
 Humphrey, Susanna  
 Hutchins, Gina Maria (1968)  
 Jensen, Bonnie Lee (1973)  
 Jensen, Cadie Sue (1989)  
 Jensen, David Martin (1979)  
 Jensen, Gary Allen (1975)  
 Jensen, Gordon Keith  
 Jensen, Jared Chase (1987)  
 Jensen, Joshua Loe (1981)



- Jensen, Larry Dean (1947)  
 Jensen, Loland Melvin  
 Jensen, Lora Lynn (1959)  
 Jensen, Melvin Edward (1962)  
 Jensen, Melvin Jordan (1982)  
 Jensen, Sherral SheyAnn (1984)  
 Jensen, Steven Craig (1978)  
 Johnson, Anthon Louis  
 Johnson, Dustin Ray (1984)  
 Johnson, Gerald Marton  
 Johnson, Jason Allan (1978)  
 Johnson, June (1936)  
 Johnson, Martha Jane  
 Johnson, Wendell Ray (1940)  
 Jones, Arthur  
 Jones, Velma Kay (1939)  
 Kartchner, Bobbie Irene (1959)  
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# INDEX

This is an incomplete index, and may not be all that accurate. It would have taken another six months to do a complete, accurate index (or a bigger computer). Just attempting to index over 600 pages was mind-boggling. I opted to let WordPerfect help me, so made up a concordance of all names I felt would be of interest. (I limited the names to the ancestors, Will and Hannah, their children and spouses, and the first cousins and spouses. There are three more generations who are not indexed.) However, let's take the name of James Lloyd Goodman (cousin Jim) as an example. I had to type into the concordance *James*, *Jim*, and *Jimmy* (together with 500 or so other words or names), so he would be located by whatever name we called him. This huge concordance was then run against each of the fifteen chapters separately. I then had to combine the three entries for Jim from each chapter. And then the task was to separate out all the other Jim's in the narrative—Jim Peterson, for instance. And then, how about *Will*? The computer picked up Grandpa's name, as well as all the little statements such as "I will go." The same with *Bill* (Grandpa or Uncle Bill?), and Bill of Sale, bill collector, etc. I hope you are beginning to get the picture. Anyhow, that's why such an abbreviated index. I hope you and yours can find yourselves in this book.

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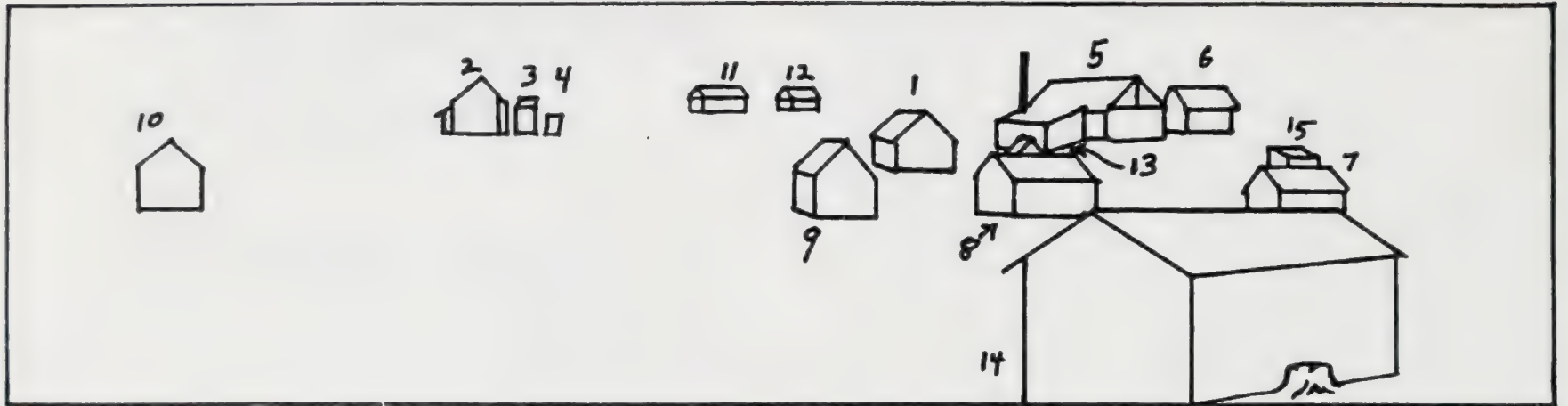
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1. Main house (Grandpa's and Grandma's)
2. Big barn we never knew
3. Granary
4. Chicken coop
5. Sawmill
6. Kiln dryer and planer mill
7. Lloyd's and Ruth's house that burned
- 8—12. Houses that family members moved in and out  
of like musical chairs
13. Ice house
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